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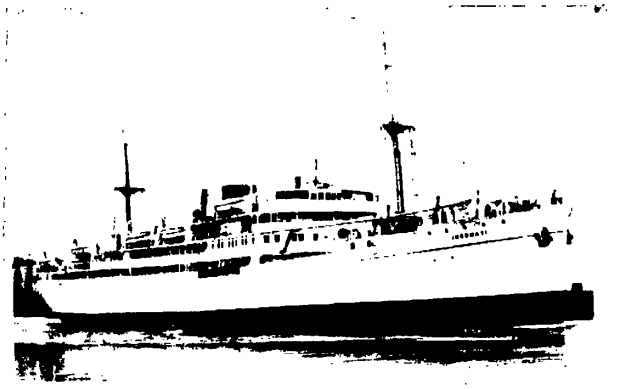
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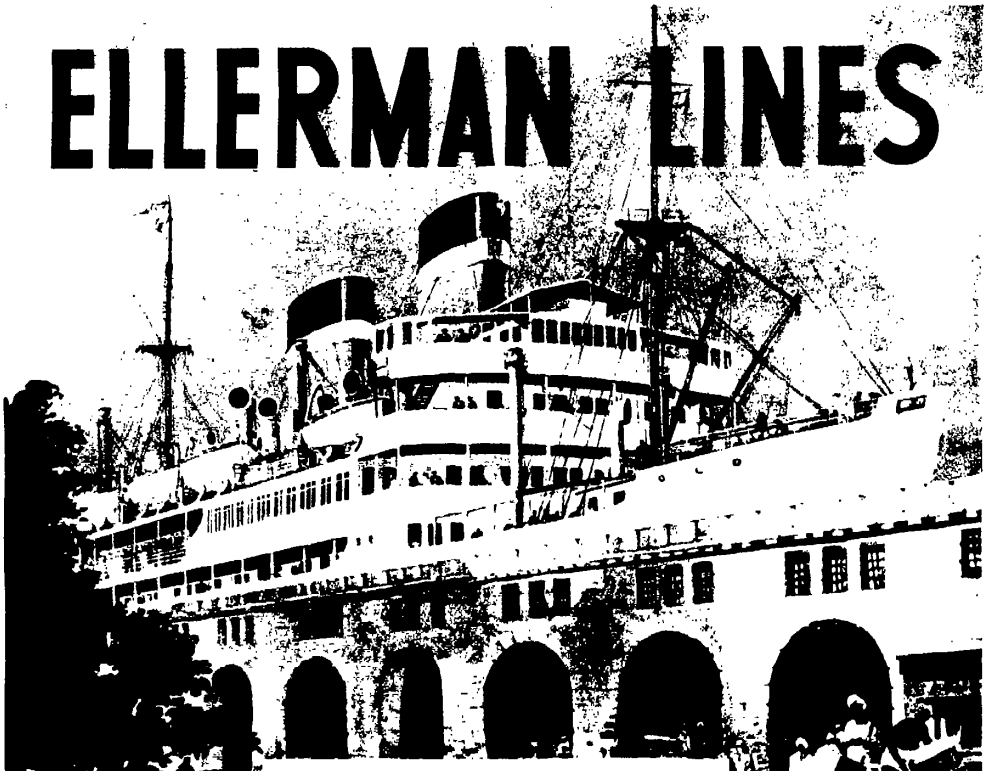
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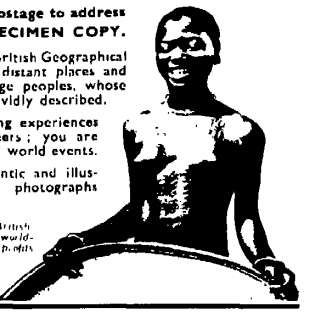
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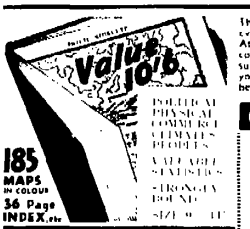
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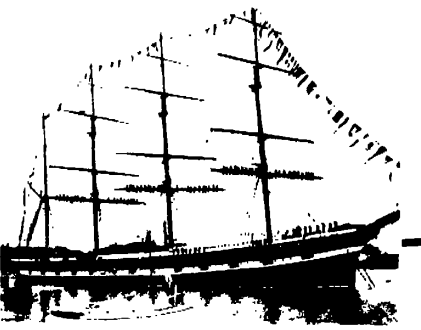
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Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., for the Proprietors, the Syndicate Publishing Co., and published at 1160 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Annual of the East

1939-40

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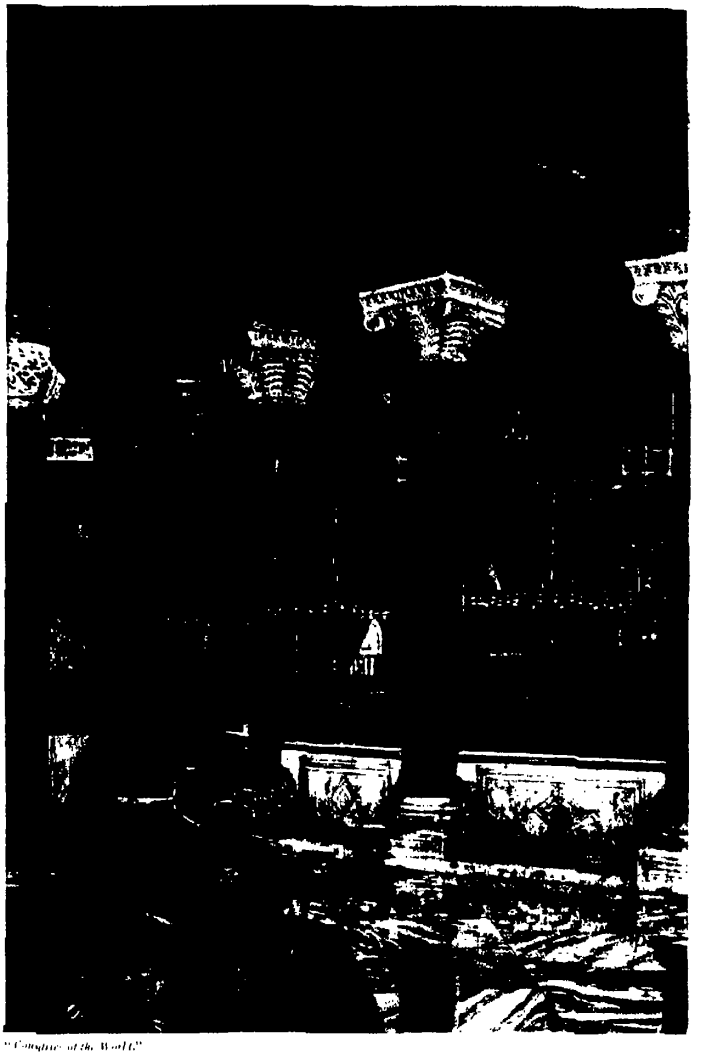
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We express our acknowledgments to the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., for the illustrations credited to "Countries of the World" and "Peoples of All Nations" edited by Sir John Hammerton; and to Messrs. A. & C. Black, Ltd., for the illustrations ascribed to them. To Eliane Morton we owe our front cover illustration, and the two pictures of Burmese dancers on page 111; to the Turkish Government the two pictures on page 41; to Khan Bahadur Syed Ahmed, Curator of the Ajanta Caves in Hyderabad State, the two illustrations on page 69.

MSS. and illustrations for inclusion in Vol. VI should be submitted for consideration not later than 30th April, 1940, to the Managing Editor, 100 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



"Conquest of the World."

ISTANBUL.

Rare marbles from all over the Roman world enrich S. Sophia. This is the gallery at the base of the dome.

The World is as Wide as a Man's Imagination

by ROSITA FORBES

"MY thoughts are free," said Er Raisuli, brigand, prophet, and politician, Sultan of the Atlas Mountains when Spain and France claimed sovereignty over Morocco. He was in prison at the time, but unperturbed. "For," continued this remarkable personage, lineal descendant of Mohammed, the founder of Islam, "the world is as wide as a man's imagination." Er Raisuli was eventually taken prisoner by Abdul Krim and his subsequent death was unpleasant. But till the end of his astounding life, his thoughts—and his letters went Eastwards, retracing the road of conquest, by which, more than a thousand years ago, the Moslem armies had swept out of Arabia to impose a warrior faith from Egypt to Spain.

Eastwards also—this year above all others go the thoughts of those of us who are interested in a redistribution of political power, or the maintenance of existing social systems, whether it be in China, India, or Palestine, that over-promised land, sacred to three different religions.

Only in a triple-engined plane, or on a map, when all journeys are possible, could any single person, in the space of twelve months, cover the ground encompassed by this adventurous "Annual." Yet, if the vast, enchanted East be regarded as a tapestry, the design can be followed as it was first traced by the journeys of sailors and merchants, priests, pilgrims, and ambassadors to or from the Celestial Empire. The threads are worn. Sometimes they are lost altogether under the new material superimposed by war and invasion, by racial emigration and the tyrannies of creed. Yet still a few of the old ways remain.

LEGENDARY ROADS

There is the Spice Road from southern Arabia to the gates of the West: the Alexandrine Road from Thrace to Central Asia, which, in recent years, was the dream and the destruction of the Greek statesman, Venezuelas; and the Silk Road, overrun by the armies of China and Japan but still traceable between Pekin and that last citadel of religious feudalism, Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan.

There are other legendary roads as rich in tradition. By tortuous ways, long afterwards familiar to the slave-trade, the black autocrat of Abyssinia, descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, sent a mission to the Emperor Theodosius in what is now Constantinople. When food failed, the emissaries of Ethiopia drank what they called Dragon's blood. Following this ancient way which Italy will have to disentangle from the mountains and thorn forests of still unconquered provinces, my caravan was obliged to eat hippopotamus flesh, which the Abyssinians consider unclean.

The roads of Tamerlane and Genghiz Khan still drive straight into the heart of Central Asia. Marco Polo is still the best guide to that fabulous China where he conversed with "the seven-tongued dragon." In the wake of the great mariners, Portuguese or Dutch, Albuquerque, Vasco da Gama, and Camöens, you can travel to Cochin and the Indies. In fact, whichever way you go East and whether it be for trade or science or pleasure, you will be following in the steps of some hardy old adventurer. Yet there are as many secrets in the East to-day as were laid bare by Henry of Portugal's sea captains. Discovery is not at an end. East of Suez you may still travel with the many experienced contributors to this "Annual" "for love of high adventure" and "lust of knowing what should not be known."

In the first century A.D. a nameless Greek mariner wrote of our familiar Red Sea, highway of eastbound commerce, "the unexplored ocean curves round towards the West . . . the last part of the inhabited world . . . under the rising sun." He was quite definite about the Earth's limitations. For him, there was no pattern East of the frankincense country in southern Arabia.

In those days the famous Spice Road, lost now under centuries of sandstorms, was perfumed with the sweet incense which the Arab camel-drivers brought across the deserts of Hadhramaut and Yemen. In their saddle-bags, which have not changed in pattern, the dark-skinned nomads, with skins slung across their shoulders a fashion still familiar to the hillmen of Asir—carried pearls and muslins, tortoiseshell, cinnamon, precious balm of spikenard, and jewels for the markets of Rome.

To the God of Aman, twelve hundred years before Christ, came no less than 2,159 jars and over 300 measures of spice by this same road along the Arabian shore of the Red Sea. Long, long before Mecca was a holy city, before the coast was forbidden by slavers, nationalists, politicians, and fanatics with conflicting superstitions, Chaldæa offered as fantastic an amount of perfume on the altar of Baal in Babylon. Alexander the Great, intent on conquest as a means of trade how little history has changed!—sent back from the gates of the East, five hundred camel-loads of frankincense as a gift to his old tutor, reproaching him at the same time for his extravagance on behalf of the Gods. The mighty Darius, whose palaces, in ruins, are a landmark on the motor-road between the markets and barracks of southern Persia to-day, received tribute of ten thousand talents' worth of incense from the same Arabian trees. So did Cyrus the Great, whose tomb in a Persian desert, within sight of the Shah's new road, burdened with lorry traffic, bears the inscription: "Oh man, whoever thou art, I am Kurush . . . who founded the greatness of Persia and ruled Asia . . . grudge me not this monument."

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF XENOPHON

The Spice Road, sweetest of all Eastward routes, is now closed to the ordinary traveller, unless, like one or two adventurous contemporaries, he is willing to live and speak as an Arab, familiar with the five prayers of Islam, the thousand names of a camel, and the desert men's ritual of eating and drinking. But, by another famous way, in the footsteps of Xenophon and his Ten Thousand, the enterprising wanderer may still journey from Turkey-in-Asia into the land of oil. Massed upon the limestone dome, he will find, to-day, a forest of derricks, the gibbets of progress raised over numbered wells. By day, he will see the modern cities which a great oil company has built among the crags of an apparently sterile desert. At night the flares will throw shadow armies, in advance and retreat across the sky, and the chance traveller in hardware, dry goods, or machinery may think of Sennacherib's hosts, pioneers of an earlier civilisation, who were defeated upon these same heights, by the greatest snowfall of their time.

In this protectorate of oil within the Shah's domains, how many thousand years ago, Daniel, according to local legend, entered and left the lions' den unharmed because he had provided himself with plenty of opium which the beasts preferred to half-starved, human flesh! Here also, at the beginning of history, dwelt the "God whose face no

man might see " in what was known as the " Great Tower." The secret of this incomparable building defied the Assyrians, whose " cohorts all gleaming with purple and gold " enlivened our own schooldays. So, after the manner of modern dictators, they destroyed what they could not understand.

The frieze depicting the warriors of the " Great King's " bodyguard, known as the " Ten Thousand Immortals " and the life-size lions in many colours, were spoils of war taken by Alexander from royal Susa. This town, now a mud-heap in the wilderness, was once the capital of Queen Esther, whom we are accustomed to imagine as faint and fat, more anxious—according to the prints decorating our schoolroom walls—to touch Ahasuerus' sceptre of mercy than to plead the cause of her Jewish people, exiled from their trades to an agricultural country which offered no scope for their genius. The Hebrews are still in exile, but Susa, like many another capital which offered them refuge, has passed into oblivion.

Eastwards goes the traveller to-day, on a light lorry laden with glass and china and bales of cotton for the cities of desert Persia, or with pilgrims for the golden-domed shrines of Islam. It may be a new road for him, but it was trodden by a greater soldier than Haig or Foch or Hindenburg, or than Voroshiloff, the Robin Hood of the Soviets. For thus went Alexander, sighing like Hitler and Mussolini, for new worlds to conquer, first by arms and then by trade agreements. But the earlier dictator can have had no specially Aryan consciousness, for he conceived the ambition of welding Asia and Europe into one race. For this purpose he ordered his Greek and Macedonian soldiers to wed the daughters of the country and, as a result, grey eyes still greet the traveller on the roof of the world.

IRAN AND AFGHANISTAN

So many historic ways lead through Persia, but the horses and the camels of earlier invasions have been forgotten. A flood-tide of lorries, most of them with patched and stuffed tyres, leaking radiators and over-heated engines, destined to be scrapped before the last instalment on the hire-purchase system is paid, represent the march of our civilisation. The present Shah, who was once a Cossack trooper, has determined that Persia shall produce all that she can wear, consume, and use, and that his people shall be " good Persians, rather than bad copies of Europeans." In the towns, the ancient roads are lost under the new factories, banks, offices, and ginning-plants, but they linger a while in the deserts where, like a tidal wave, the flocks swell nightly round the black tents of the shepherds moving with the seasons in search of pasturage. Then they creep stealthily—these old roads—through the dust and the beggars of the holy cities. Domes, blue as sea-water, rise above a froth of peach and almond blossom.

" The Kazvinis steal our hearts, the Tabrizis have lips like sugar, beautiful are the Isfahanis, but I am the slave of Shiraz," sang a poet who is buried in a Persian garden under pomegranates and cypress trees. His admirers sit beside his tomb, smoking their water-pipes, but the metal trays come from Birmingham, the tea-pots from Staffordshire, the fountain-pens from Japan, the knives from Germany, and the woollen material for their prayer-rugs from Huddersfield, although the design may be derived from an adventure of the great hunter Shah Abbas.

The Eastbound roads go farther. By Meshed, with its dome of gold, and Herat, whose earthen pillars stretch far into the desert, or by the " Sea of Sand," where Nadir Shah built beacon-towers to guide his armies to the conquest of India, the venturous may still travel into Afghanistan. But when I went that way, across the shifting quicksands of the Shurgaz, a mile in six hours was considered a good rate of progress by the few lorries, laden with carpets for India, which venture across the dread, waterless wastes.

Kabul, however, is worth the journey. In winter, among the spears of its leafless poplars, the surrounding snows scarred with rock, blistered, as it were, with black and purple, it has a cold, still beauty, peculiar to itself. Kabul is the



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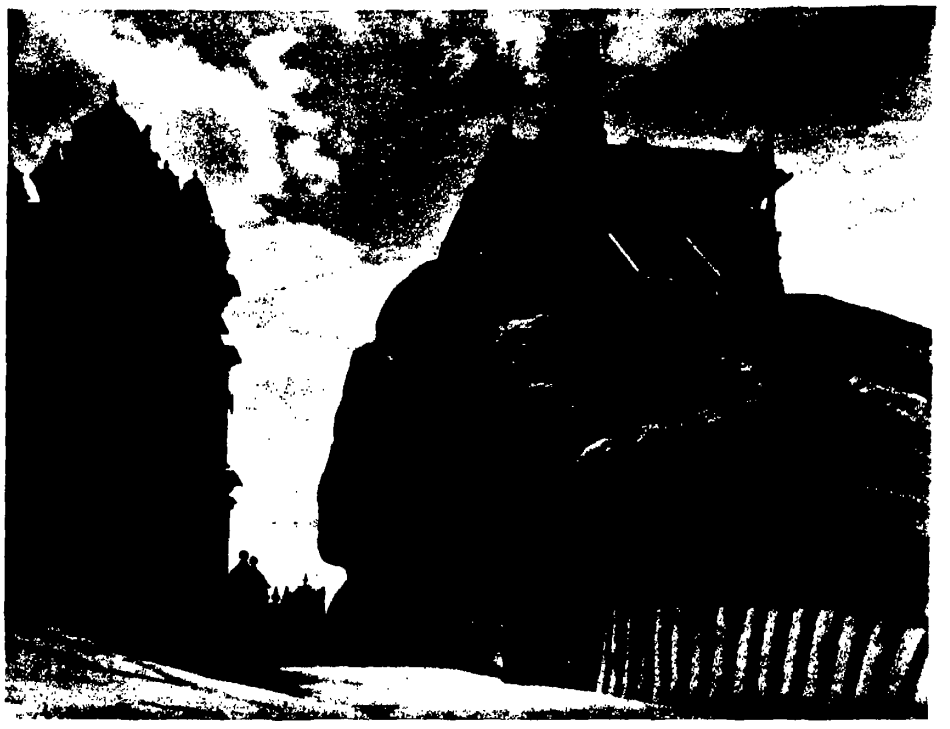
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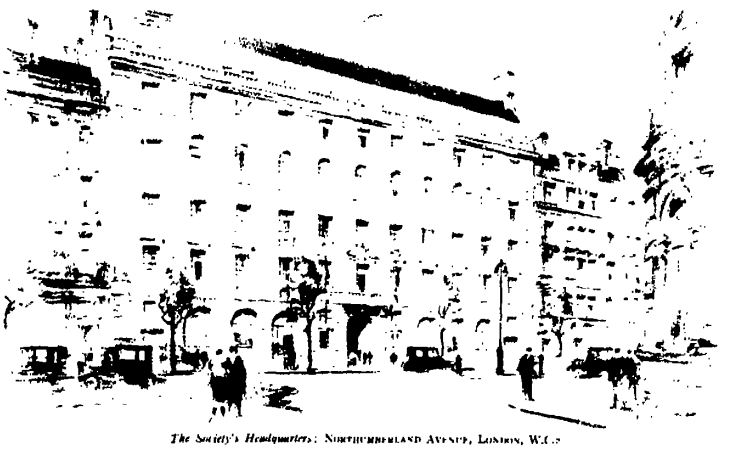


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starting-point of the new strategic Afghan road to Mazar-i-Sherif, the back door to the Oxus and the Soviet's military frontier which guards her Central Asian Republics. To the west of this artery of the future, lies what is left of Bamian.

A HOLY CITY OF BUDDHISM

There is no red that I have ever seen—not even the flame of Rhodesian poinsettias or Soviet banners under the Kremlin—to equal Bamian. There, in the valley of Buddhas, a day's drive north of the capital, red rock climbs sheer to the snow-line. It is porous with caves and split by the niches where still stand the great gods. Strange flying formations rise above this honeycomb "city." Through the confusion of mist, snow, and an overpowering blood-red—when I first saw Bamian came a procession of small, henna-bearded men. So many clothes they wore and so little use they were, for the winds of the mighty Hindu Kush caught them so that the little men, with caves for their homes, walked half-naked with great swirls of drapery behind them.

A celebrated Chinese traveller, Hiuan Tsang, in A.D. 632, described Bamian as a centre of art and commerce, and a holy city of Buddhism inhabited by thousands of monks. A Byzantine traveller wrote of this great metropolis, subsequently destroyed by Genghiz Khan, as "standing proudly, like Rome, at the cross-roads of the world." To-day, it is a clutter of mud-hovels and burrows in the rock, wind-swept and flayed by dust. But a modern road goes north across the ranges, considered insuperable by the Tartar conquerors, to Mazar-i-Sherif. Here is the loveliest of all Asian mosques, erroneously supposed to be the burial place of Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed and as holy as Mecca to heretical (Shia) Moslems. I have seen no beauty comparable to the minarets of Mazar. They are slender as lances thrust hilt-deep into a flood of blossom. The domes, ice-blue as glaciers in shadow, acquire at noon a ferocity of colour emphasised by contrast with the sun-bleached sand out of which the surrounding houses have been built.

North again went the old Silk Road of history, to Samarkand. *This fantastic mart and meeting-place of East* and West, was designed by the iron cripple, Tamerlane, "The Emir," by which proud title he was known to the world of his contemporaries—merchants, raiders, pilgrims, and students, as "foot loose" as any American tourists in our generation. East, then, turned the great road, followed to-day by the Russian railway. Beyond the Registan, once the most famous square in the world, now crumbling, under Soviet rule, into the generic dust of Central Asia, we can, by grace of Moscow, journey to Shah Zinde. Here is the burial place of the "Living King" and the Golgotha of all "High Places." For at Shah Zinde the thread of Eastern history, the pattern of which this "Annual" gives a modern version, are tangled into a knot.

At one time or another, all the earliest roads met within the confines of the city set upon four hills. Alexander and his great General, Seleucus, knew its fortresses and gardens. The Sassanid Kings, whose glories are recorded in southern Persia, built palaces for Huns and Arabs to destroy. Wandering Mongols from the roof of the world fought successive civilisations upon its walls. Usbegs, descended from a Chief of the Golden Horde, came tempestuously in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the Russians two hundred years later. Peter the Great's expedition was massacred and, during the World War, Enver Pasha, the great Turkish patriot who dreamed like Alexander and Tamerlane, of uniting East and West, but this time under the banner of Islam flying free from China to Morocco, lost his life soon after he visited Shah Zinde.

It was left to the Soviet, called in to help the young Bokharans against their tyrannical Emir, Olim Khan, supported, alas, by liberal English idealists, to consummate the marriage of Europe and Asia. But at what a price! Throughout history, the hills of Samarkand have seen slaughter on an unequalled scale. The Seravshan River is accustomed to running red. Pyramids of skulls have often adorned its banks. But seven years ago the famine which killed between six and eight millions in the Soviet Central Asian Republics, reduced all former holocausts to the proportions of a child's game with toy soldiers.

FROM INDIA TO JAVA

If this fold of the Eastern tapestry has been blood-stained since the birth of history, the threads marking the sea-roads farther south are coloured with equal courage and fewer disasters. Long, long ago, when Solomon ruled in Judæa, the first Jews went east to the land of "Ophir" (probably the Cochin of southern India), which sent gold and precious stones for the building of the Temple, now the third holiest place in Islam and at times the only peaceful spot in Jerusalem.

The prodigious Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, lost two-thirds of his men and half his ships fighting the Zamorin, Sea-King of our modern Calicut. But he was followed by Cabral and Albuquerque, mighty sailors both, and eventually the Cochinese—who fought, we are told, in close columns, the swordsmen in front bending so that their shields touched the ground, the rearguard armed with lances, clubs, and javelins made treaties, first with the Portuguese, then with the Dutch and English. Cochin, larger than it is to-day, became something of a gambling-hell, for, says one Sir William Hunter, hangers-on of the court of Lisbon were banished to southern India. Young women, he adds, "were shipped from Portugal with a dowry of an appointment in the East for the men who would marry them."

To-day, Cochin and neighbouring Travancore, most modern and yet most characteristic of Indian principalities, are matriarchates. No son succeeds his father. The throne passes to the eldest male descendant of the senior princess, so that the child born to a reigning rajah in the royal palace is doomed to exile. The son of his aunt succeeds.

From India, treasure-house of history, whose princes may be descended from the sun, the moon, and the stars, *whose opulent Marwari bankers rival the original Lombards*, the legendary roads lead East into Siam and Cochin China. In the latter (to-day an admirably run French colony) Angkor, capital of the Kamers, said to be descended from the Nagas the great snakes of a primeval world once ruled its "known world." The Siamese took from it a thousand elephant-loads of "furniture, women, jewels, and arms," but as they cut out the tongue of the only priest who had not fled, before asking him where the treasure of gold was hidden, he died without revealing the secret. The wealth of the royal house therefore may still be buried somewhere under the proudest of all dead cities, loadstone of every traveller whose pleasure lies in the East.

The history of Java and Sumatra goal of many an adventurer from Marco Polo to that Jan Pieterszoon Coen, magnificent freebooter, who founded the Dutch Indies and was appointed their first Governor-General, began with spice, passed through the phases of rubber, rice, and sugar, and is to-day firmly rooted in coffee, tobacco, and oil. In character, Coen resembled the Anglo-Indian Charnock, toughest of the Honourable East India Company's administrators, who married a girl he seized from a funeral pyre on which she was about to be burned. Both had the same mottoes: "Never lose hope and never spare an enemy" and "Nothing gives you a better right than power."

Japan has adopted the slogans of these seventeenth-century English and Dutch traders. Yet history is not so much repetitive as cumulative. The imaginative traveller of to-day, Eastbound by land or sea, will recognise under the commercial and political edifices of our century, the foundations laid by the great adventurers who, without map or compass, first travelled to an unknown end. There is an Arab proverb which says: "No man has the right to sleep on silk until he has walked over sand."

Empire Air Routes and Flight Refuelling

by SIR ALAN J. COBHAM, K.B.E., A.F.C.

Managing Director, Flight Refuelling Limited

THE development of flight refuelling has been proceeding for many years and whereas one of the original conceptions may have been to refuel aircraft during flight with a view to replenishing their fuel supplies, thus prolonging their range without requiring them to land, this original conception has temporarily been abandoned with the advent of the possibilities of high wing loading.

The proper term, therefore, by which to express our work during the past four or five years might be FUELLING IN THE AIR AS A MEANS TO HIGH WING LOADING.

It so happens that aircraft can be constructed to carry a far greater load than that with which it is possible for them to take off, and consequently it is possible to add greater loads to an aircraft once it is in flight.

The easiest way to add load to an aircraft in flight is by passing petrol down a pipe. If it were feasible to pass passengers down a ladder, or mails down a chute, then no doubt we could achieve high wing loading in that manner. But the easiest possible way to add a useful load to an aircraft during flight is by giving it fuel down a hose-pipe.

Now, when we give this extra load in the air, it may be done for two reasons:

(*a*) To increase the range of the aircraft by giving it additional fuel, or

(*b*) To increase the payload by allowing the aircraft to take off with a full complement of passengers and mails and a very small supply of petrol, and adding the requisite amount of petrol in the air.

Under (*a*) we should have a normal payload with a very extended range, and under (*b*) we should have a normal range, but a very large payload.

What really happens is a compromise, with a proportion of both additional payload and extended range.

MORE AND FASTER SERVICES

The possibilities of putting air transport on a commercial basis seem to have greater opportunities by high wing loading, made possible by fuelling in the air, than by any other development.

It may be taken for granted that the development of flight refuelling equipment, mechanical apparatus, and flying practice have reached a stage where fuelling in the air can be considered a practical proposition for everyday use.

With these facts before us, it is possible to visualise how we could extend the air routes of the world, and how we might put them on an economic basis.

If we can carry sufficient payload, with a given horsepower, flying instantly becomes a commercial proposition, and we maintain that by fuelling in the air, bringing about high wing loading, all these things are possible.

At the present moment certain aircraft have sufficient range to fly the Atlantic with a small load. But if fuelling in the air were used, the machine could set off with a much bigger payload, because by virtue of the fact that a machine can fly with a far greater load than it can take off with, the amount of fuel required for the journey would be added in the air.

Hypothetical aircraft have been designed which prove that we could manufacture to-morrow an air liner capable of a speed of 200 m.p.h., with a range of 5,000 miles, to fly from, say, London to New York with a payload of 14,000 lb.

It may be taken for granted that fuelling in the air would not be used for journeys under 2,000 miles. Thus our flight refuelled hops would represent journeys of 2,000 to 3,000 miles. As most of these would be accomplished at a speed averaging 200 m.p.h., it means that sea voyages which take from four to seven days, could be accomplished by flight refuelled aircraft in ten to twelve hours.

SUPERFLUOUS GROUND ORGANISATIONS

One of the heavy costs of flying to-day is due to the extensive ground organisation that must be laid down by air-transport companies. Many of the present-day stops are unnecessary commercially; they are not halts for taking on passengers, mails, and freight; they are halts for taking fuel on board, and if the journey could be accomplished without the necessity for landing to take petrol on board, a great saving of time and money would be the result. Flight refuelled journeys would be in long jumps; intermediate stations would be served by feeder air lines.

THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS SERVICES

As an example let us take the organisation that has to be maintained by Imperial Airways in foreign countries such as France, Italy, Greece, and Egypt, for their Empire route to India and Australia. By refuelling, no European organisation would be necessary. The journey could be done direct from England to Egypt, a comparatively short hop for a high wing loaded, flight fuelled aircraft.

On the next stage, Imperial Airways' aircraft must alight several times when crossing Iraq and the Persian Gulf. But if the journey were run by a flight refuelling system, in which the overload of fuel is taken on board immediately after the aircraft takes off, it could fly direct, non-stop from Cairo to Karachi, a journey of about 2,900 miles. Again, an expensive organisation has to be maintained between -shall we say? Karachi and Singapore, at landing stages in India, Burma, Malaya, whereas these halts could be entirely cut out by flying direct from, say, Karachi to Singapore, a journey of about 2,000 miles.

Thus, the route to Australia would consist of five stages from Southampton to Cairo, thence to Karachi, Karachi, Darwin, Melbourne. All intermediate traffic would be carried by local air lines.

The route to South America can be considered in the same way. The journey could be made from England direct to Dakar, from thence to Natal, to Pernambuco, calling at Rio, and on to Buenos Aires.

Yet another journey worthy of consideration is the route to South Africa, by having a 3,000-mile range, so easily obtained by high wing loaded, flight refuelled aircraft. There need be only one stop, say at Lagos, which is 3,000 miles from England, and exactly halfway to the Cape.

Or if the Eastern route were chosen, a flight refuelled service would make it possible to fly from Portsmouth to Alexandria (some 2,000 miles), Alexandria to Mombasa, 2,500 miles, and Mombasa to Cape Town, again about 2,000 miles.

AUSTRALIA VIA THE ATLANTIC

Perhaps the greatest of all routes to be considered would be to Australia via the Atlantic Ocean. Flight

refuelled aircraft could easily fly non-stop from England to the East coast of Canada, some 2,600 miles, and then across Canada to Vancouver. From Vancouver, a journey of 2,700 miles would bring them to Honolulu, thence to Fiji (about 3,000 miles) and from Fiji direct either to Sydney or Melbourne.

Under these conditions, it will be seen that the whole world can easily be encompassed in convenient hops of 2,500 miles on an average, affording an economic proposition if advantage is taken of fuelling in the air.

NO INSUPERABLE TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES

Much has been said about the difficulty of carrying out a flight refuelling service, but of all the forms of assisted get-off, and of all the forms of making high wing loading possible, fuelling in the air is undoubtedly the most simple, practical, and safe way to do the job. All that is required of the pilot of the tanker is ability to be able to formate on another aeroplane, and to-day there are hundreds of young pilots who are masters in the art of formating. From this stock, when the time comes, first-class formating pilots can be selected in order to establish refuelling services around the world.

Flight Refuelling Limited have planned a complete organisation, and the number of pilots required is not formidable. We are confident that we shall have no difficulty in selecting an ample supply of reliable men.

The same applies to the engineers who maintain the aircraft at the various depots and carry out the operational work on the tankers which will give service to the various air-transport companies.

As is already known, the pilot of the receiving aircraft, namely the liner, requires practically no instruction. Five minutes' conversation is sufficient to give him all the necessary instruction regarding the flight refuelling operation, although no doubt air-transport companies availing themselves of this service would like their personnel to be familiar with the whole procedure.

At the present moment the apparatus is manually operated, but in a very short time all equipment will be power operated and automatically worked. In other words, within the next year or two the operation of flight refuelling will have reached a standard whereby the personnel will either pull small levers, or press buttons, to carry out the whole operation.

Much has been said about the dangers of static electricity. But, of course, these dangers are no greater when refuelling than in ordinary flying, especially as all the necessary precautions have been foreseen.

Refuelling in flight, or high wing loading made possible by fuelling in the air, will do much to speed up, and place on a paying basis, the air transport of the world. It can be put into operation forthwith, and we sincerely hope that the Atlantic service this autumn will demonstrate the practicability of this particular development. Naturally, the great step in the development will be when special aircraft are manufactured for high wing loading, and then the true economic value can be derived from fuelling in the air.

Perhaps the greatest point in favour of flight refuelling is that it eliminates the hazard of the take-off. A high wing loaded aeroplane taking off at a very flat climbing angle from concrete runways, with a very long unstick run, will always be faced with a certain hazard—whether failure of engine power, collapse of tyres, or other mechanical difficulties—at the crucial moment of the take-off.

Should any of these things happen it is almost impossible at present for the pilot of an aircraft to avoid disaster. By fuelling in the air, the aircraft can take off reasonably light and, under control, fly to the desired altitude, when the heavy load in the form of petrol can be added. Should anything mechanical then go wrong, there is time to jettison the extra load, thus lightening the machine and allowing it to effect a safe landing.



Tempus fugit
and so should you

Time is a fleeting thing; it steals your precious hours almost before you realise it. Those who serve in the East wish to spend as much of their leave at home as possible, and those who travel to and from the East on business naturally prefer to reduce travelling time to a minimum. You can add many days to your vacation or business trip if you fly by Air France. Regular services between the Far East and Europe are maintained; you can leave Hongkong on Saturday, Calcutta on Sunday or Karachi on Tuesday, and be lunching in Paris or dining in London the following Friday.

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Kola Bear.

The Swansong of Empire Wild Life

by CAPTAIN V. C. STEER-WEBSTER, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., etc.

(Capt. Steer-Webster's contributions to science include his discovery of the flamingo breeding-grounds in the Great Runn Desert of India; his capture of a pair of the almost mythical Indian wild ass; and an adventurous journey through Abyssinia when the "Lion of Judah" was King.)



Wild Ass of India.

I have neither the will nor the right to blame,
Yet to many, though not to all,
The sweets of destruction are somewhat tame
When no personal risks befall.

HOW true these words of the late Adam Lindsay Gordon, the great Australian poet, ring, when we stop to think of the ruthless and wanton slaughter of wild life that goes on every day within this great Empire of ours. I wonder how many people realise that the close of the age of wild life is slowly drawing in upon us, as it is being destroyed at a far greater rate than it can possibly reproduce itself. Unless efforts are made in the near future to preserve it, the beautiful wild life of the Empire will soon be a thing of the past. In many parts of the Empire, already wild life has been totally exterminated. In other parts where it was once plentiful, it has been severely depleted, almost to extinction. I do not wish to overdraw the picture, as there are many areas where its position is more or less satisfactory, though insecure. But equally, there are extensive areas where the conditions are so appalling that, if left unchecked, they will lead to the destruction of all wild life still surviving. Yet hardly a cry is heard in protest, although we cannot re-create what we are destroying.

To the primitive savage, the advent of the Empire spelt safety with its individual rights for subjects. To the harmless wild life it has spelt death—death at the end of an unequal fight against civilised man and his numerous aids of science, and his mercenary exploitation of its natural resources—as it has no means of self-protection, except speed of flight from danger, fortitude in self-defence, and courage in death. Extinction of the Empire's wild life will be a zoological crime without excuse.

Any scheme of protection will be incomplete without due provision for the birds which, apart from their sentimental value, render incalculable service to the Empire as the principal agency controlling the bewildering multiplication of insect life which, if left unchecked, would do immeasurable harm. At one time the cotton crop in Egypt was in great danger of being wiped out by the cotton boll-worm, as the Egret had been almost exterminated by the plume-hunters a form of brutality which brings civilised people below the level of savages. It was not until the truth was rubbed into the cultivators that the last colony was saved, and to-day Egrets quarter the cotton-fields in their thousands and hardly a worm escapes their vigilant eyes, thereby saving the Egyptian cotton-grower a million pounds a year.

CO-ORDINATED PROTECTION ESSENTIAL

In retrospect, much useful work has already been accomplished, but much remains to be done if we wish to continue the laudable efforts of that great naturalist, Edward North Buxton, who checked the tide of wild life destruction in 1900 by forming the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire: an organisation through whose efforts the game reserves in Uganda, Kenya Colony, Rhodesia, Nigeria, Sudan, and Somaliland have been established. This Society, of which His Majesty the King is patron and the Earl of Onslow president, has done much to arrest the destruction of Empire wild life by a sober policy based on facts and common sense, as there is not to-day a Dominion, Crown Colony, or Dependency within the Empire that has not a Game Reserve or Bird Sanctuary or some form of protective legislation, at least on paper. Yet appalling destruction still takes place owing to the lack of a co-ordinated policy of wild life protection in national parks.

APPALLING BUTCHERY

Statistics furnished by the fur trade and Government records indicating the number of skins that came into the market during 1937 are truly astounding, many of the species slaughtered being found within the Empire: figures in millions moles, 20; squirrels, 17; musk rats, 16; snow hares, 11; opossum, 9; skunks, 5; polecats, 2; stoats, 2; foxes, 2; monkeys, 1; wallaby, 1; and below one million—bears, 700,000; gazelles, 600,000; wolves, 350,000; silver foxes, 170,000; wild cats, 150,000; flying foxes, 150,000; beavers, 150,000; seals, 65,000; lynx, 60,000; leopards, 25,000; sable, 15,000. Of other species there are many more millions too numerous to mention, bringing the total to 350 millions, many of them being within the Empire. Adding birds, lizards, crocodiles, snakes, and other reptiles slain to meet the demands of "fashion," we get the appalling total, at a conservative estimate, of 500 millions for 1937.

The butchery of wild birds has to be seen to be believed. To visit an Egret rookery after the plume hunters have been at work is a sight that should soften the hardest heart. Killing for food is defensible; killing for millinery cannot be defended.

In the past, as in the present, preservation of wild life has been left to the vagaries of Ministers, who come and go, and who have more or less failed to enforce, or even uphold, the trusteeship invested in them, as they have allowed Game Wardens—nominally the protectors of wild life—to show an annual profit to the Game Department by slaughtering wild life, especially elephants, of which 35,000 are shot a year. When the late Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was Premier of Great Britain in 1931, he assured Lord Onslow, President of the International Congress for the Protection of Nature, that "in territories for which they are responsible His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom regard themselves as trustees for the protection of Nature, not only in the interests of their present inhabitants, but in those of the Empire at large, and of future generations, as the wonderful fauna which Nature has endowed the Empire with has already suffered large losses."

SPECIES VERGING ON EXTINCTION

As evidence of the urgency of protective action, it is the considered opinion of experts that had the same protection been afforded to those animals and birds already

extinct as was at the eleventh hour extended to the African Blesbok, Bontebok, and White-tailed Gnu, the European Bison, Mongolian Wild Horse, and the Mountain Zebra, the extinct animals and birds would be with us to-day, instead of surviving only as stuffed specimens in museums and records in scientific societies. Of the five living species of Rhinoceros, four at least are threatened with early extinction three in India, one in Africa. The great Indian Rhinoceros Unicornis has suffered almost as much as the others and is to-day only found in very limited numbers in North Bengal, Cooch Behar, and Bhutan. The only Asiatic Rhinoceros that carries two horns, Rhinoceros Sumatrensis, is hardly any better off, as to-day only a mere handful exist in Burma, although at one time it was widely distributed over Eastern Asia. The Indian Cheetah or Hunting Leopard as it is commonly called—for centuries the plaything of princes and others—is all but extinct in India where once it was abundant.

During a sojourn in India I had every opportunity of studying the Wild Ass of India in its natural haunt—the Great Runn of Kutch. It is in great danger of extinction, yet at one time it was widely distributed over all the semi-desert regions of Asia, being found as far north as Baluchistan and as far south as the Great Runn. In the desolate region of the Great Runn it had more or less firmly established itself, at least until the advent of the motor-car, as it was closely protected by His Highness the Maharao Saheb who is an enthusiastic preserver. Motoring and other "sportsmen," however, have so reduced its numbers that I do not think more than 250 remain to-day.

The Asiatic Lion—a fable to many owing to its scarcity—within historic times inhabited northern Greece and Macedonia. At the beginning of the present century it was fairly common in Persia and Mesopotamia and within living memory it has been completely exterminated from the plains of northern and Central India, not by the Tiger, as so erroneously assumed, but through the agency of man. Its last stronghold in India, or perhaps even Asia, is in the Gir Forest of Junagadh State, where it has been able to maintain a very precarious footing owing to the enlightened policy of H.H. the Nawab Saheb. Nevertheless, in recent years its numbers have been seriously depleted, partly owing to a dispute of ownership and partly to its unfortunate habit of wandering into adjacent States where, irrespective of age or sex, it is ruthlessly shot. For a number of years I lived near the Gir Forest and my personal observations and enquiries have proved beyond doubt that at least twenty lions are shot or poached every year. This figure from a total of not more than 180 is most serious, as the food supply is very precarious and unless this is very carefully protected in the future, very few young lions will survive to replace those shot, and its disappearance from the fauna of India is only a matter of a few years.

Of birds on the verge of extinction, very little is unfortunately known. The Pink-headed Duck of India is now very rare. Although once quite common, especially in Assam, it is to-day practically extinct.

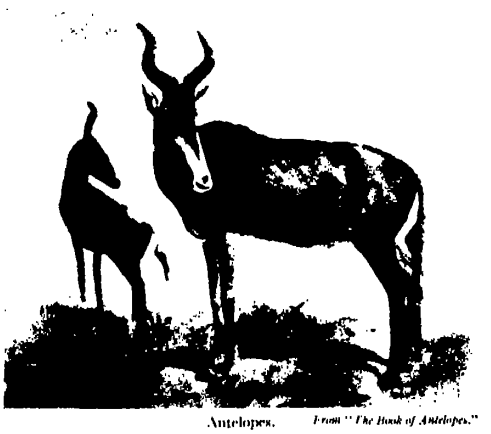
In Burma there is such a variety of wild life that its preservation is well worth the attention of those interested. Among the rarer animals its forests harbour two kinds of Rhinoceros, of which one is very rare as not more than a dozen exist. The Serow, a beautiful goat-like antelope and a well-known game animal of the Lower Himalayas, occurs sparsely, like the Binturang, the Pangolia, and the Slow Toris.

In Malaya we have the Seladang, a variety of the Bos Gaurus, and the Tapir, which are absolutely exclusive to Malaya. Being harmless and stupid their butchery is simple: nevertheless, they merit very careful protection.

The Orang-utan of Borneo exhibit parental feelings so strong that both parents have to be shot before their young can be captured for the amusement of the world and its wife.

NATIONAL PARKS

It has been left to America and a few Central European nations to lead the way by establishing National Parks, and introducing legislation for the complete and permanent protection of their indigenous fauna which modern civilisation and industrial development have threatened with complete extinction. In America to-day there are over fifty great National Parks, covering over 4 million acres, while dotted over Europe there are many more, some located amid the majestic grandeur of the Engadine in Switzerland, others in the beautiful lake districts of Italy and in the forests of Spain where even during the recent crisis they remained unviolated. Other European countries—Sweden, Finland, Austria, Poland, etc.—have taken similar steps, while in the Belgian Congo, the "Park National Albert," established by Royal Decree in 1925, stands as one of civilised man's finest efforts in preserving wild life, covering some 2¼ million acres of plain, mountain, and forest and embracing all African fauna, including the gorillas.



Antelopes. *From "The Book of Antelopes."*

Of course, these magnificent efforts have their parallel within the Empire to a certain extent. The great National Parks of Canada and South Africa are wonderful examples to the rest of the Empire. The Canadian parks are visited annually by over a million people, including 20,000 from overseas. In South Africa the Empire has one of the largest National Parks in the world, covering some 8,000 square miles, harbouring the most marvellous collection of wild life I have seen. Within its inviolable sanctuary they thrive and multiply in safety, bringing an added attraction to the country by increasing its beauty and scientific value and justifying their existence by the yearly expanding revenue they yield.

WANTED: A ROYAL COMMISSION

Few of us, I believe, are deliberately blind and deaf to Nature's wild intimacies; yet, as a nation, our attitude to wild life is indefensible. If Empire Governments accept, as they must sooner or later, the principle of wild life preservation now applied by most civilised communities, what methods must we employ to give it effect? It is my considered opinion, which is shared by experts in wild life preservation, that a Royal Commission is long overdue, especially when it is remembered that four-fifths of the world's wild animals and birds make their home within the Empire. If a consensus of opinion was taken it would be unanimous, in official and non-official circles alike, that a Royal Commission should be appointed to enquire into the present position of Empire wild life so that co-ordinated legislation can be drafted, National Parks created, and Game Laws established that will protect for all time the

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wonderful wild life with which our Empire is endowed and which it is our duty to preserve.

The Game Reserves and Sanctuaries established within the Empire have undoubtedly fulfilled a highly valuable purpose in the past. Not only have they preserved examples of the profusion of game, but they have in some cases saved certain species from becoming completely extinct, and as a temporary arrangement their value has been, and still is, beyond question. A National Park differs from a Reserve or Sanctuary in that it is given a title in perpetuity. The Reserve or Sanctuary has no title. It is brought into existence by a notification in the Government Gazette and is proclaimed a Reserve or Sanctuary by the Governor of the territory with the sanction of the Secretary of State. There is no guarantee that any Reserve or Sanctuary now in existence will be in existence ten years hence. The arrangement cannot therefore be considered more than a temporary makeshift. A Royal Commission is necessary because existing laws in many parts of the Empire are obsolete and the methods inadequate. It is surely an anachronism that while all other civilised communities have National Parks and appropriate legislation, the British Empire, which has a selection of wild animals and birds amazing in number, variety, and rarity, is doing practically nothing to protect them. Granted, we have numerous Reserves, Sanctuaries, and Parks throughout the Empire, but they can claim no proper security as no Royal Decree or Act of Parliament protects them. Success at every stage depends on the support of public opinion and once this has been created in the Empire we shall have gone a long way in the protection of its wild life. In the interim I call upon every man, woman, and child within the Empire to follow the advice of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor who, as Prince of Wales, said after one of his Empire tours: "Do not stand aside and leave it to others, for the opportunities are at your very threshold, in every town and village in the Empire."

Programmes for the protection of wild life have been advanced by various International Conferences; yet very little has been accomplished by the Colonial and India Offices, and although approached on many occasions, they have, so far, postponed action. In India, it is feared in some quarters that the new Constitution may prove the harbinger of wild life extinction in some or all of the Provinces. In Malaya the State Council recently excised part of a Game Reserve for commercial development. In Ceylon a heated controversy is proceeding between Government and the Ceylon Game Protection Society as to whether a National Park should be created. In Australia the Government recently ordered wild Emus to be exterminated by a military party complete with Lewis guns. In England the Fisheries Committee of the Cornwall County Council have started an active campaign against the Grey Seal.

Is it not strange how little has been done since the Bronze Age in taming, using, befriending, and appreciating the wonderful animal life around us? Let the first fruits of a higher civilisation include practical and considerate attempts to help these pathetic kindred, harmless lower creatures, as to-day we no longer fear them as enemies, hate them as rivals, or need them as slaves; and once we have destroyed them we can neither re-create what we have destroyed, or create others to take their place.



The result of a fortnight's shoot with two guns.

Currency and the Traveller

by WILLIAM F. SPALDING

Author of *Eastern Exchange, Currency and Finance, Foreign Exchange and Foreign Bills, A Key to Money and Banking, The Functions of Money, Bankers' Credits*, etc., etc.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, exclaimed the prophet of old, and even the provision of money for the needs of the traveller is a business as old as the hills. There has been very little alteration in the provision of foreign money for the traveller since Plato's day. Indeed, in some countries at the present time, owing to exchange restrictions, the filling of the foreign currency needs of the traveller is exactly the same, for it is to the State, or to the banks working under the ægis of the State, that would-be voyagers must make their application for foreign money, and it is to these establishments that they must declare and make over any surplus remaining on their return.

LETTERS OF CREDIT

In Great Britain, its colonies, and dependencies, there is practical freedom from exchange control, and it is to the banks that one usually applies for foreign exchange before undertaking a journey abroad, whether for business or for pleasure. Suppose the gentle reader is about to take a trip to the Far East, he will go to his own banker and explain his needs; he will know, or will be informed that he may need certain currencies to be made available in the places through which he passes. If he is travelling via Marseilles, he may need a few French francs to meet incidental expenses; these the banker can provide at the rate of exchange of the day the transaction is made. However, the traveller will not be inclined to turn himself into a pack-horse, or to have his pockets bulging with the various forms of foreign money current in the Far East. To meet his requirements, the banker will explain to him that by the purchase of a World-wide Letter of Credit, that is, a document addressed to all the bank's foreign correspondents or branches abroad authorising them to cash drafts up to a certain specified amount for the beneficiary, he will be able to get whatever form of money he requires in each port he visits. The sum paid to the bank for this Traveller's Letter of Credit will necessarily depend upon the length of the journey, the duration of the visit abroad, and the particular needs of each individual.

EASTERN CURRENCIES

The ship by which the journey is made will make many ports of call; suppose it touches at Colombo and the reader goes ashore, he will require rupees for incidental expenses. On landing he visits, say, the office of the National Bank of India, presents his Letter of Credit, and asks for the equivalent of £5. He will be told possibly that at the rate of 13 rupees to the £1 he will receive 65 rupees and on deciding to accept that, he is requested to sign a form of receipt or draft, the amount of the withdrawal is endorsed on the back of his Letter of Credit, and forthwith he is paid 65 rupees. Proceeding onwards after leaving Colombo, he may elect to stop at, say, Singapore while the boat is unloading some cargo. A similar procedure is followed, he presents his Letter of Credit to the branch of the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, and draws the equivalent of, say, £20 in Straits Settlements dollars and cents, the rate of exchange being roughly 2*s*. 4*d*. for each dollar he receives. The amount of his draft cashed is again entered on the back of the Letter of Credit. Again, suppose he visits Bombay, the currency there will be Indian rupees, and he may wish to make purchases from the heterogeneous collection of wares displayed in the bazaars, so again our traveller makes further inroads into the sum represented by his Letter of Credit; he cashes a draft at the office of the Imperial Bank of India or Lloyd's Bank for the equivalent of £10, and gets a miscellaneous assortment of rupees, annas, and pies, which he expends in the way only known to travellers. So it goes on, at each place the traveller's ship touches he may obtain the money of the country—dollars and cents in Hongkong, Japanese yen and sen in Kobe, guilders and cents in Java, pesos and centavos in the Philippines, bahts in Siam, and pesos in Saigon. Very soon in the course of his travels the voyager will find he has a surplus of some currency into which he has exchanged part of his sterling letter of credit; what is he to do with the mixed collection that is weighing down his pockets? The solution is simple; he can either get the purser on his boat to exchange the money for him—and most pursers are adepts at money-changing—or he can at any of the banks he visits abroad, present his balance of dollars and cents, pesos and centavos, or rupees and annas, and have them exchanged into whatever form of currency he requires. In a word, the bank or money-changer will buy his surplus foreign currencies at the rate of the day applicable to the particular monetary units he has to sell.

JOURNEY'S END

So our traveller sees that the difference between his local or home currency and foreign money is not so very wide after all. He will soon understand that in principle foreign exchange and domestic exchange are one and the same thing. The former involves payments between persons in different countries—that is, countries with different monetary units, such as dollars and cents, francs and centimes, pesos and centavos, and rupees and annas, etc. Domestic exchange involves transactions in the money of the home country, it may be in the same town, or it may be with different parts of the country. Foreign exchange comprises exactly similar operations to domestic exchange, only in the former case the dealing is done and the exchange made in terms of foreign monetary units.

Finally, like the citizen in Plato's ideal State, on his return to London, the traveller finds he has still a surplus of foreign money in his possession, and, if he has not been too profligate in his expenditure, there is a balance left in his Letter of Credit. Well, he goes to the bank, hands over his Letter of Credit, will either be paid the amount of the balance, or have it credited to his current account at the bank. The foreign money he has left also will be purchased by the bank at the rates of the day. Our traveller has thus by his journey learnt many things, not the least of which is the problem of international exchange, under which term is comprised everything appertaining to the well-worn phrase "Foreign Exchange."



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MALTA.

Fort St. Elmo overlooking the narrow entrance to the Grand Harbour.



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JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The Mediterranean

A Cruise to Little-known Places

by VICE-ADMIRAL C. V. USBORNE, C.B., C.M.G.

OF all the seas which gird our planet, none can compare for sheer importance to the human race with that tideless pond, cradle of civilisation and of navigation, the Mediterranean. It was well named the Middle Sea for it is indeed the centre of everything, the strategic key of the world, the great route from east to west and a number of other things it would only be tedious to record.

Mussolini never said a cleverer thing than that to Britain it was *via* but to Italy, *vita*! An assertion of this kind gathers force by its neatness, but in real fact the Mediterranean is *vita* also to the British Empire, which has only prospered so long as a British fleet has been kept there.

But whatever may be the truth about *via* and *vita*, it is certain that the Mediterranean is not *mare nostrum* in any exclusive Italian sense. One of the most hopeful portents for the future of humanity lies in the fact that, while all the world's land has been appropriated, the sea, outside the three-mile limit, has been specifically assigned as the common property of all. No man, however powerful, can be permitted to take that heritage from mankind or to extend the selfishness of nationalism over the free seas.

But I confess that my own reaction to the Mediterranean, which I have known intimately for nearly forty years, has been one of enjoyment of its beauty and its romantic associations of history and mythology, rather than any calculating appraisal of its strategic possibilities. Homer struck the right note when he wrote of its "wine-dark seas" and surely no one has ever surpassed that glamorous poetry of the "Iliad" and the "Oddysey." Their adventures come alive again for me whenever I visit the Dardanelles or the Straits of Messina.

CRUISES FOR AMATEUR YACHTSMEN

From a yachting viewpoint the Mediterranean is the amateur's sea par excellence, for it is tideless, has but little current, and is not often cumbered with fog. The veriest tyro navigating his small yacht upon its waters need come to no harm, unless, of course, he should be so unfortunate as to be caught by a mistral in the Gulf of Lyons, a bora in the Adriatic, one of those sharp two-day blows which enliven the Aegean from time to time, or a levanter (such as troubled St. Paul) off the rocky shores of Malta.

Taken by and large, with due respect for its danger spots and a readiness to bolt into harbour when a blow comes up, a yacht of twenty tons or more can sail in safety from end to end of that 2,000-mile sea. So much has been written of famous beauty spots such as Venice, Naples, Athens, that there may be refreshment in discoursing for a while of lesser-known places which the possession of one's own means of conveyance make accessible. There is a pinewood near Monaco through whose twisted trees the harbour can be seen in the distance. A hospitable harbour which makes no charge for yachts billeting there and which is always full. But this region is too populous for anyone who, like myself, seeks solitude and empty spaces, so let us take ship to St. Tropez, where I will reveal a secret place which, if it has not been spoilt since last I visited it, is unique on the Riviera coast.

TOWARDS SARDINIA

St. Tropez itself has character, its restaurants are quaint and good, its standards free and easy, its summer populace one of artists and writers who rush from Paris and London to get away from one another only to bump into each other again, under the mellowing influence of the south, on its fish-scented quays or in its smoky taverns. A few miles from this chatter-and-pyjamas lair, facing east, just to the north of Cape Camarat, there is a stretch of sand some four miles long on which, or near which, you may find no house or living being, only an occasional sailing boat come round from Marseilles or Toulon for a cargo of sand. Here you may swim in *puris naturabilis* and indulge such nature cults as may seem good to you. Let us set out from here on our journey, and sailing southwards with a cool north-westerly breeze from the Pyrenees, make for Port Conté at the north-west corner of Sardinia.

Arrived in this land-locked bay, we may expect a visit from Italian military authorities, for Port Conté is a war harbour about which considerable secrecy is preserved. But once satisfied that we are not concerned with espionage and provided we are not too anxious to climb the hills which shelter the bay where guns might be concealed, these kindly people will probably let us alone or even help us to find the famous grotto which is the object of our visit.

You will come on it just round the point, outside the harbour, and it can only be entered in a small rowing boat, which must be lifted over the rocks to be used again on the pools inside them. It is an eerie place of stalagmites and stalactites, red walls, and sapphire-blue water. Having penetrated a certain distance you leave the boat, and, climbing and crawling, armed with candles, enter chamber after chamber in the rock. Fortunately your best clothes have been left in England, so that grease spots from the candles and red slime from the walls do not matter. After this expedition the next thing will be to lay in such stock of eggs and other provender as the native Sardinians can be induced to part with, and set sail quickly, before the suspicions of the Carabinieri are too dangerously aroused.

CORSICA AND MESSINA

Turning northwards and passing through the Strait of Bonifacio, we enter the Tyrrhenian Sea. Corsica, on our left, looks steep and rugged. It has belonged to England before now and here the greatest seaman of all time lost an eye from sand thrown up by the fall of a cannon ball during the operations which, contrary to military opinion, and chiefly due to Nelson's energy, resulted in its capture. We set our course for the Straits of Messina, steering to pass Stromboli by night, for there is nothing more impressive in the whole Mediterranean than that great burning, glowing volcano, which at one moment pretends to be the rising moon and at another a lump of red hot iron fresh from the furnace ready on the anvil for Vulcan's hammer.

We tie up in the busy port of Messina, for although Formina is well known, we cannot pass it without a visit. Here under the snowy dominance of Etna the Greeks had thrown out a pleasant colony whose theatre remains to-day, acoustically perfect and one of the best examples of a Greek theatre still existing. A whisper in the centre of the stage can be clearly heard anywhere in the auditorium. It is worth trying the experiment.

We coast round the toe of Italy and, somewhat storm-tossed, reach Corfu, to anchor snugly close into the town under the shadow of the old Greek fort. This place still bears marks of the English occupation, the furniture is Chippendale and the people play cricket. It is here

Odysseus was wrecked, and swimming ashore was discovered by Nausicaa who gave him clothes and took him home to her father King Alcinous, where he was suitably entertained. If you go there, ignorant people will tell you it was Odysseus who discovered Nausicaa bathing, an example of how legend gets perverted.

The enclosed waters between Corfu and the mainland, backed by the mountains of Epirus, are of extreme beauty and have been made world famous by the brush of the Greek artist Jallina who never ceases painting them. At the north end a narrow strait is commanded by an old Venetian fortress, now a villa, exquisitely set among olives and cyprus. Opposite, is the mouth of the River Butrinto. Here one must stop for an afternoon to supplement the rations with fresh fish. Fish are not easily caught in the Mediterranean, but here it is different. A line, a hook, and a piece of white bunting, towed behind a swiftly rowed or motor dinghy is lure enough to ensure a fine catch of bar, a silvery fish not unlike a mackerel. Come out before sundown though, for the mosquitoes are malarial!

About one mile south of this, on the island shore is the most perfect bathing-place I know. There is a tiny beach there with a sand made of small white pebbles which is delightful to walk on with bare feet. There are rocks to dive off and the water is crystal clear and almost magically ærated, so that it hisses and bubbles as you cleave it with a swimmer's strokes.

The place can only be reached by boat for a high cliff shelters it. There is a secret cave, the entrance just above the water line. It is worth swimming in for the sensation of a chamber lit only by light which has passed through twenty feet of salt water, reflected off the bottom. Everything in the cave, oneself included, is greeny blue.

A RIVAL TO VENICE

It is a long sail from Corfu to the Dalmatian coast, long enough to make one realise that the Adriatic is a very considerable sea in which ships or fleets can be lost and found and which is by no means entirely dominated by Italy's new fleet. The effort is worth while, for it is a yachtsman's paradise. You may call with profit at the unrivalled fiord of Kotor, perhaps the finest and most beautiful harbour in the world. Then go on to Dubrovnik (why couldn't they have left the name Ragusa ?) rival to Venice for queenship of the Adriatic. Guide books will tell you all about these places. I would direct you rather to the island of Meleda near by. On the north side of that island near the west end, a narrow entrance marked by a lighted buoy will lead you up a three-mile channel to a deserted anchorage on the shores of which stands the gutted remnant of a castle. Land here, walk two miles due south and you will come to a lake in the middle of which stands an island and on the island a monastery.

With some difficulty you may borrow a boat and then you will learn that the monastery is deserted and is entirely at your service. There are fifty bedrooms, a banqueting hall, a garden, and all that the heart of man can desire, except furniture, sanitation, and eatables. Here you may rough it for a night or two with the certainty of being undisturbed and, when tired of solitude you leave, scarcely anyone will know you have been there and no one will send you a bill.

Korçula Island near by is interesting because it was the home of Marco Polo, whose house you may still see close to the old cathedral. It is a lovely island, dark with pinewoods and smelling of honey. Going northward, Hvar too is a place of fascination with its close-packed houses reflected in the still waters of the harbour.

If you have passed through the Korçula Channel without encountering a borina which might have cost you a head sail or two or even a mast, you may now go through the Splitska passage and put into Omis, the river-mouth which harboured a particularly fanatical brood of pirates of old.

Having come to Split, it would be tragic to leave the district without visiting Trogir, an easy half-day's sail. Here is a mediæval town packed together on a small island, unique because of the amazing narrowness of streets which this limitation demanded. The whole place is saturated with stone venetian lions and mediæval legend. There is a factory, too, if you are lucky enough to discover it. The girls sit in a courtyard making insect powder out of herbs. Very useful, too, I should imagine, in houses which look on streets no more than six feet broad.

A RIVER FLOWING INWARD

There is enough in the Dalmatian Islands for a yachtsman to explore for three long years. But we must go south again to pass into the Aegean. We must call at the island of Cephalonia to see something unique in the world, a river which flows inward from the sea, and having run its course for half a mile disappears down a hole. Where does it go to ? No one knows. My theory, an unscientific one, I admit, is that this salt river, flowing into the bowels of the earth, gets turned into steam by the internal fires and contributes to the pressure relieved by the volcanoes of Etna, Vesuvius, and Stromboli, just across the Adriatic.

If our barque is frail we will not go round by Cape Matapan and Cape Malea, although there is some satisfaction in spotting the hermit of the latter place, peering out from his eerie, near the lighthouse. Rather let us enter the Gulf of Patras and cast anchor at Corinth. Here there are many remains of that city of old where the worship of Venus was carried to such prodigious lengths. It is said that in the temple precincts lived no less than two thousand *heirodouloi*, or temple prostitutes. But to-day, fortunately, there is nothing but a small town interested in the sale of currants, so let us up anchor and make our way through the Corinth Canal as fast as may be.

Though many have done the sights of Athens, few have performed on foot the pilgrimage to Eleusis which was thought necessary by the ancients before the rights of initiation were accorded. In what exactly those rights consisted has never yet been made clear. One of them that seemed harmless enough if of little practical value consisted in placing the Neophites in a pit, then killing a bull on a grating above them so that the fresh blood dripped on their naked bodies. The place for this can still be seen, but of the more secret only some pillars of the temple remain.

A sculptured plaque found *in situ* shows the goddess giving something to the initiate, whose hand is ready to receive it, but what that something is no one living knows. Another plaque shows a post-initiate girl, distinguished by the fact that she carries two torches, one shoulder high the other waist high. Again the goddess is giving her something. This is a similar case to that of a B.A. receiving her M.A. a year after initiation!

Let us go now to Syra, a convenient centre for the Cyclades. From here one may visit Zea, an island untouched by modernity, where the elders sit round in silence, while the air in the low-ceilinged village inn gradually solidifies with the smoke of their *hookars*. Also Delos, the birthplace of Apollo and Diana, once, according to legend, a floating island, but fixed down with screwed pillars by Pluto at Zeus's orders to commemorate the birth of these important children. To-day you may see here the oddest archæological remains illustrating the ancient worship of the life force. It is curious to reflect that it was to Delos the Athenians sent to ascertain the will of the gods regarding Socrates who lay waiting in prison for many days, and eventually swallowed the hemlock.

Moving northward let us call at Volo. There is, near this town, an uninhabited island I have always longed to buy. It could probably be had for a song. It is edged by cliffs and white sandy beaches. Its hilly surface is covered with lush grass and flowers, shaded by olive trees. Sheep graze here but no human being dwells upon it. You may find it at the entrance to the harbour.

MOUNT ATHOS

The right-hand prong of the Chalcydice peninsula is consecrated ground belonging to the monks of Mount Athos and no female thing, not even a hen, may land here. But the monks are hospitable and will take pride in showing you their beautiful monasteries and austere hermitages. The chapels alone are well worth a visit; they are so rich and beautiful. You may stay here many days, sheltered in the little harbours on the coast, but if you decide not to take vows, you will have to leave at length.

Making a long stretch, let us pass by Lemnos and put into one of the magnificent harbours, almost inland lakes, in the island of Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos. It was here that Sappho, queen of poets, had her finishing school for girls. This is not a joke but a historical fact, if Arthur Weigall is to be believed. Here she wrote her deathless odes to love. Archæologists say there are no remains identified with her on the island. I have sought for them myself but failed to find any, but I do not believe a thorough search has really been made.

We have a choice of harbours in these islands and on the mainland of Anatolia. From Smyrna near by it is a short drive to Pergamos, one of the most beautiful settlements of ancient times, and where the remains of the city and especially of the theatre, are splendidly preserved.

Moving southward again we soon reach the Italian Dodecannese Islands, and may call at Patmos where St. John the Divine is supposed to have written the "Book of Revelation." There are both an upper and a lower town here and the inhabitants, Grecks, are so insular that many of those who live in the lower town have never in their lives made the expedition to the upper town which stands there, half a mile above them. Do not attempt to enter Leros although the harbour of Port Larki is a good one, for Italy has an important base there and the authorities are unlikely to receive you hospitably.

TO THE LEVANT

Rhodes, with its relics of the knights templars, is too well known to need description, so let us hurry onwards to the Levant. The southern coastline of Anatolia is replete with castles and other relics of the crusades, but the Turkish authorities are apt to be suspicious of espionage. Alexandretta, however, will give you both provisions and safe anchorage. A good road connects with Aleppo, a sort of Clapham Junction for the caravan routes to Cairo and to Baghdad. It is a fascinating city with its fortress, its mosque (open to Christians), and its long quaint bazaars.

Returning to our vessel and moving south again, we bring up in the busy harbour of Beirut. From here one must visit Baalbek, to see the vast temple area, in the centre of which an altar smoked day and night with savoury offerings for Zeus. The temple of Zeus behind this altar is colossal also, but most interesting of all is the almost perfect temple believed to be to Apollo, or Bacchus, which stands roofless but with its walls and doorways intact, in all the beauty of its original conception. These temples were built in the first century A.D., when the town was a Roman settlement called Heliopolis. But Baal and Helios are apparently synonymous, and the worship of Baal had flourished there, so archæologists tell us, before Roman times.

It is worth while to go by car from Baalbek to Damascus and on to Jerusalem. These are well-known places, steeped in history, but the pass over the Lebanon, the sea of Galilee with a Jewish synagogue contemporary with Christ, and an early church to commemorate the miracle of the loaves and fishes which took place near by, are little known to tourists.

We may rejoin our vessel at Haifa near Mount Carmel, where Elijah did such useful work with the prophets of Baal. These few words of guidance do not exhaust the points of interest of the Mediterranean. Far from it, for these are inexhaustible. Not so, however, the space available or the patience of the Editor.

Memories

THE IDEA of honouring the memory of a loved friend or relative is a worthy one, especially when the act of remembrance helps others too. The Church Army invites your consideration of the following, and will gladly give further details or make other suggestions on application.

£235 would provide and name a Gospel Mission Van which would carry the Gospel Message to the remote villages and hamlets of our land.

£25 would name a Cubicle and Bed in a Sunset Home for Elderly Women or in a Work-aid Home for Homeless Men.

£5 would name a Bed in a Sunset or Work-aid Home.

In each case, a Tablet with commemorative inscription would be fixed.

A Good Turn

TO THOSE to whom it is second nature to do a good turn, the Church Army appeals on behalf of men, women and children needing a new start in life. The task of turning sadness into gladness is indeed a happy one—will you take a turn? Please send your gift to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D.,

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Egypt for All

by MAJOR D. J. WALLACE, C.M.G., O.B.E.

Late Deputy Director General, Egyptian Frontiers Administration

THIS article is intended to provide information about Egypt for the benefit of those who have no particular axe to grind. Perhaps it would be better to say for those who are interested in a variety of axes but who do not make a hobby of grinding any special one.

The prevailing idea seems to be that people want to go to Egypt in order to take a trip up the Nile and view Egyptian antiquities. I may be wrong, but I am strongly of opinion that Egyptian antiquities are by no means everybody's cup of tea. A good look at the Pyramids, the Sphinx, two temples, and one tomb will be enough for all but the experts. On the other hand, nothing more restful than the Nile voyage can well be imagined, provided one is content with a modicum of sight-seeing and refuses to be dragooned—or should one say "dragomaned"?—into visiting every unimportant little antiquarian side-show and listening to the stereotyped and not too accurate descriptions of the official guide. On the Nile it is possible to enjoy the pleasing illusion of being at sea without any of the attendant hardships. There may be a certain sameness about the scenery, but a twenty years' acquaintance with them fails to dim the romance and splendour of the Egyptian sunrises and sunsets; the chocolate box runs a very bad second. As for the nights, it will be sufficient to say that "glamorous"—the accepted cliché will serve; it is a fair description.

It ought to be said, however, that everyone who visits Egypt, whether antiquity-minded or not, should go to see the Tutankhamen exhibits which are housed at the Cairo Museum. Dr. Johnson once compared a woman preaching to a dog standing on its hind legs and said it was not well done but it was a marvel it was done at all. Some such feeling is usually aroused by the contemplation of ancient handiwork, but a view of the Tutankhamen ornaments will not justify any such patronising air. The craftsmanship and the design are alike admirable. And at this period our own ancestors were shaving themselves excruciatingly with bits of stone, if they shaved at all.

What then can Egypt offer to those not particularly preoccupied with ancient civilisations? The answer is that, as in most other countries, you can find just what you want to find and in Egypt you can fish in many waters and yet be sure of getting some sort of a catch.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION

For one person interested in Egypt from the point of view of business there are probably hundreds who are interested in the country as a centre of entertainment of one kind or another and it must be said that there is hardly any limit to the variety to be found there. There is plenty to interest the tourist and even more to engage the attention of the visitor making a longer stay. It is fairly generally believed that Cairo and Alexandria are expensive places to stay in but they need not be so. Some of the famous hotels have a very short season and must on that account charge high prices, but there are lots of other hotels with every modern comfort and excellent food and cooking where first-class accommodation can be had for much less than £1 per day. Then there is a large number of pensions, many of them run by English ladies, which are even cheaper. "Pension" has a pretty grim sound to it but there is nothing grim about these Cairo pensions; they are more like a home from home. As elsewhere, visitors cannot live as cheaply as residents who get to know the ropes. Tourists everywhere are regarded as fair game and the Egyptian with something to plant is pretty astute at spotting a tourist (though I have myself been mistaken for one after twenty years' residence!).

A SUMMER RESORT

Another popular misconception is that Egypt is a very hot country that must be visited only in the winter months. Thermometer readings would seem to bear this out, for the average day temperature in the summer months is somewhere in the region of 90 degrees. Yet for some reason which it is difficult to explain, 76 degrees in England feels hotter and more oppressive than 90 degrees in Egypt. The prevailing wind in summer is north and cool and it is only on the six or seven days in the year when this fails to blow that there is anything unbearable about the heat. And always, except on these few occasions, the nights are cool from the moment the sun sets. There is really nothing to prevent those who must take their holiday in the summer paying a visit to Egypt, a fact which is slowly but, one hopes, surely, becoming recognised.

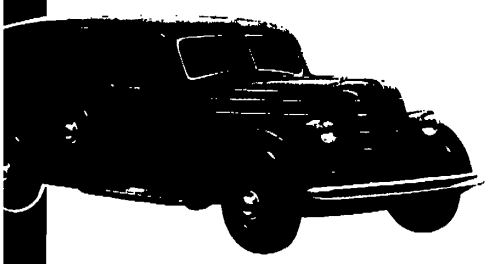
Those making a short stay will find their time fully occupied in sightseeing. They will have a look, perfunctory or otherwise, at the antiquities and they will enjoy the scenes in the streets. Many a pleasant hour can be spent just watching the going and coming in the street from a hotel balcony; it is all so very strange to anyone new to the East. Then everyone must visit the native bazaar—the famous *muski* where he can at least look at the carpets, brass, copper (which is much to be preferred to the brass), amber, perfume, china, ivory, and all the rest of it. He can have a try at bargaining with the local expert and if he makes a deal at about 50 per cent. of the price originally demanded, both parties will probably feel fairly well pleased with the transaction.

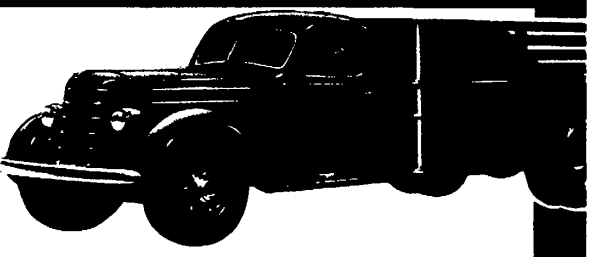
At night there are many restaurants to choose from, French, Italian, German, or Egyptian, at prices to suit every purse. Always there are the cinemas and the cabarets and in the winter the opera which alternates between French and Italian seasons. The cinemas and cabarets move into open-air quarters in the summer and are then delightful resorts. If anyone should set out to find the sort of night life for which Paris is notorious, he would probably be disappointed. The cabarets are quite respectable and not as a rule more décolleté than is nowadays permitted in London. The quality of the show put on varies greatly but often a really good programme is presented.

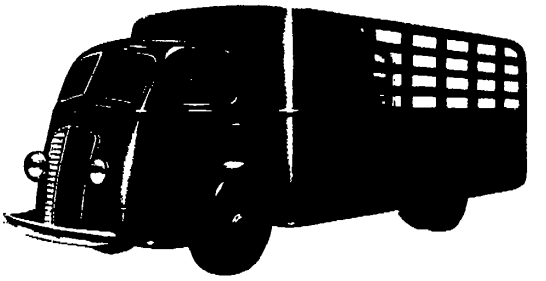
AWAY FROM THE CITIES

However short a time is available to the stranger he ought to make a point of having a run into the country-side. Not that the scenery is grand, but it cannot fail to interest the most unobservant to see the primitive methods of agriculture and irrigation that still remain much as they were in biblical times the wooden plough drawn by oxen, the Archimedes screw, the water-wheel turned by a blindfolded bull, the bucket, often a petrol tin, on the long lever balanced by a stone at the other end, the camels and the donkeys, the latter often buried under a load of clover. A glimpse of the desert of which more anon—can be had in a matter of an hour or two by a run along the Alexandria or Suez road.

For the visitor with a longer time to spend the vista is much wider. He will do all the usual things at his leisure but he will come to live more the life of the resident, and a very enjoyable life it can be. He will join one of the sports clubs where our gregarious and aloof race gather and there







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he can enjoy any game from bridge to polo. There is one all-grass golf course in Cairo and two in Alexandria, all of them with greens inferior only to those on the finest seaside courses at home. Tennis can be played on very nearly 365 days in the year. With such facilities for practice it is not surprising that the standard of play is high and it is not safe to offer odds even to those residents who seem to be approaching the sere and yellow stage. Facilities are also offered for squash, bowls, croquet, and cricket and there is a splendid chance at the bathing pools to obtain very rapidly that becoming shade of brown which is supposed to be the mark of the handsome man.

SOCIAL AND SPORTING ATTRACTIONS

If the visitor gets caught up in the social whirl, as he probably will be when he makes friends at the club, he will have no trouble in filling in his time. In fact, he will find it essential to keep a diary for his tea-parties, sherry parties, cocktail parties, and dinner parties, for Anglo-Egyptians are extremely hospitable to the strangers within their gates and the reasonable cost of drinks enables them to indulge this amiable weakness at no great expense.

The field sports of Egypt are shooting and sea-fishing, if the latter can be called a field sport. There is splendid duck-shooting, but so there is splendid pheasant-shooting in England; but the duck-shooting in Egypt is just about as closely preserved as pheasant-shooting at home. Almost the only chance of a good day with the duck is to get an invitation to one of the syndicate shoots. Snipe-shooting, however, is free for all. It means travelling some distance from the towns and wading in some particularly adhesive mud, but the sport on a good snipe bog is excellent and the exercise is all that the most vigorous could wish for. Both full and jack snipe are plentiful.

The sea-fishing is to be had not in the Mediterranean but in the Gulfs of Suez and Akaba. Sensational catches of tunny are not made but there are plenty of game-fish up to about 70 lb. to be caught if one is so fortunate as to run into them. Here, as elsewhere, there is all the element of luck that makes fishing so fascinating. One man may go out with a fine motor-boat and the best rods and tackle that the wit of man can devise and come back empty-handed, while another at the same place on another day goes out for an hour or two in a native *felucca* with a hook tied on a bit of string and has a marvellous time.

DESERT MOTORING

So far attention has been directed to the cultivated part of Egypt, the Nile Valley. How small a part that is of the total territory can be seen by a glance at the maps published by the Survey Department which show the cultivated area in green. The effect is that of a green thread with a knot at the top representing the Delta. For the rest Egypt is stark desert. There is little to be said in favour of war but we must give the Great War the credit, for what it is worth, of causing the opening up of the Egyptian deserts. Before the wartime necessity arose no one would have dreamt of taking a motor-car into the desert. Now cars are fast becoming the normal means of transport and the camel is in process of suffering the same eclipse as the horse. If one possesses a car fitted with over-size low-pressure tyres, it is not even necessary to stick to the desert roads that have been and are being made. Here it is necessary to correct the general impression of what the desert is really like. We are led to believe and this largely the fault of press photographers—that it is a featureless sea of soft sand. Soft sand is, in fact, the exception rather than the rule. There is plenty of sand to be sure in some places, but the bulk of the desert is either boulder-strewn gravel plain with limestone outcrops as in the western desert and northern Sinai, or a tumbled mass of mountains like southern Sinai in the Red Sea Desert. These mountains reach a considerable height, some being twice as high as Ben Nevis, and travel in these parts is confined to the *wadi* beds. Desert motoring is now one of the great attractions of Egypt. Most people are content simply to go out and camp for a night or two and enjoy the invigorating desert air and it is quite easy to induce the illusion that you are a second Cortez, for you may see no human being in the course of a whole day; but if an objective is desired there are the oases of Siwa, Kharga, Dakhla, and Baharia in the western desert and the Monastery of St. Catherine's in Sinai, the original home of the *codex sinaiaticus*, all of which can be reached by car. It will be found that the western desert is somewhat monotonous, and most people will prefer Sinai where there is always a mountain of some sort in sight and the sun by some strange alchemy strikes from these bleak hills every colour in the rainbow.

It is necessary to sound a note of warning about desert motoring. It is apt to be thought nowadays that one has only to fit the appropriate type of tyres to one's car, wave one's hand to one's friends, and go off anywhere. It must be remembered that accidents will happen and that garages and petrol-filling stations with free water and air simply do not exist in the desert. For this reason the Government has laid down certain restrictions on this form of travel as regards the inspection of cars, the carrying of suitable amounts of fuel, food, and water, and on some routes for two or more cars travelling together. The object of these restrictions is for the safety of travellers and not as is popularly supposed merely to annoy motorists.

All this is very superficial and there is much more to Egypt than this, which it is impossible even to touch the fringe of in a short article. This is all the more unfortunate as Egypt has too long been the unchallenged field of the journalist who spends a few days or weeks in the country. There is a great need for a book on Egypt by a man with a quiet and appraising eye who knows the country and can convey the atmosphere. It might well be written in the form of a novel in the manner of many recent novels which are in reality history told in palatable fashion and with the tints brightened here and there by the skill and personality of the writer and it need not be a dull book.



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The Modern Sudan

by CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

THE making of the modern Sudan, from the almost depopulated, enslaved, and wholly savage land, under Dervish rule, is a work of which Britain has every right to feel proud. The "Darkest Africa" of the 'eighties and 'nineties has been explored and developed so that it has become to-day a winter playground for all who wish to bask in the warm sunshine beneath the blue of African skies during the long northern winter; and to see from the comfortable view-point of train, motor-car and steamer, before the march of civilisation destroys its picturesque charm, the still primitive customs of the native tribes and the abundant wild life of the deserts and forests of north-central Africa.

The traveller desirous of reaching this fascinating land has the option of two routes to Khartoum, its well-built capital, which stands at the junction of the Blue and White Niles. He can journey to Egypt and revel in the mysteries of past civilisations during a cruise up the Lower Nile to Assouan, and finally proceed southwards by steamer and the "Desert Mail" of the Sudan Railways to the historic city of Gordon and Kitchener, which is the starting-point for a variety of expeditions to the south, east, and west.

The other route is by sea to Port Sudan on the Red Sea littoral, and then by rail through the wonderful Red Sea Hills, the home of the wild and picturesque Hadendoa tribes, to Khartoum, which is laid out on the narrow sandy spit between the two great branches of the Nile system.

THE HISTORIC "LAND OF KUSH"

If the former route is chosen, one boards a veritable river-liner at Shellal and glides away into Lower Nubia. For over 200 miles the Nile traverses a stretch of country possessing many features peculiar to itself. Here was the frontier of ancient Empires—Egyptian, Ethiopian, and Roman. Four thousand years of history are preserved in carved and coloured stone monuments amid the defiles and on the deserts of this historic "Land of Kush."

After a day of desert sunshine, followed by a moonlit night, the steamer arrives at the great rock-hewn temples of Abu Simbel. These are guarded by the four Colossi of Rameses II. Each of these figures is over sixty-five feet high, and even then it is only just in keeping with the scale of the façade of the temple and the surrounding cliffs. The temple's interior is 180 feet deep, and the ceiling is supported by square stone columns, against which are figures thirty feet high. In the central "nave" the roof is adorned with flying vultures, while the roofs of the aisles are gay with stars.

In Wadi Halfa, the first town of the northern Sudan, there is much of interest. Apart from scenic beauty—and every desert sunset is a contrast of vivid colours—there is the limpid Nile, the flower-banked landing stage, the sports club, a comfortable hotel, and the view over the thousand islands of the Second Cataract, stretching away to the horizon, 300 feet below the vantage point on the rock of Abu Sir.

Above all, there is the desert camp organised by a local sheikh. Here one may spend days and nights in the desert—each day riding or motoring over the limitless sands of the great Sahara and returning to watch the orange of the African sunset turn to a purple mist; to see the Bedouin camp fires, and to sleep beneath the desert stars.

From Wadi Halfa, one of the most luxurious trains in the world runs southwards across the land of the mirage to the capital of the Sudan.

Modern Khartoum owes its existence to Lord Kitchener, who was largely responsible for the spacious lines on which the present city is planned.

The climate of Khartoum is healthy, warm, and sunny, but dry and bracing, owing to its elevation of over a 1,000 feet above sea-level, the northerly breeze which prevails during the winter months, the sandy soil on which it is built, and the absence of the mosquito.

AN AFRICAN METROPOLIS

When the sun dips below the palms of the Mogren point at Khartoum, casting gold and pink glows on the rippling waters of the world's finest river, distant lights twinkle, like fireflies in the purple afterglow, far away towards the battlefield of Kerreri. It is the traveller's first glimpse of the great native city of Omdurman, the home of a hundred thousand people of all the races of north-central Africa, with few European dwellings among its miles of square native houses.

Built on the desert, made of the desert sand, Omdurman, reached from the capital by way of a bridge across the Nile, possesses an atmosphere which is both Arabic and barbaric, peculiar to this one great and purely African metropolis.

The Arab towns south of Khartoum, now easily reached by train, and in some cases by motor-car, afford many unique sights, especially for the traveller who desires to get away from the better-known places and to see something of native life and customs. Wad Medani, for example, is the centre from which to explore the great cotton-fields of the Gezira, where every horizon, during certain hours of the day, is closed by an everchanging mirage. Then there is El Obeid, the headquarters of the gum arabic industry, with its camel-caravans moving silently across the desert, going to or coming from far distant places along the southern fringe of the great Sahara.

At Kosti, the southernmost point on the White Nile to be reached by railway, can often be seen the bull-riders of Kordofan. Apart from the spear-carrying tribesmen, even the women and children, together with all the household goods, are piled on the backs of these gigantic and long-horned beasts. There can be no doubt, however, that it is in the southern, or Negroid Sudan—changed but little since the days of Baker, Stanley, and other explorers of the nineteenth century—that the *real* Africa is still to be seen in all its primitive savagery. Although civilised rule has been established and maintained by a mere handful of British Administrators and officers, each governing a territory the equal in size of England or Scotland, there are the same primitive villages, naked spear-carrying savages, big game, and wild lands that formed the "Darkest Africa" of last century.

Now, however, there is a thread-like line of communication which passes southwards for a thousand miles from Khartoum and links the Sudan with Kenya, Uganda, the Belgian Congo, and the more distant Union of South Africa—the realisation of the dream of that great Empire builder, Cecil John Rhodes, of a route from the Cape to Cairo.

The passage down this African corridor can now be performed in comfort. Boarding one of the fine steamers at Khartoum, or Kosti, civilisation is soon left behind. Nevertheless, one is still surrounded by such luxuries as bathrooms, ice-making machinery, electric fans, promenade decks, and all the concomitants of comfortable ship-board life.

If the line of communication afforded by the White Nile is left, then, away in the African "blue" the big game hunter, the naturalist, and the explorer will find the virgin land of the vast Sudan.



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SUDAN

KHARTOUM



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Palestine To-day—A Descriptive Survey

by ARCHER CUST

PALESTINE has been called the Land of Diversity, of climates, of peoples, of customs. Here East meets West and the twentieth century jostles against the age of the Patriarchs. Few countries can ever have experienced so rapid a transformation as has come over the Holy Land since the yoke of the Turk was destroyed in the World War: for within a brief two decades what was a neglected Ottoman province has been hurtled out of the Middle Ages with a speed that is indeed amazing to behold, if it has from time to time put too great a strain on its constitution. Palestine, this narrow ribbon of land connecting Asia and Africa between the Mediterranean Sea and the Desert, has from its situation attracted to itself most of the great forces that have moved the old world since history began. Apart from the centuries when it slumbered under the stagnant rule of the Turk, its history is restless and without long-sustained peace; from Thothmes and Alexander and Cæsar to Napoleon invaders have marched through it, and Jews, Romans, Byzantines, and Mussulmans have swept across it. Nor yet has it found peace in the benevolent shadow of the British Empire. So Palestine is a land of diversity, where, within a short motor-car distance, one can change a keen Alpine air for tropical warmth and the atmosphere of the Middle West for that of the Arabian Nights.

CLIMATE

It has been said that within the limits of a province Palestine offers the variety of climate of a continent. In the plains the climate is typical of the Mediterranean Basin, oppressively humid in summer, but exquisite in winter. In the hills the winter can be excessively cold with, at times, extremely heavy falls of snow; in the summer it is hot but agreeable, except for occasional trying sirocco winds from the desert. The Jordan valley is sub-tropical. On the whole, though, the climate is exceptionally healthy. The rainy season lasts from late November till April, and the average yearly rainfall is 26 inches. In the spring the country is covered with a profusion of wild flowers, especially in the Galilee districts, while the extreme clarity of the atmosphere makes the most striking panoramas.

THE ARABS

At the time of the occupation, eight out of every ten in the population were what is commonly called Arab. In strict terms, "Arab" means the nomadic or semi-nomadic dwellers in the desert, but it is now taken to include, with the *fellaheen*, all the polyglot Levantine population that inhabits this Eastern fringe of the Mediterranean, as well as the Turk-educated aristocracy and the mission-trained professional and bourgeois classes. Certainly "Arab" is their universal connotation when political issues are affected. The governing element is the Moslem and the leading families, the Husseins, the Khaldis, the Nashashibis, the Abdel Hadis, the Tukans, have their ancestral homes in the traditional centres of Jerusalem and Nablus, perched on the high watershed that divides the maritime plain from the Jordan Valley. Haifa was till recently a small fishing village, and Jaffa was for long derelict, and in any event the feudal system despised commerce, which it left to the Greek and the Armenian. Acre was the seat of the Pasha, with whom it was not always wise to have too-close relations. These great families ruled the towns, and their fine houses, with their Mameluke portals and *mushrabiyeh* windows can still be admired. The village areas were often under the domination of local Emirs, who maintained a semi-independent existence and levied toll on the traveller and the pilgrim.

Of the other Arab towns, Gaza, the "vestibule of Egypt," was the port of export for the barley of Beersheba, which used to go in large quantities to Glasgow, while the twin-towns of Ramleh and Lydda in the plain between Jaffa and Jerusalem lay where that route crossed the great north and south communication along the coast, the strategic centre of the country, where both Richard Cœur-de-lion and Allenby made their headquarters.

Previous to the British occupation, the Arab population suffered severely from endemic diseases and from Ottoman military exactions. Since then, with the great advances in public health and the virtual stamping out of malaria, it has increased by about a third. The Bedouins are to be found principally in the southern district of the Negeb and, in a semi-nomadic state, in the Jordan valley and east of Bethlehem. They still, as in the days of Samson, drive their flocks up for summer pasturage into the hills beyond Hebron. Round Hebron the peasantry are primitive and probably ethnologically the descendants of the Canaanite tribes that the Jews allowed to continue to live in their midst as hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is interesting, too, that near Beit-Jibrin, north-west of Hebron, the traditional scene of David's encounter with Goliath, there is still a family which has always been of abnormal height in comparison with their neighbours.

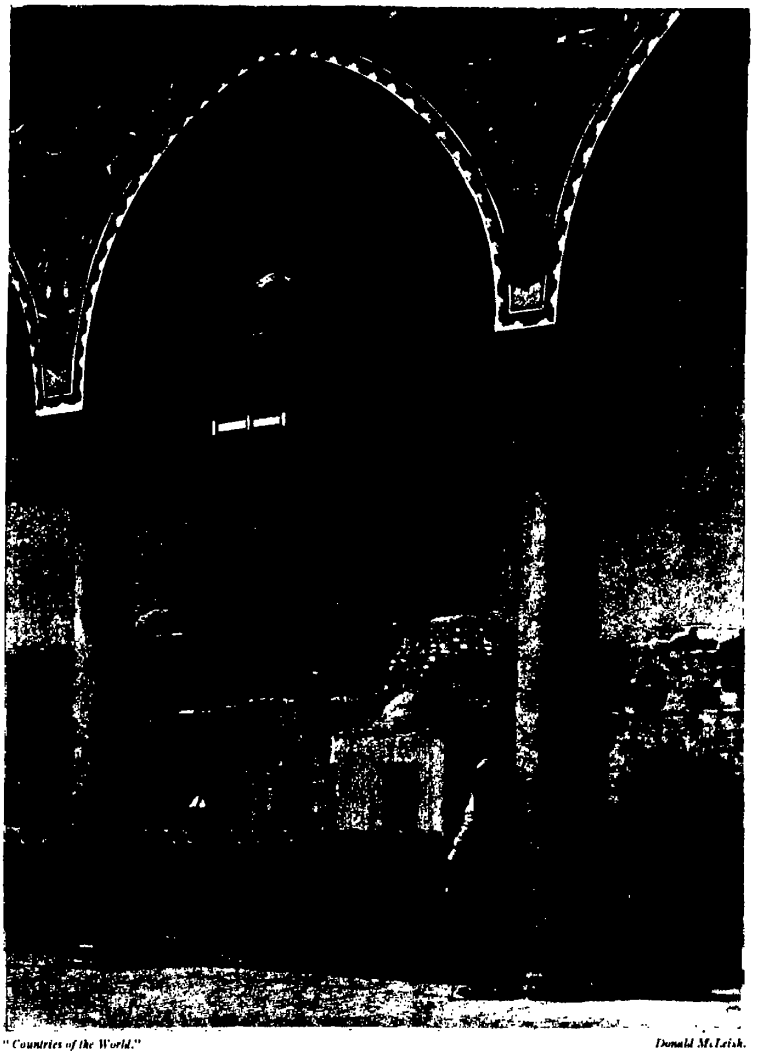
In the extreme north of the country live a section of the Druzes, who came down after the disturbances in the Lebanon in the middle of last century. They are an intelligent and law-abiding community, religiously guarding the secrets of their mysterious sect.

The most essentially Moslem town is Nablus, where the population still retains traces of the fanaticism which till quite recent times closed it to all who were not numbered among the Faithful. The relics of the Samaritans are to be found here, too, a picturesque survival of an ancient race.

Nazareth is a Christian centre, and round Jerusalem and Bethlehem are a number of Christian religions; some are fruits of mission activity, but many Greek Orthodox, descendants of those who survived the great apostasy after the Moslem conquest in the seventh century.

THE JEWS

From the earliest times of the Diaspora, after the Fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, small remnant communities of Jews have survived in the Land of Israel, preserving the traditions of their faith and their past glories, principally in the two Holy Cities of Tiberias and Safed. Sometimes they virtually died out; always they lived in the deepest penury, dependent on such charity as could find its way to them. It was not till the nineteenth century that any appreciable increase took place in their numbers. Several factors contributed to this change: the journeys of Sir Moses Montefiore—the first citizen to be knighted by the young Queen Victoria, and the first Jew to receive the honour; the protection of the Jews in Jerusalem established by Palmerston; the munificent philanthropy of Baron Edouard de Rothschild, and the pogroms in Russia in the eighties. As the result, by the outbreak of the War, the Jewish Community in Palestine probably numbered some 75,000 souls, though this became reduced through the hardships and the privations inflicted on them during the War. Of this Jewish community the majority were Orthodox Ashkenazi, mainly in Jerusalem, where most of them were still supported by charity. In the plains, though, a number of settlements had been successfully established, and engaged in citrus and viti-culture, particularly the three colonies of the Palestine Jewish Colonisation Association of Baron de Rothschild's Foundation, Petech-Tikwal, Risher-



"Countries of the World." *Donald McLeish.*

JERUSALEM.

Where once the Temple stood there is a mosque, the Kubbet es-Sakhara. This arcade above one of its western stairways overlooks the city.

le-Zion, and Rehoboth, and in the hills south-east of Haifa, Zikron-Jacob, there were also the Agricultural College of Mikweh Israel and other schools of the Alliance Israelite, the Technicon of the German Jewish Hilfsverein in Haifa, and a few isolated colonies chiefly in Northern Galilee. Tel-aviv was a small garden-suburb of Jaffa, with about 10,000 inhabitants.

In 1917 the Balfour Declaration established the policy of the National Home. As soon as, or even before, hostilities had ceased, the efforts and the resources of World Jewry became devoted to the upbuilding of the Land of Israel and the resettlement there of the homeless and persecuted of their race. The Jewish population now numbers some 450,000, and Tel-aviv alone has grown to a great all-Jewish city of 150,000 inhabitants, far outstripping its parent, Jaffa. At both Jerusalem and Haifa the Jews have built large new quarters: while Tiberias has quadrupled in size. If the greater part of the Jewish settlement has been urban to a large extent, the maritime plain is now in Jewish hands, and devoted to intensive citrus cultivation, while the plain of Esdraelon is dotted with settlements, where previously there were only a few scattered villages and encampments. In the far north, the Hulch Basin - the Wady of Menon - is being drained and it is expected that it will be possible to effect here a large-scale settlement where before there was almost no population and little else but reed and marsh. In these ways the countryside has been altered beyond recognition, and is, indeed, still changing from day to day.

The Jewish population, representative as it is of a great many of the nations of the world, is very varied, though now bound together by the common Hebrew tongue.

At the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem may still be seen the Orthodox in their caftans and fumed caps, and the Bokharan in his coloured silks, while, at the other extreme, many of the newer settlements are conducted on the most advanced communal basis, founded on the creed of self-labour and absence of personal profit. Tel-aviv has all the services and the equipment of a modern city; if to some it may seem jarring and blatant, it is impossible to withhold due recognition to those whose energy and idealism enabled it to grow to what it is in the span of a generation.

Lately, the first stages have been completed for constructing a port there, principally for the orange-export trade. Certainly there must be more concentrated intellectual power in Tel-aviv than in any other town of its size in the world!

THE HOLY PLACES

From the earliest days of the Christian era, the Holy Land has been the place of pilgrimage for Christian men and women seeking to worship at the sites hallowed by the earthly life of our Lord. The Emperor Constantine in the fourth century A.D. first covered these Holy Places with basilicas and convents. Little of these remain to-day, but much is left of the work of the Crusaders in the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries.

The principal Christian Shrines are, of course, the Churches of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. The former is mainly a Crusader building, though the Rotunda over the Font is a more modern construction, dating from the rebuilding after the fire in 1810. Here are held the great ceremonies of the various Christian Churches, most especially at Easter. The same complex of buildings covers the Golgotha Chapel and the St. Helena Chapel, the traditional site of the finding of the True Cross by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine.

The Church has recently been declared unsafe for public worship, the damage caused by the earthquake in 1927 and the neglect of centuries, rendering extensive repairs essential. The question, however, of how this urgent work of restoration is to be carried out, raises international issues of the greatest delicacy.

The Church of the Nativity over the grotto is still substantially the Roman Basilica that was founded by Constantine and enlarged by Justinian. Here the great Christmas services and processions are held.

Other Christian Holy Places in the Jerusalem neighbourhood are the Church of the Virgin at Gethsemane and the Garden nearby, the Chapel of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives, the Ecce Homo Arch, the Crusader's Church of St. Anne, the Via Dolorosa, the Room of the Last Supper on Mount Zion, and the Garden Tomb under Gordon's Calvary, revered by many of the Protestant faith as the true Sepulchre. In other parts of the country are the Latin Churches on Mount Tabor and at Nazareth, the Greek Church at Lydda, with the traditional Tomb of St. George, the ruined Synagogue at Capernaum, and the site of the Baptism on the banks of the Jordan.

The Christian Holy Places are mostly under the rule of the "Status Quo," a complicated code under which the minutest details of practice and usage between the various communities are laid down.

The principal Moslem Shrine is the Haram-ish-Sherif, the great emplacement facing the Mount of Olives that covers the site of the Temple.

The main edifices thereon are the Dome of the Rock, which is held to be the summit of Mount Moriah, and the place of the Altar of Burnt Sacrifice, and the Mosque of al Aksa. The Dome of the Rock is often called the Mosque of Omar, following the belief that it was built by the Caliph. In fact, though planned by him it was built by his successor, Abd-el-Melek, in 691. The beautiful series of tiles were added by Sulyman the Magnificent in 1561. There can be few buildings in the world in which design, colour, and setting are blended in such perfect harmony. The Dome of the Rock and especially the Mosque of al Aksa have been the subject in recent years of tasteful and thorough restoration, carried out by the Superior Moslem Council.

The Haram Enclosure is dotted with shrines and fountains, and in the area that was formerly the residential quarters of the Knights Templars, an Arab Museum has been opened. At the North End are the offices of the Supreme Moslem Council and of the Waqf Administration.

The most famous Moslem Holy Place outside Jerusalem is the great Mosque at Helicon, over the Tombs of the Patriarchs in the cave of Mathpelah.

The most important Moslem festival is Neli Muren, inaugurated by Saladin to counteract the great crowds of Christian pilgrims at Easter.

The Wailing Wall of the Jews is situate at the south-western corner of the Haram area. Actually, the ancient stones are part of the western partition wall. For centuries the Jews have been accustomed to come here to pray, but for long the exact nature of their rights was a source of dispute with the Moslem Authority, until it became a main cause of the serious disturbances that broke out in 1929. The position was finally defined following an examination into the dispute by an International Commission.

On such Festivals as the Day of Atonement and Passover, the Wall is visited by a very large number of Jews.

The Jews also hold in great veneration the traditional Tomb of Rachel on the outskirts of Bethlehem.

COMMUNICATIONS

Palestine owes its railway connection with Egypt in the first place to the engineers of Lord Allenby's advancing army. Before the War, there was only the French-owned narrow-gauge line from Jerusalem to Jaffa, and the extension of the Hajy Pilgrim Railway connecting Acre and Haifa with Deraa and Damascus. Shortly after the institution of civil government, the Jaffa Jerusalem system was acquired from the French company and the gauge broadened to standard. The junction of the two lines is at Lydda, and the length of the former, from Kantara to Haifa, is 415 km., and of the latter 88 km. From Haifa, travelling continues by motor-bus along the coastal road past Tyre and Sidon to Beyrout. The Railway Administration Headquarters and the workshops are situated at Haifa, and the

International Sleeping-car Company's coaches run over the main system.

The country can boast a first-class system of main roads. Before the War the only roads worthy of the name that existed were the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem and on to Jericho, originally constructed for the visit of the Austrian Emperor after the opening of the Suez Canal, and the main road from the north through Nablus to Jerusalem, which was similarly built for the journey of the German Emperor at the end of the century. For military purposes both the Turkish and the British armies greatly improved the road system, and the most important new routes opened by the Civil Administration have been the ascent to Safed from Tiberias, the frontier road from Safed to Acre, and the recently completed coastal road from Tel-aviv through the citrus-belt to Haifa.

Apart from the main roads, most villages are now accessible by car and often by ancient tracks improved by village labour.

The main civil airport is at Lydda, while Gaza is a stopping-place on the Imperial Airways route to the East. There is a local daily service between Haifa and Tel-aviv.

ANTIQUITIES

The soil of Palestine is a veritable palimpsest of history: every other hillock has some historical association—often, indeed, still bears its old name; Jerusalem and Hebron are two of the most ancient inhabited sites in the world. If there are so rich finds of funerary or domestic objects to be made as the result of centuries of devastations and lootings, wherever he turns his spade the excavator may expect some reward.

As regards palæontology, the discovery some years ago of the prehistoric skull in the cave at Tabgha on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias and the rich yields of the caves by Athlit have evoked much interest. Of the early historic period the discoveries of the shards with very early Jewish script at Tel-el-Ducir, the ancient Lachish near Gaza, the excavations at Megidda and Jericho, at Sebustiyeh, Ahab's capital near Nablus, and at the old Egyptian fortress at Beisan deserve special mention. Roman and Byzantine remains are numerous in Jerusalem itself, as, for example, the Citadel, and are also to be seen at Sebustiyeh, Seffuriyen (Sepphoris) above Nazareth, and Ascalon and Dur (Cæsarea) on the coast. Several exceptionally beautiful mosaic floorings have been uncovered, notably at Beit Jebrin, near Hebron, at the Jewish Colony of Beit Alpha, near Beisan, and at Tatgha, while a few years ago the original mosaic floor of the Basilica of the Nativity at Bethlehem was brought to light some three feet below the present floor-level. At Masada, near the southern end of the Dead Sea, where the Zealots made their last stand against the Romans after the fall of Jerusalem, the lay-out of the Roman investing lines can still be clearly seen.

Jerusalem itself is one of the few complete examples in existence of a mediæval walled town. The foundations of the walls are in places Roman, with later Crusader and Saracenic courses above. The covered bazaars date from the Crusades.

Several Crusader Churches are still in existence: St. Anne's and the original Chapel of the Order of St. John, in Jerusalem, Enab on the Jaffa road, Lydda, Ramleh (the great Mosque), Seffuriyen and the crypt at Acre. Of Crusader military construction, there are few noteworthy remains in Palestine itself. Athlit, south of Haifa, is the ancient Turris Peregreiorum, the last stronghold of the Templars to fall in 1291; there are the remains of the Castles of Safed and Qurein (near Acre) and traces of the great basalt fortress, Kaukab-al-Hawa ("Star of the Air") dominating the Jordan Valley below the Lake of Tiberias. Of later Mameluke and Saracenic architecture there are numerous examples in Jerusalem.

All historical sites and buildings are carefully listed and protected under the Preservation of Antiquities legislation.

SPORT

In normal times the hill regions provide excellent *chikor* (partridge) shooting. Quail are also numerous in the valleys when there is sufficient vegetation in the winter, and sand-grouse in Beersheba. Duck and snipe are plentiful in the Hulch Marshes, and on occasions are to be found in fair quantities in the Jordan Valley. There are wild boar in the Jordan River belt. The jackal is hunted in the plain of Sharon. At Jaffa and Haifa there are swimming clubs, and a British Social Club at Jerusalem with tennis, cricket, hockey, etc. The centre of Jerusalem's social life is the King David Hotel.



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Jerash: the most perfect Roman town in existence. *Major Jarvis.*

Through the Uplands of Trans-Jordan

The Lands of Moab and Edom

by MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

UNTIL the Great War one might have summed up the knowledge of most people, so far as the other side of the Jordan was concerned, in the verse from Psalms which runs: "Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe," but nowadays the small State of Trans-Jordan is better known. In the days of Moses these small mountain kingdoms of Arabia were strong enough to dictate terms to the Israelites; then after a series of wars they became subsidiary Turkish States under David and Solomon; and later, in the time of the Romans, the two countries known as Arabia Petræ had a considerable measure of prosperity and a large and thriving population.

With the Arab invasion of the seventh century the nomad Bedouin swept in from the desert east of the Roman marches, and civilisation and security went and with it most of the inhabitants. In the eleventh century there was a temporary revival when Renaud de Chatillon, the Crusader, was appointed Prince of Trans-Jordan and built a chain of fortress towns along the eastern slopes of the Moabite and Idumean mountains, but with the fall of the Frankish Kingdom Trans-Jordan went back again to wilderness and complete obscurity. So it remained until Feisal and Lawrence fought their way up the Hedjaz railway freeing the land from Turkish occupation, and to-day Trans-Jordan, with its energetic and wise Arab ruler, Emir Abdullah, is, despite its slender resources, the most prosperous and up-to-date of the Arab States.

Trans-Jordan was until quite recently the most inaccessible of places, for the Turk was not a road-maker and had a pack-horse mind, so that, roads being non-existent, one had to rely on the camel, the horse, or the donkey. To-day, however, after twenty years of peaceful rule, the main tracks across this semi-desert land are considerably better than many of those in south-east Europe and the motorist, who does not always expect a concrete speedway, may now do what is called the "round tour," the itinerary of which is a drive from Cairo to Suez, across the Sinai Desert to Akaba, northwards to Petra and Amman, and then via the Dead Sea and Jericho to Jerusalem with a return through Hebron and Beersheba. Twenty years ago this tour would have cost £200 per head and would have been most fatiguing; to-day the car-owner can accomplish it at something under £20 and in ten days view more wonderful sights of antiquity and glorious scenery than the average tourist sees in half a lifetime.

WONDERFUL VIEWS

The old pilgrim road from Cairo to Suez is now a macadamised speedway and the journey, which once meant three wearisome days padding along on a camel, is now done in two hours or less. The Suez Canal is crossed by motor ferry and another tarred road takes one through the sand of Sinai to the Mitla Pass twenty-three miles away. Here one will forsake civilisation and speedways and strike out across the desert on well-kept tracks that are nothing but the firm face of the gravel desert swept clear of boulders and levelled off, and very excellent going they provide.

The night may be spent in one of the Sinai rest-houses at Nekhl or three hours farther on at the frontier post of Kuntilla, and early the following day one comes suddenly and unexpectedly to the end of the plateau to look down nearly three thousand feet to the Gulf of Akaba and the misty depression of the Wadi Arabia. This is possibly one of the most remarkable and beautiful views in the world, and one will see several similar panoramas of glorious mountain scenery before one leaves Trans-Jordan, but the sheer drop from the frontier of Sinai to the shores of the Gulf is perhaps more striking than any, as the rosy tints of the granite mountains here are set forth by the intense ultramarine of the Gulf below.

THRILLING DRIVES

The descent to the lowlands is thrilling and a test for the nerves, as the hairpin bends and sudden declivities are disconcerting, but in a short time the cars are skirting round the northern sweep of the Gulf to the little fishing village of Akaba. Akaba is the old Jewish seaport of Elath and a little way to the north, now on dry land, is Ezion-Geber whence the ships of Tarshish set forth on their three-year voyage to the land of Ophir.

Akaba is now merely a Bedouin village, though it rose to fame temporarily during the War as the advanced base for Lawrence's Arab army when they began their operations around Maan and Tafileh. At Akaba one sees members of the Arab Legion of Trans-Jordan—perhaps the most picturesque police force in the world. They wear a burnous or robe of braided ginger-brown with incredibly long sleeves, their belts are bristling with brightly-burnished cartridges, and on their heads they have the Arab shawl and black cord which was originally the camel's hobble-

rope. Between the pass at the Sinai frontier of the village of Akaba, eleven miles away, members of three Arab police forces operate—the Sinai men in brown jerseys, wide green sashes, and the Arab headdress; then the Palestinians at the foot of the mountain in blue and the hussar-like kalpak or busby, and lastly the Trans-Jordan Legion. Comparisons are always odious and moreover it would be extremely difficult to say which force is the most helpful and polite, for the great charm of a desert trip in this part of the world is the warm welcome one receives from all the inhabitants and the respective forces of law and order.

From Akaba the track mounts steadily through the Wadi Ithm and half-way up one should turn off the road to see the Wadi Rhum. It is very difficult to describe the Wadi Rhum, as the colouring of rocks, sand, sky, and vegetation is so fantastic and intense. It looks rather as if some extremely clever scene-painter had got drunk and allowed himself to run the complete gamut of his colours. The mountains are rose-pink and crimson, the sand is yellow chrome and Indian red, the sky is deep cobalt, and the desert scrub bushes are pure veridian green. This may sound somewhat crude, but Nature can be crude without offending the eye, despite the pranks she may play with her palette, and Wadi Rhum is a sight to remember.

The road runs on over the steep pass of Shtar until one sees Maan in the midst of a vast plain, and as Maan is a very depressing Arab village set in the most barren and harsh desert one is glad to turn off to the west to Petra.

A "QUEER LOST CITY"

The trouble about Petra is that everyone who sees it is so impressed that he or she rushes at once to the nearest writing-desk to write up a description of this queer lost city. There is, of course, nothing like Petra in the whole world, for here in a valley, which one enters through a very narrow and deep chasm, is a small city of temples and tombs that are carved from the natural sandstone. As one enters on the back of an Arab pony one sees on either side and towering far above one these huge monuments with their ornate carved façades that in many places look as fresh as they did when the masons laid down their chisels a thousand years ago; and to make it more unreal and marvellous the natural rock is rose-pink and crimson and occasionally shot with cobalt.

Some people rave about Petra, others are horrified, and Doughty, in his "Arabia Deserta," called it an eyesore. Whatever one's reactions may be, one will not be unmoved by its grandeur and the feeling of unreality it inspires, but so far as the writer is concerned, if personal opinions are permitted in an article, the impression it conveyed was awe and a consciousness of something evil in its past.

After leaving Petra the traveller should take the Old Roman road that goes north from the Nabataean stronghold to Shobek. The track, which is very far from perfect, leads through queer semi-desert scenery, once a forest, and from time to time one sees by the side of the newly made road the old Roman highway with its big kerb-stones and occasionally the paved surface.

Shobek is one of Renaud de Chatillon's Crusader castles - a typical Norman keep on a solitary cone of white limestone—and one can imagine that it was immensely strong if not impregnable in those days of catapult engines and long-bows. Inside the walls an Arab town has sprung up and there are modern mud-brick excrescences on the old Crusader halls, living-rooms, and stables. The inhabitants are not pure Bedouin Arab, for they live by cultivation and it is possible that many of them are descended from the Frankish soldiery who were defending the walls when the town fell to Saladin in the twelfth century.

From Shobek the road runs on the crest of the mountains of Edom and here one obtains from the high points glimpses of the Dead Sea lying some 6,000 feet below. One looks down over craggy peaks of granite mountains to the unnatural blue of this inland sea and far away in the west in serried lines of pink and purple one sees the ranges of Sinai. Along this track some 3,500 years ago came the Israelites under Moses, and close by is the grave of Aaron; in the depression below were Sodom and Gomorrah where Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt; and to the north is the country of Herod and the palace where Herodias's daughter danced for him.

RELICS OF ROMAN OCCUPATION

Later, in the prosperous days of the Romans, this deserted road must have been a constant string of moving traffic. Fast-travelling chariots taking officials on tours of inspection, lines of camels bringing in incense from Arabia and silk from China; and relief parties of the Legion at Akaba trudging along and shouting a marching song. To-day all one sees is one solitary Bedouin and his small family moving their camels and goats from one grazing ground to another, but in Roman times the population must have been enormous. On every hill one sees the terracing where before the Arab invasion were vineyards and olive groves; ruins of long-dead villages occur every fifteen miles or so, and more mundanely there is the question of seating accommodation in the various amphitheatres. A full house in Petra's open-air theatre must have meant well over two thousand people; in the vast amphitheatre at Amman seats exist for over three thousand; whilst at Jerash farther north there were two theatres. To-day there is one cinema in Amman that might possibly seat two hundred people.

North of Shobek is Tafileh where in the orchards outside the town Lawrence fought a pitched battle against the Turks, and the next stage of the journey is Kerak, the headquarters of the Crusader, Renaud de Chatillon. Kerak is considerably more than a castle, for the circumference of its battlements must be well over a mile, and it is the most perfect specimen in existence of a Norman walled town. In the dry climate of Trans-Jordan disintegration is extremely slow and the outer walls of the town, the keep, and the vast living-rooms of the men-at-arms are almost precisely as they were when Saladin's troops entered it at the end of his successful campaign



The Amphitheatre at Petra. *Major Jarvis.*

against the Franks. It was so immensely strong that despite its isolation it held out against the Saracens long after the whole of the Jerusalem Kingdom in Palestine proper had been overrun.

To the north of Kerak is Amman, the present seat of the Government, and here modern civilisation has done something towards removing the old-world atmosphere of the place. One might mention among other things, traffic policemen at difficult corners wearing white sleeves, and "one-way" streets, and one cannot have anything more completely twentieth-century than that.

Jerash, which lies off the main road to Jerusalem, is said to be the most perfect Roman city in existence, because when it went out of business at the Arab conquest it remained unoccupied until the present day. Nine-tenths of the damage done to old buildings in the East is due to the depredations of later generations erecting houses on the old sites and using up the stone for their modern excrescences, but nothing of the sort has happened in *Jerash*. Except for wear and tear of weather and silt from the hills, the vast forum, the Government buildings, the temples, and theatres are as they were when the Legions departed.

From Jerash one may go on across the Trans-Jordan and Syrian uplands to Damascus or westwards across the Jordan Valley to Jericho and Jerusalem. At the time of writing, owing to the unsettled state of Palestine, the country is impossible for tourist traffic, but possibly before this appears in print the existing unhappy state of affairs may be cleared up, though it is difficult to think of any solution which will satisfy both parties.

If Palestine is denied to one, a return may be made along the road that runs by the side of the Hedjaz railway. Here at various points one will see the ruins of the chain of Roman block-houses that protected the settled uplands of Trans-Jordan from the Bedouin of the desert. To the west lies the cultivation and the land where rain falls, but stretching away to the east in shimmering mirages and waves of sand and gravel one sees the vast desert of Arabia where only the nomad can exist and whence from time to time come raiding parties to prey on the townsman and cultivator. This is the prerogative of the desert Arab, who says when God created the world he took the wind and made a Bedouin, he shot an arrow and behold the camel, from a lump of earth he made the donkey, and later from its manure he created the farmer and city dweller to oblige the Arab.

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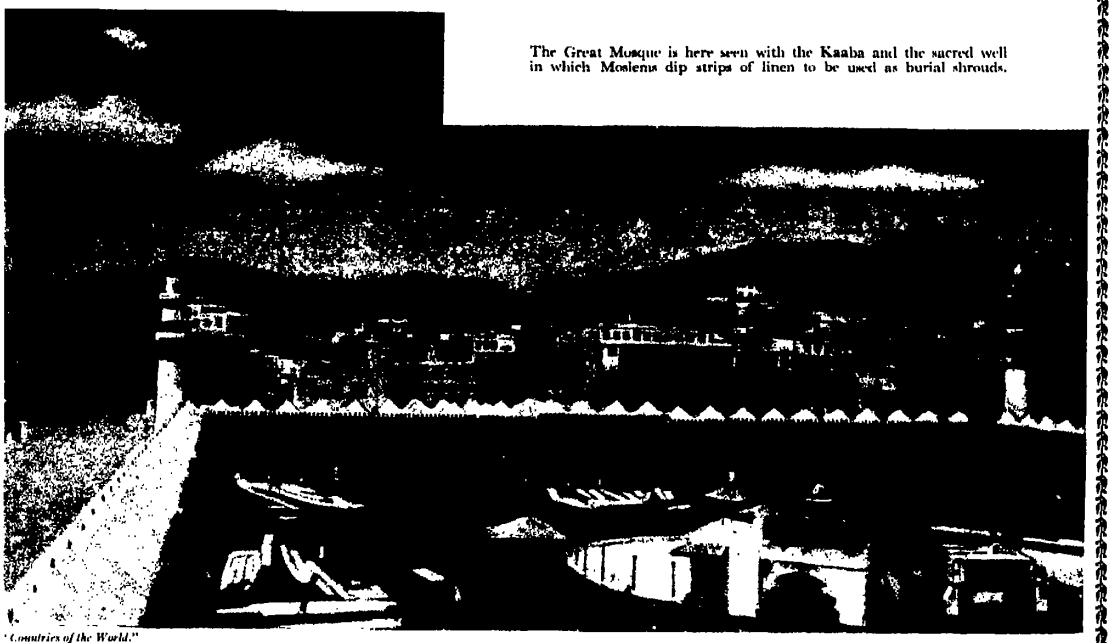
Along the Gulf of Akaba.

Major Jarvis.



Trans-Jordan Arab Police with Peake Pasha.

Major Jarvis



The Great Mosque is here seen with the Kaaba and the sacred well in which Moslems dip strips of linen to be used as burial shrouds.

"Countries of the World."

MECCA.

Mecca

by H. ST. JOHN PHILBY

WHEN Colonel T. E. Lawrence was asked by a correspondent to give him his impressions of Mecca, he replied briefly that it was a queer place, without any trees, without any running water, and situated in a series of valleys in the midst of limestone hills. Lawrence's only visit to Mecca (in 1917) lasted but an hour or two, for he was evicted as soon as his presence was known, and he certainly had insufficient time for accurate observation. My readers will therefore not be surprised to learn that Mecca is a good deal better off for trees than the City of London. I have occupied two houses, each of which has a substantial garden with a score or so of trees. The Municipal Garden, relatively to its size, is as well wooded as Hyde Park. And there are trees about the King's Palace and in many other parts of the city. As for water, there is a running stream—the famous aqueduct of Queen Zubaida—which traverses Mecca from end to end and supplies its gardens with irrigation. And finally there is no limestone within a hundred miles of the city, which is wholly situated in an area of tumbled volcanic rocks and ridges as grim a setting as one could well imagine for what is probably the strangest, most romantic, and least-known city of the world, the metropolis of the Moslem world and the scene of an annual pilgrimage, which goes back with an unbroken record into the mists of antiquity.

There is nothing to prevent a European from visiting Mecca if he is a *bona fide* Moslem. Many such have in fact performed the pilgrimage with the full knowledge and approval of the local authorities. Others have done so in disguise, professing Islam with their lips, but not in their hearts, like Burton. Lawrence alone, so far as I know, came and went without any profession of faith. And I believe that my own case is unique in history, in that I was formally admitted to Mecca under the auspices of two Ministers of State acting by the King's orders, to make my profession of faith within the holy precincts of the Great Mosque itself.

RESIDENTIAL QUARTER

That was nine years ago. Since then I have reckoned myself a "citizen of no mean city," a householder in the Jarwal or western quarter, which with its numerous gardens and wooded aspect is, to my mind, the pleasantest residential section of Mecca. In it stands a huge rectangular reservoir, close by my present dwelling, in which is stored the surplus water of the Zubaida aqueduct for the irrigation of a considerable tract of market gardens. Nearby is the Municipal Garden with its veritable park of trees, including many species of fruit trees—guava, loquat, papaya, date-palms, pepper- and cotton-trees, and a dozen other varieties. And scattered about in this quarter are the tall mansions of the well-to-do citizens, many of four storeys and all standing in their own gardens—a charming scene. At either extremity of the valley lie the poorer dwellings of negro or Badawin settlers who cultivate the gardens or work as labourers in the city. These are mostly but huts of wattle, often reinforced by tins—kerosene oil tins flattened out within a brushwood fence. My own house is a single-storey bungalow of quite modern type, standing in a luxuriant garden of palms and other trees.



Entrance porch of Royal Palace at Mecca.



The King's Palace at Mecca with wireless station.

Great Mosque at Mecca with pilgrims making the circuit of the Ka'ba (or Home of God).





The "Hill of Mercy" during pilgrimage.

THE GREAT MOSQUE

The picture of Jarwal is completed by a number of garages with tin roofs, for the accommodation of the motor-buses and other vehicles which, now in ever-increasing numbers, convey pilgrims and other passengers from Jidda, the seaport forty-five miles away to the west, to the holy city. It is at Jarwal that the arriving pilgrim enters Mecca and disembarks with his baggage, to be received by the tourist agents, who arrange for the conveyance of pilgrims and their belongings to various houses and hostels in the centre of the town, where they are destined to dwell for the duration of their visit. A straight road, about half a mile long, leads south-eastward from Jarwal through the Harat al Bab (Gate Ward) quarter and the little market (Suwaiqa), whence a sharp turn to the left brings the pilgrim at long last to his first view of the Great Mosque. Before him rises the tiled façade of the Gate of Abraham, through which he can catch a glimpse of the Ka'ba itself, the black-draped cube known throughout the Moslem world as the "House of God." The newly arrived pilgrim, however, does not make his entry into the Mosque by this gate. Instead he skirts the southern and eastern sides of the great cloistered rectangle, passing the Hamidiya (or Government Headquarters) and the Egyptian pilgrim centre until, at the north-east corner, he reaches the Bab al Salam (Gate of Salvation) by which he enters the most sacred Mosque in the world. This has been described too often to need further description by me here. The immense rectangle surrounded by its pillared cloisters is open to the sky. Its floor is covered with clean gravel, across which paved paths radiate in all directions from the circular marble-covered depression in which stands the Ka'ba. The stranger may indeed be bewildered by the scene that meets his eye. The large crowd of worshippers and pilgrims, the whirling flocks of sacred pigeons, the canopied well of Zamzam, famous in history, the cupola of Abraham himself, the Ka'ba—everything combines to work upon his overwrought emotions. And as he approaches the Ka'ba to begin its sevenfold circumambulation his soul is worked up to a state of ecstasy and exhortation. I know no scene more moving or more solemn than that circling of God's house by the faithful—a true emblem of the Universe revolving round its Creator and seeking to pierce the secret of his ineffable purpose.

A cup of water from Zamzam speeds the pilgrim to the Mas'a—a broad paved street, lined with busy shops on either side, between two mounds surmounted by shrines. To and fro, seven times again, he goes, walking or running, between those shrines. And then his rites are finished. He can rest awhile and spend the rest of his days exploring the dream-city which he has reached at last.

The Great Mosque lies in the base of a wide torrent-bed called Abraham's valley, between two ridges of bare igneous rock rising to a height of a thousand feet or more on either side. Up their slopes and along the various tributaries descending from them into the main valley climb the crowded houses of the citizens, who are proud of their traditional title of "God's neighbours." A wide curve of the eastern (Khandama) ridge encircles the Ajyad quarter where, as in Jarwal, are to be found some of the best houses of the city as well as a large Government hospital, the immense building containing the Offices of the Ministry of Finance, two large hotels (one quite modern and built of reinforced concrete with the unusual luxury of a lift), the residence of the Viceroy, and a weaving establishment principally devoted to preparing the elaborate black silk canopy of the Ka'ba which is changed every year on the final day of the pilgrimage ceremonies. A steep bluff at the extremity of the ridge nearest the Great Mosque is surmounted by a great castle, whose foundations and glacis doubtless go far back into the early history of Mecca, though the superstructure is of relatively recent date, probably seventeenth century, when the Turkish Sultans began seriously to exercise their authority and prerogatives as the Caliphs of Islam and found it necessary to garrison the city strongly to meet sporadic disturbances among the ever-turbulent Arab tribes of the neighbourhood. This castle completely dominates the Great Mosque and the central part of the town and, at the time of the Arab revolt of 1916, the Turks actually bombarded the Mosque in a half-hearted manner before realising that discretion was the better part of valour and surrendering to the Sharif of Mecca (afterwards King Husain of the Hijaz).

On the slopes of the opposite ridge, generally known as the "Hill of the Turks," there are two smaller forts—the "Pepper Fort" and the "Indian Fort"—which also dominate the city and the Mosque from the lofty bluffs on which they are situated. While all these forts were, and still are, garrisoned by troops, the Turks found it necessary to construct more commodious barracks at the southern end of the Jarwal quarter for the large force they maintained owing to the ample space available in this area for parade and training purposes. And the military requirements of the city were further catered for by a small fort, perched on a pyramid-shaped hillock at the extreme eastern end of the city, the Ma'abida quarter, which is mainly inhabited by Badawin of the great 'Ataiba tribe, who have settled down here through the ages, tempted by the prospects of work and wages in connection with the large annual influx of pilgrims from other parts of Arabia. The greater width of the valley of Abraham in this quarter provides ample space for the temporary camps of such visitors and for their camels.

A REDOUBTABLE MONARCH

It is here that stands the immense palace of the present King, 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud, the redoubtable Wahhabi monarch, who is certainly the greatest Arab on the roll of history since the Prophet Mohammed himself. His palace houses a resident population of about four thousand souls, of whom more than half are women—the various consorts of the King with their slaves, servants, and attendants. It is reckoned that the royal kitchens, when His Majesty is in residence, cater daily for the needs of five thousand or six thousand persons—to say nothing of the poor and needy of the city who assemble at fixed hours to consume or carry off to their families the residue of the day's cooked food. The feeding of the poor is indeed an essential part of the daily palace ritual and, on occasions of great banquets, it is not uncommon for fifty or a hundred sheep to be slain and the meat left over from the feast to percolate to practically every home in the poorer parts of the city.

The palace itself is a long, low building of grey stone, very simple in design and quite attractive. Within the main gate is a charming patio with flowers, shrubs, and ornamental trees in profusion. At its farther end a broad double stairway leads up to the first floor on which at all times a great array of the King's henchmen sit or stand on guard. On one side is a great banqueting hall capable of accommodating five hundred or six hundred guests at a sitting. A series of smaller rooms, used by the secretaries and officials of the Government, separate this hall from the great audience chamber, in which at prescribed hours His Majesty sits in public audience. It is a huge lofty rectangular room with a row of massive pillars down the centre and comfortable cushioned benches along three sides to accommodate the King's visitors. In the top right-hand corner is the royal settee, elaborately cushioned, with an electric fan, telephone, etc., on a table within easy reach of His Majesty's hand. A large room on one side of this chamber is set aside for use as a mosque, for the King is punctilious in his devotions and insists on his good example being followed by the whole of his court. Nearby are His Majesty's private quarters, in which is a spacious dining-room for use on informal occasions, when the King likes to carry off his friends, Ministers, and special visitors for a quiet meal at the end of his morning or evening sittings. It is indeed the proudest of my

privileges as a member of the court to lunch and dine every day with His Majesty when he is in residence. If one is late for a meal the King will generally keep it waiting and send his henchmen to seek out the belated guest—such is the simplicity which is the greatest ornament of the Arab King.

COURT LIFE

In the afternoons the King, attended by members of the court, usually takes an outing either to see some military or tribal parade or to pay a visit of honour to the house of one of the Princes—and their name is legion, for the King has thirty sons, to say nothing of his brothers and nephews—or merely to visit and sit in the municipal gardens or the great new garden recently installed in the suburb of Shuhada or, again, to drive out to some neighbouring valley to sit and gossip until the hour of evening prayer. It is altogether a life of delightful simplicity and an unobservant visitor might easily imagine that the court life of Mecca consists of little else than sitting about and talking about the affairs of the world. We of the court know better, for day in, day out, we see the King at his tireless work, grappling with some knotty problem of diplomacy or administration, poring over sheaves of telegrams from all parts of his kingdom—announcing rain from one place, drought in another, a tribal fracas elsewhere, the arrival of an important visitor at Jidda or Najran or Qatif, and so on. The King is indeed the busiest man of his court and knows no rest. He sleeps but four or five hours in the twenty-four; he eats but little and one wonders how he manages to feed his gigantic frame; he is always cheerful, smiling but wary, and seldom put out; but when he is angered it is indeed the anger of a lion enraged—a great man indeed and every inch a king.

SHRINES AND CUPOLAS

Between Ma'abida and the city's centre, on one side, lies the great cemetery of Ma'la, the burial-place of Mecca's citizens and pilgrims from time immemorial. Formerly it was a veritable garden of shrines and cupolas, built over the mortal remains of princes and saints and liable to tempt the unwary to idolatrous devotions. About fifteen years ago, however, when the Wahhabis captured Mecca from the Sharifian dynasty, the decree went out for the destruction of all these sources of perversion. Some of the principal shrines can still be identified, though they are closed to visitors, but, one and all, they have been shorn of their once decorative embellishments, and the cemetery, huge in extent, presents now a rather grim and dreary spectacle, reminding the passers-by of the vanity of man after the closure of his mortal span.

Through the cemetery runs a motor-road up and over the ridge of the "Turks' Hill" to link up the eastern part of the city direct with the western or Jarwal quarter. The road runs through a narrow rocky passage, blasted through the upper part of the ridge under the orders of the late King Husain and often jestingly referred to as the only good act of that monarch, who certainly had some elements of true greatness, but was not very popular among his subjects. It was on the site of this col that Mansur, the famous Abbasid Caliph of the eighth century, is reputed to have met his death by falling from his horse on the steep slope. Near it stands the Municipal slaughter-house, always surrounded by flocks of hungry kites and vultures, and the municipal petrol and oil store, similarly surrounded at all times by motor-cars awaiting their turn to fill up.

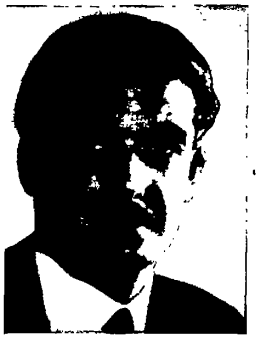
THE "HILL OF MERCY"

Such is the city of Mecca, a great town without gates or walls, open to all and sundry among the world's Moslems, but closed to the infidel by its own sanctity, which extends to a considerable distance from the city on every side—the Haram tract, as it is called, into which no man may pass unless he be of the true faith. At intervals on its perimeter, on the roads leading from every direction into the holy city, stand pillars demarcating the sacred territory. On passing those pillars the pilgrim greets his God with cries of, "Here am I, Lord, here am I!" At the eastern extremity of this tract there are two sets of such pillars marking the sacred territory itself and the great plain of 'Arafat, which is the scene of the annual pilgrimage gathering round the "Hill of Mercy." On the great day this plain is a truly remarkable sight, dotted with countless rows of tents and occupied by 100,000 or 150,000 bare-headed pilgrims all clothed in the white garments of repentance—the two towels prescribed by immemorial tradition. At sundown the whole gathering moves off towards Mecca and, as the dusk gives way to evening, one seems to be moving forward in an endless stream of ghosts mounted on camels or asses or merely shuffling along on foot. And so one returns through the tented plain of Muna, where the great sacrifice of sheep takes place and the three devils are stoned by the pilgrims, to the portals of Mecca for the last acts of the pilgrimage—the circumambulation of the Ka'ba and the running of the Mas'a. And as the pilgrims enter the precincts of the city they lift up their eyes to the famous "Mountain of Light" on whose slopes the Prophet himself received his first inspiration. Close by, the "Mountain of Pride" stands proudly sentinel over the King's palace, disdaining the lofty twin pylons of the wireless station installed in the palace grounds less than ten years ago. Across the pilgrim way rises the jagged peak of Khandama with its new fort, and a little way to the south the pilgrim sees the "Hill of the Bull," the ever-sacred mountain that miraculously preserved the Prophet from the wrath of his enemies during the earliest days of his ministry, when his failure to convince his fellow citizens of the truth of his gospel forced him to flee temporarily to the greater hospitality and ultimate triumph of Madina. Mecca, the city of God, and Madina, the city of his Prophet—there are no two cities on earth to compare with them in their emotional and romantic appeal to humanity. Between them they changed the history of nearly a quarter of the human race. Together they still live to influence the living spirit of man in a world that has turned to the worship of matter and the Mammon of what we call civilisation. Of the future one cannot speak with certainty, but one can be sure that the present King of Arabia will jealously guard the treasure committed to his charge against the material pressure of the modern world.



Ibn Saud, King of Arabia, watching a military display.

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writes :

"The Royal Cancer Hospital is doing work of which the Nation should be proud. It is fighting this fell disease—trying to establish its cause and discover a cure—providing beds for patients and keeping those who are inoperable free from pain. If those who have contemplated, even for an instant, the possibility of being one day themselves in the clutch of cancer, subscribe to the fund, the present difficulty of raising sufficient money to continue the work, should be easily overcome."



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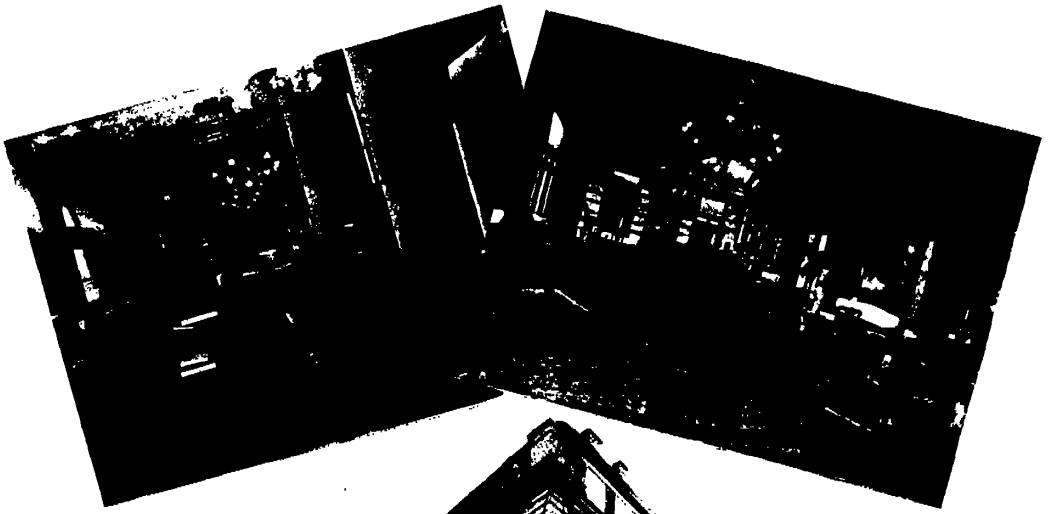
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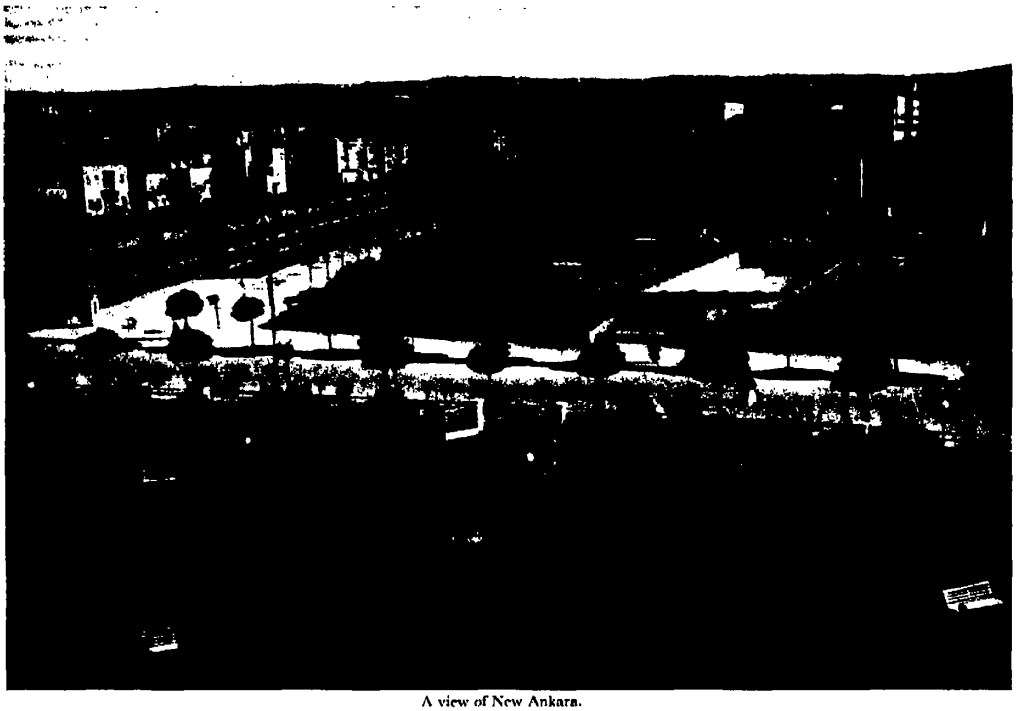


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A view of New Ankara.

Modern Turkey

by BRIG.-GENERAL. SIR H. OSBORNE MANCE, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE change between pre-war and present-day Turkey, which is without parallel in the history of any country, has been brought about by the dynamic personality of one individual—Kemal Ataturk. It is likely to endure because Ataturk was no Oriental despot of the old style whose personal aggrandisement or even security depended on the extinction of those near enough to succeed him, but a far-seeing patriot who enlisted enthusiastic collaborators to carry on what he had so well begun. Moreover, his aims were constructive and not aggressive and their overwhelming support from the whole population was due to solid satisfaction and material prosperity. In his case no propaganda was necessary to conjure up a possibly artificial appearance of national unity.

STARTLING REFORMS

Let us examine briefly the momentous changes brought about in the short space of fifteen years. The most startling were the abolition both of the Sultanate with all its heritage of intrigue, corruption, and international jugglery and the Caliphate with its world leadership of Islam. The first was no doubt a loss to the picturesque, but modern Turkey while possessing a high artistic capacity is not going to sacrifice progress for the sake of being merely picturesque. The second, however, bringing with it the disestablishment of Islam as a State religion—although the practice of the Mohammedan or any other religion is perfectly free in Turkey—and the abolition of the fez as the national headdress had more far-reaching effects. It is well-known that the civil and religious life of Turkey were closely entwined, so that no modernisation of Civil Government was possible without a separation of Islam and State. Justice, education, and the position of women were permeated by Moslem tradition, but once this had been swept aside the road lay open to such fundamental changes as the abolition of the veil, the prohibition of polygamy, and the granting of practically complete equality to women.

Following on this definite break with the political and religious traditions of the past came a quick succession of changes affecting the daily life and business of the country. Among these were the alteration of the calendar from the Mohammedan to the Gregorian which was effected without fuss, whilst we and other Western nations have been discussing the question of stabilising Easter for years with no result.

Prior to the present regime the Turks used Arabic characters written from right to left: this was swept away and the Latin characters adopted, Kemal himself deciding many difficult points arising from this change and giving frequent demonstrations. At the same time it was forbidden to publish any Turkish newspaper or book in the old script or even to use it in private correspondence. To appreciate the magnitude of this change one must imagine the outcry if the inhabitants of a Western country with a Latin script were ordered within a definite and fairly short period to carry out the whole of their correspondence in

Russian characters with the addition of writing them backwards, and if the whole Press and every other publication simultaneously appeared in the new script.

In order to facilitate identification and owing to the frequency with which certain Mohammedan names occur every Turk was ordered to assume a surname: Mustapha Kemal himself becoming Ataturk or "Father of the Turks." This change of names led occasionally to some amusing confusion, which was however only a transitory stage. The situation which would arise in a Western country if practically all the inhabitants changed their surnames at the same time is more easily imagined than described!

The metric system of weights and measures was adopted in place of an extremely complicated system which varied from district to district in the old regime. In 1938 a far-reaching change involving a breach with tradition was the compulsory introduction, in retail trade of foodstuffs, clothing, and fuel, of fixed and labelled prices: thus doing away with the ingrained habit of bargaining with its waste of time.

During the Kemalist regime special attention was devoted to education which was at the outset hopelessly inadequate for a modernised State. Great progress has been made. The number of students attending educational establishments increased from 360,000 in 1923 to 770,000 in 1935. Large numbers of well-built primary and secondary schools have been started and universities established at Istanbul and Ankara. Provision has been made for training both abroad and in Turkey of the technicians needed for Turkey's new industries. All State education is free.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENTS

In the economic sphere Turkey has achieved great success. During the last ten years she has balanced her budget and there has been no inflation of currency. She has built over 1,800 miles of railways and paid for these partly out of internal loans but chiefly out of revenue.

Before the War the only important Turkish Bank was the Agricultural Bank. The official bank of the Government was the Ottoman Bank which with various foreign banks arranged for the financing of Government Loans, of railways and other developments. In 1930 Turkey formed her own Central Bank on orthodox lines. The long-standing Agricultural Bank was enlarged and various other State banks were formed to develop different branches of the extensive industrial programme which had been embarked on and for which the necessary capital was not available from private sources. Firstly, the Sumer Bank financed textiles, glass, paper, sulphur, chemicals, and other industries which are no longer the monopoly of the older industrial countries, and also the British-built steel works at Karabuk for which coal and ore are available in the country. More recently the Eti Bank was formed to develop the mining industry, chiefly coal, chrome, copper, but also lead, antimony, and molybdenum. The production of chrome has developed so rapidly that Turkey will probably soon be, if she is not already, the largest producer in the world. The Eti Bank is also responsible for carrying out an ambitious programme of electrification, including three large power stations which are to use coal, lignite, and water-power respectively. Turkey's maritime and port services were more recently centralised. Originally these were entrusted to the newly formed Deniz Bank, but it is reported that in future their activities will come directly under the Government. Coastwise shipping is reserved to Turkish vessels and the necessary services are carried out by a fleet which is constantly being expanded and modernised.

In 1938 the Export Credits Guarantee Department



Fortress of Rumelihisar at Istanbul.

arranged for a credit of £10,000,000 for British exports required for Turkey's economic developments, the credit being repayable over a period of years from the proceeds of future exports from Turkey, chiefly minerals. More recently a credit of Mks. 150,000,000 has been granted to Turkey by Germany under somewhat similar conditions.

In order to meet the cost of plant and equipment from abroad for her economic development Turkey must increase her exports. To this end, in addition to the active development of her mineral resources measures have been and are being taken to improve the grading of agricultural products such as tobacco, figs, raisins, nuts, mohair, cotton, and grain, most of which have been well-known on the world's markets for many years.

When the pound was devalued in 1931 Turkey decided to maintain her currency at the then existing relation to gold. This has been successfully accomplished by the institution of a strict exchange control with the usual restrictions on foreign trade and tendency to bilateral barter. The technique involved in any such arrangements has been gradually developed in the light of experience in the countries which have adopted it. Finality has by no means been reached, the more so as the system has been exploited by totalitarian countries whose practices make it more difficult to adopt solutions tending to the resumption of normal trade relations.

A GROWING POPULATION

While inflexible in his determination to resist the slightest attempt at foreign domination, Ataturk always declared that he did not want territorial expansion, his sole aim being the development of a Turkish State. His first important step in this respect was to arrange an exchange of population with Greece: roughly a million Turks against a million and a half Greeks with provision for the exchange of properties. As a result minority questions in Greek Macedonia, Thrace, and large parts of Anatolia which had been a source of unrest for several decades were completely solved: Greek Thrace and most of Greek Macedonia are now populated 95 per cent. by Greeks. Since then the Turkish policy has been directed to bringing under Turkish rule a large number of Turks in Bulgaria, Roumania, and other countries. This was effected not by annexing the territories in which they happened to be living, but by encouraging immigration into Turkey, after negotiation with the countries concerned. In this way some two million people of Turkish race have been repatriated during the past ten years and settled in Turkey.

Partly for this reason and partly owing to the greatly improved health organisation the population of Turkey which was some 13,000,000 in 1927 had risen to over 16,000,000 by 1935.

In the matter of armaments Turkey has believed in keeping her powder dry and has not hesitated to make the necessary sacrifices to keep her fighting forces up-to-date. This of course means that taxation is heavy, though this year it is being somewhat reduced—a matter for envy in practically every other country. The great increase in national income under the Ataturk regime has enabled the country to stand the burden without serious consequences. The whole outlook of the country is peaceful, but should she be forced to defend herself Turkey will be as tough a nut as ever to crack. In 1938 the British Government made an armaments loan to Turkey of £6,000,000.

WORLD-RENOWNED ATTRACTIONS

To the tourist Turkey offers many attractions. Everybody has heard of the world-renowned mosques, museums, underground cisterns, and other sights at Istanbul. These alone are well worth a visit to Turkey, which can however offer many other attractions such as the magnificent scenery of the Bosphorus, the Taurus Mountains, and the Aegean Coast. For those interested in archæology there are the famous Greek and Roman ruins within reach of Smyrna, the most important of these being Pergamum, Priene, Miletus, Sardis, Ephesus, and the rest of the Seven Churches mentioned in "Revelation." The battlefields of Gallipoli mark the places where British and Turkish soldiers who had no quarrel with each other fought on opposite sides.

Added to these is the miracle of Ankara, a spacious modern capital, built on a site occupied only fifteen years ago by a pestilential swamp, and illustrating the advance of Turkey by the comparison of its hundred per cent twentieth-century architecture with the adjacent old Turkish town. Yet Ankara does not lack historical background as can be seen from its mediæval fortress dominating the town and the ruins of Ancyra said to have been visited by St. Paul. The problem of a water supply for the new capital has been solved by the construction of a reservoir ten miles away, of which the dam is a notable post-war engineering achievement.

Turkey is famed as a centre of the Persian carpet trade and has an important carpet industry of her own. The distinctive Kutaya pottery is most attractive in shape and colour, as well as reasonable in price. There is therefore adequate scope in these lines alone for the tourist to bring away an artistic and permanently satisfying souvenir of his visit to Turkey.

Thus, from many points of view Turkey at her present stage of transition offers interesting features which will repay closer study and sympathetic interest in future developments. It may well be that in her achievement of a completely changed outlook, in the resolute way in which she has carried out fundamental reforms necessary for her adaptation to new conditions, in her enthusiasm and readiness to learn Turkey may have lessons for older and, shall we say, more rigidly moulded States.



Eyub, on the "Golden Horn," with mosque where Mohamed II is preserved.

Turkey for the Tourist

A Miniature Continent

TURKEY, thanks to the variety of its climate, the beauty of its scenery, the richness of its historic records, and the hospitality of its people, is an ideal country for the tourist and is sure now to come very soon into the widest international favour.

Its geographical position has made it not only a cross-road of the nations where historic and artistic treasures have accumulated for centuries, but also a miniature continent combining the greatest contrasts of climate and landscape.

Enthusiasts for alpinism will find there mountains of every description and every size, mountains with forest-clad slopes and soft, harmonious outlines, as well as mountains with rugged and barren contours, gorges with gloomy ruins towering high above them, peaks crowned with eternal snows, and volcanic landscapes with thermal and hydromineral springs.

Are you attracted by the sea, the lakes, fishing, nautical sports? You cannot fail to find in Turkey the realisation of all your ideals of beauty and interest: seas with vast horizons, with waters calm and agitated by turns; high coasts furrowed with torrents and waterfalls, capes, gulfs, straits, and islands; large and small beaches exposed to the sun or stretching in the cool shadow of forests; strands, high cliffs, smiling bays, plain and mountain lakes with fresh or salt water, vast ponds full of fish where wild ducks abound.

Turkey is particularly rich in mineral and thermal waters of all kinds, widely different from one another in respect of temperature, chemical composition, and therapeutic properties.

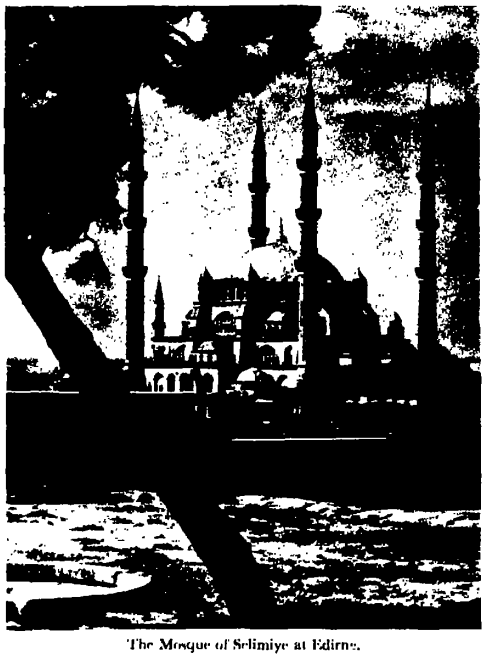
Among Turkey's most renowned and frequented water-resorts we may cite Bursa and Yalova, the former situated at five and the latter at one hour from Istanbul. Bursa, which is built in the form of an amphitheatre, lies at the foot of Mount Olympus at the entrance to a vast and verdant valley. Yalova, which is situated at a moderate altitude and graced with pure and light air, possesses thermal waters comparable with those of Karlsbad and Vichy for the treatment of rheumatism and heart—and nerve—diseases.

Turkey's climate is far too diverse and rich in striking contrasts, like a painter's palette, to admit of any general definition and characterisation. While in one place the snow dazzles your eyes and makes you shudder with cold, in a nearby region the population proceeds to gather oranges and mandarines, so that the happy tourist, after finishing his orange-cure in the Hesperides of Antalya can give himself up to the pleasures of ski-ing on the white slopes of the surrounding mountains.

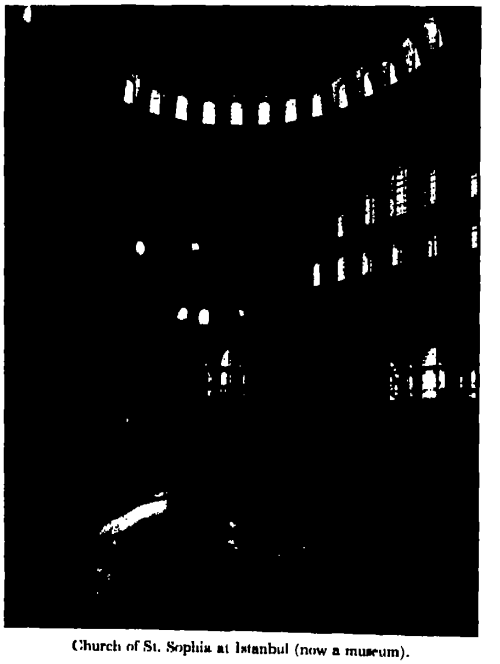
In regard to historical monuments Turkey knows no rival: no other country in the world can offer to the tourist such an abundance of monuments and works of art wholly different from each other in character but equally beautiful, interesting, and important.

It has been pointed out that Asia Minor's geographical position between two continents predestined it to serve as a bridge for the migrations of the nations.

The excavations and other historical and archæological researches carried out have yielded proof that it was the cradle of the most ancient civilisations known to history. From the caves of the Neolithic period down to



The Mosque of Selimiye at Edirne.



Church of St. Sophia at Istanbul (now a museum).



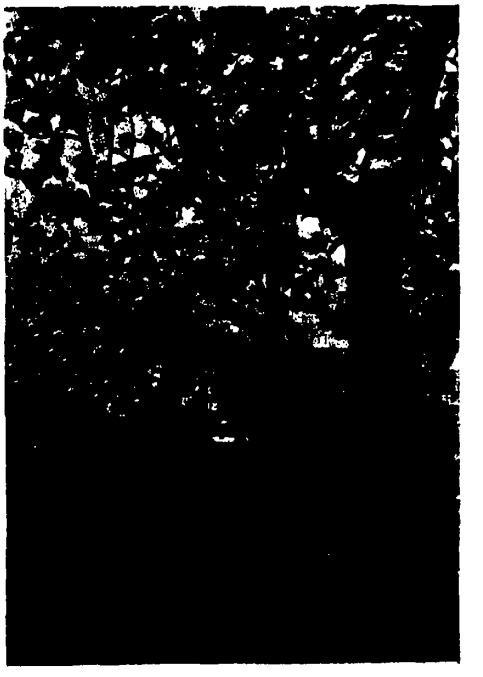
Interior of the Sultan Ahmet Mosque in Istanbul.

Tourists to Turkey

In order to encourage and facilitate social, cultural, and commercial relations between the United Kingdom and Turkey, the Turkish Government has sanctioned an official agency at the address below.

Applicants at the Bureau can be given information in respect of all forms of travel and tourist business, and directed where to obtain tickets, foreign exchange, travellers' cheques, etc. Reliable information is also available regarding all forms of trade and commercial enquiries. The Bureau is efficiently handled by British Directors well acquainted with tourist and trade conditions in Turkey and the United Kingdom, and may be considered the official source of information for enquiries about Turkey.

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Ministerial Quarters in Ankara.

the structures of the Hittite, Phrygian, Lydian, Ionian, Roman, Byzantine, Seldjouk, and Turk-Ottoman periods innumerable relics of the past enrich its territory and offer themselves to the admiration and curiosity of the traveller.

But the latter would be mistaken if he believed that Turkey has nothing to offer except the magic of its scenery and of its history.

The fact is that one of the most powerful charms of the country for foreign visitors consists in the ever-present signs of its swift and complete renovation in the never-tiring activity it displays in all the fields of its national life since the inception of the Republican regime. The latter has by a series of radical reforms modernised the country, transformed its social structure, and swept away the centuries-old obstacles which halted its material, moral, and social progress.

The national territory of Turkey, which the neglectful and abusive administration and interminable wars of the old regime had completely ruined, offers now the sight of a vast building-ground on which a new world is rising apace. The old costumes and all the paraphernalia symbolising oriental stagnancy and fanaticism have been banned into the museums where they no longer intrude themselves upon the sight but remain at the visitors' disposal for interesting and useful comparisons. Only those monuments which are milestones of Turkish history and recall imperishable records have been deemed worthy of the public's permanent attention and are kept under their eyes. Even the ancient towns which were veritable history-museums have begun to put on a new appearance. The remarkable efforts made by the regenerated Turkish people on their way to progress are for foreigners a spectacle far more instructive and exciting than the tawdry finery and the *dépaysment* which they used to look upon in former days.

The Republican Government, fully conscious of the importance tourism possesses for the national economy, is busy preparing the steps destined to develop the touristic resources of the country and to create the conditions necessary for facilitating the journey to and stay in Turkey. But it is obvious that in a country in which, owing to the force of adverse circumstances, even the most vital needs of the nation have so long been neglected, all the problems of modern tourism cannot be solved in just a few years. However, the works undertaken for developing the means of transport will not fail to communicate a new impulse to the touristic movement in Turkey. Among other works of this kind we may mention the construction of the Edirne-Istanbul section of the international road from London to Bagdad, which section will be opened in the course of this year to motor traffic; the building of an asphalt road from Mudanya to Bursa, which is to be completed in the course of this summer, as well as the building of several roads in the Izmir province, the most attractive of the Mediterranean regions, on account of the incomparable beauty of its landscapes and its magnificent historical monuments. We may add that the construction of the roads in the Izmir province has been entrusted to a French company. In addition, the municipality of this town is completing the erection of a large hotel which will be fitted with all modern comforts.

Modern travellers are henceforth assured of finding in the principal touristic centres, such as Ankara, Istanbul, Bursa, and Izmir, establishments answering all the needs of the most fastidious modern tourist.

Travelling in Turkey has always been supremely interesting and instructive; henceforth it will also be pleasant and easy.

The manifold types of landscape and climate which nature has lavished upon Turkey, and the unique artistic and historic treasures which centuries have accumulated on its territory, have all become easy of access to tourists, who will not fail to come in numbers and make a long stay in Turkey.

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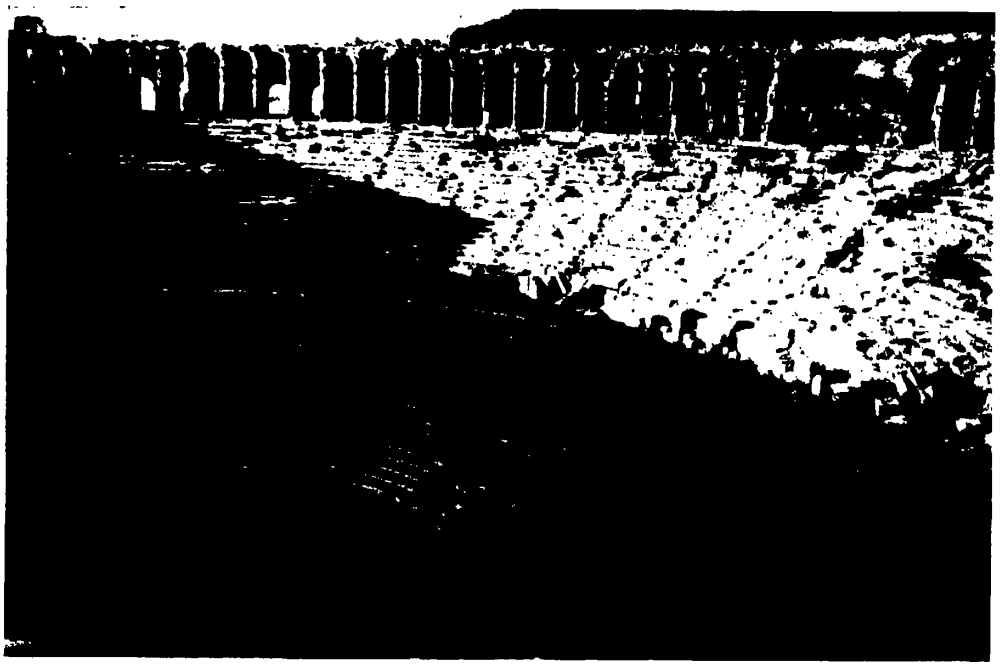
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SYRIA, ROUMANIA, GREECE, YUGOSLAVIA



The Amphitheatre of Belkis (inner view).



Interior of the "Rustem Pasha" Mosque.

Glimpses of Iran

by DR. LAURENCE LOCKHART

THE word " Elburz " is derived from the Old Persian *Hara Berezaitu*, meaning the " high mountain." The name is appropriate, for the range contains many high peaks, the loftiest of which, Demavend, is over 18,600 feet in height. Stretching for some 650 miles, the Elburz mountains not only separate the Iranian central plateau from the Caspian depression to the north, but also form a not inconsiderable link in the great chain which begins on the coast of the Black Sea and, with scarcely a break, continues through Iran, Afghanistan, and India into Tibet and even beyond. The Iranian portion of this mountain wall is of unequal height, and there are a number of passes through it which connect the Caspian littoral with the central plateau lying on the southern side of the range. The Elburz mountains constitute, nevertheless, a most formidable obstacle, as the surveyors and engineers of the Trans-Iranian Railway have found in recent years.

In clear weather, the mountains are visible from great distances. Yet, if one approaches Iran from the north, as I did on my first visit to that country, the wet and misty weather that one so often experiences in those parts sometimes effectively screens them from one's view for days at a time. When the steamer in which I was travelling from Baku to Pahlavi (or Enzeli, as it was then called) drew near to the northern coast of Iran, all that I could see was a flat, low-lying stretch of country, with no hint of rising ground. Had I not known from books that, behind the veil of rain and mist, the Elburz mountains were hiding, I should have gained a totally wrong impression of that part of Iran. The next day, after the sun had burst through the clouds and had triumphantly dispersed them, I could see the great range in the distance.

When one leaves the port of Pahlavi by car for Tehran, one passes at first through the low strip of country bordering on the Caspian, where much rice is grown; tobacco and tea are also cultivated in this region. Soon after leaving the town of Resht, twenty-five miles from Pahlavi, one comes to the Safid Rud or " White River," whose course is followed through the foothills and the outer bastions of the great range.

" ORDER OF THE ASSASSINS "

Away to one's left is the high country of Dailam, whose sturdy mountaineer inhabitants maintained their independence and their ancient faith for nearly two centuries after the Muslims had conquered the rest of Iran. After passing through lovely wooded country and penetrating still deeper into the Elburz, one notices that, as one gains in altitude, the trees begin to thin out and the vegetation becomes sparser and sparser. The road, after forsaking the Safid Rud, skirts for a time the Shah Rud (the " King's River "), which joins the Safid Rud (or Qizil Uzan, as it is known above the point of confluence) just below the town of Manjil. In its upper courses, far to the east of the main road, the Shah Rud is joined by the Alamut river. Overlooking the Alamut valley is the gigantic and almost inaccessible rock of Alamut, on the top of which are the ruins of the famous castle which, from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, was the stronghold of the dreaded Order of the Assassins, whose founder, Hasan-i-Sabbah by name, was known to the peoples of the west as the Old Man of the Mountain. He obtained his recruits largely from the descendants of the doughty Dailamites and from other mountaineer stock of the Elburz country, and it is not surprising that, with such material, he was able to make his Order such a formidable power.

The Pahlavi-Tehran road crosses the watershed by the Kharzan pass, 7,500 feet above sea-level, whence it descends gradually to the plain. Very different in character is the country on the southern slopes of the Elburz. Except in the valleys, no trees are to be seen and there is very little vegetation. One also notices that the houses have flat mud roofs in place of the picturesque thatch, tiles, or wooden shingles of the Caspian provinces. The explanation is simple; it is simply a matter of rainfall. On the central plateau the amount of rain that falls in a year is perhaps only one-tenth of the rainfall on the northern side. The rain clouds formed by evaporation from the Caspian well up against the Elburz mountains but do not, except on rare occasions, cross over and let fall their contents on the dry southern slopes.

OLD AND NEW CAPITALS

The first large town that one comes to on the central plateau is Qazvin, a former capital of Iran and now a city of some 60,000 inhabitants. The road from Qazvin to Tehran, a distance of nearly 100 miles, runs more or less parallel with the Elburz. At Karaj, twenty-five miles from Tehran, the newly constructed Chalus road crosses the Elburz, forming by far the shortest route from the capital to the Caspian. The scenery on the Chalus road is even finer than that on the Pahlavi-Qazvin route. After crossing the Karaj river, one skirts a projecting spur of the mountains and soon after one gets one's first glimpse of the present capital of Iran. Far away beyond it, towering over the intervening ranges, is the gigantic cone of Demavend. Its upper slopes are covered all the year round with snow; in appearance it closely resembles Fujiyama, though it overtops the latter by several thousand feet. In Tehran itself one is very conscious of the proximity of the mountains. To the north is To Chal, just under 13,000 feet high, and fifty-six miles to the north-east, but seemingly very much nearer, is Demavend, the monarch of the whole range.

AN OLD CARAVAN TRAIL

Residents in, or visitors to, Tehran have the choice of a number of pleasant excursions in the Elburz country. A good motor road leads northwards from the capital to the village of Darband, at the foot of To Chal, whence one can walk (or, if lazy or infirm, ride on a mule or donkey) up to the picturesque mountain village of Pas Qal'eh. North-east of Tehran is the Jaja Rud valley, the upper part of which well repays a visit. On the farther side of it, situated in a cup rimmed round by mountains, is Amameh; there is plenty of water there, and the green of the fields and trees contrasts vividly with the gaunt and arid slopes of the surrounding mountains. Perched on a high crag overlooking this pleasant little valley is an old fortress which might well date back to the days of the Assassins. Farther to the north-east is the village of Afchch, at the foot of the 10,000-foot pass of that name. The route one follows here is the old caravan trail from Tehran to Babol and Ashraf. On the farther side of the pass is the Lar valley; as it is 8,000 feet above sea-level, it is somewhat bare and austere. It is bounded on either side by majestic mountain walls, and some miles to the east, apparently blocking it completely, is the towering bulk of Demavend. Good trout-fishing is to be had in the Lar river. When I was there one September, I had delicious trout for breakfast; I regret to have to add that the fish was not caught by a fly, but by an Iranian who " tickled " it.

When one comes to the flanks of Demavend, the Lar changes its name to the Harhaz, and flows through a deep cañon round the southern and eastern sides of the mountain.

Pleasantly situated by the side of the river right underneath Demavend is the village of Ask. Above it is the village of Rehnch, whence one can—if energetic enough—ascend the peak. As one might expect, there are many legends connected with this part of Iran, and, in particular, with Demavend. The great monarch Jamshid, who ruled over all living creatures, is said to have used the mountain as his throne. When he had reigned some 700 years, a usurper named Dahak wrested the sovereignty of the world from him, and ruled most tyrannically. Dahak had a snake growing out of each shoulder, and these reptiles had to be fed daily on the brains of one of his subjects. Eventually his subjects could endure their sufferings at his hands no longer, and rose in revolt. The young hero Faridun seized the tyrant and chained him (like Prometheus) to a rock in the crater of Demavend. It has been said that Dahak's spirit still haunts the mountain, and that the sulphurous fumes that are met with on the summit are his breath. Furthermore, the small, feathery cloud that frequently settles on the top of the mountain at sunset is supposed to be the spirit of the usurper arising from the crater. (I once saw three conical clouds, superimposed one upon the other, on the summit one evening at sundown. The rays of the setting sun coloured these clouds and the snow-covered slopes beneath them a lovely strawberry-red. It was a most remarkable and beautiful sight.)

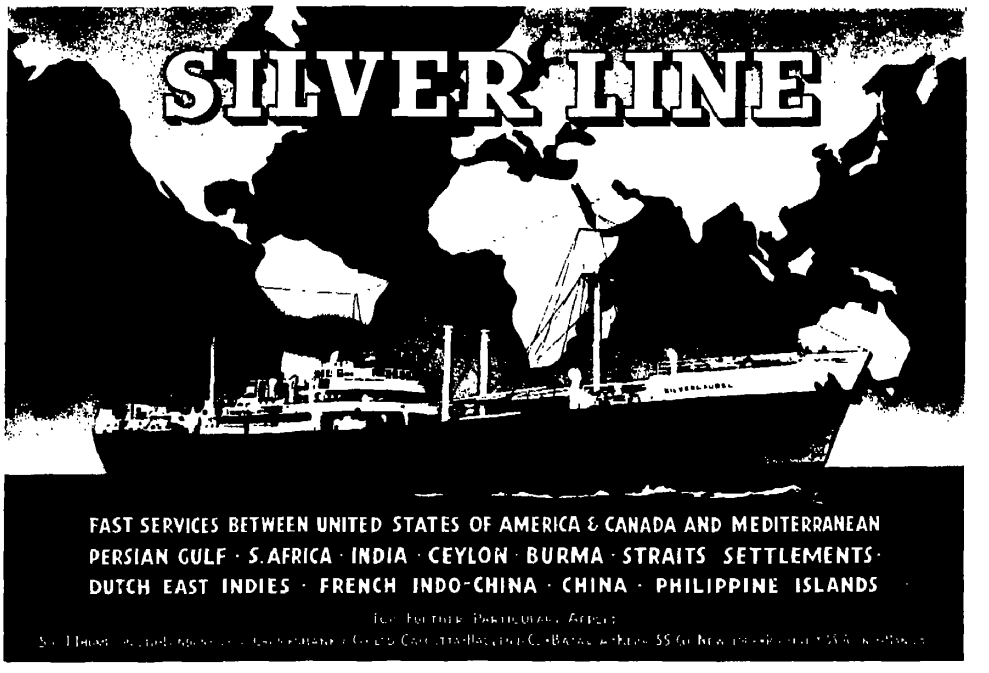
MODERN MOTOR ROADS

I once passed a most agreeable couple of days in the small village of Niak, which is a short distance up a side valley of the Harhaz. From it one gets a magnificent view of Demavend. At night, while the babbling of the mountain streams lulls one to sleep, the desire for slumber is suddenly dispelled by the song of the nightingale in the poplars and plane trees close by.

With their hospitable inhabitants, their invigorating air, and their superb scenery, these mountain villages are delightful spots to retreat to for a few days in the height of summer, far from the heat, dust, and glare of the low country.

Soon after changing its course from east to north, the Harhaz cuts its way through a deep and narrow gorge, along the side of which there is just room for a caravan to make its way. Few, however, use this ancient route nowadays, because of the modern motor roads that have recently been made, and, above all, the great Trans-Iranian Railway. This line traverses the Elburz some distance farther to the east, after passing through the small town of Firuzkuh. Crowning the hill above this town is another of the castles of the Assassins. Close to the top of the Gaduk pass, to the north-east of Firuzkuh, is a fine brick caravanserai dating from the time of Shah Abbas the Great, the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and James I. The railway had not yet been built when I travelled through this country on my way to Mazandaran, so I had to follow the then recently-opened motor road. The transition from the barren and austere southern slopes of the Elburz to the green forest of the northern side is even more sudden on this route than it is on the others previously mentioned. Both the road and the railway traverse, on their way to the low country, the thickly wooded district of Savad Kuh, in which Alashat, the birthplace and ancestral home of H.I.M. the Shah, is situated.

The north-eastern section of the Elburz also has much of interest for the observant traveller. North of Damghan are the ruins of Girdkuh, another of the great castles of the Assassins. In the mountains north-west of Nishapur are the turquoise mines of Bar-i-Ma'dan, which are still being worked. Still farther to the east, in close proximity to the Turkoman plain, is the extraordinary natural fortress of Kalat-i-Nadiri, so called after Nadir Shah, who, after his successful invasion of Mughal India in 1739, deposited most of his treasures there. It is some sixty miles in circumference, and is surrounded by high and almost perpendicular cliffs. Entrance is possible only through a few easily defended clefts in this wall of rock.





Breakfast

Jaffa Grape Fruit
Puffed Wheat Corn Flakes
All Bran Shredded Wheat Force
Oatmeal Porridge
Frittered Bream
American Hash Cakes
Risoto Political
Broiled Escourt Bacon
Eggs to Order—10 Minutes
Omelettes: Plain and Tongue
Eggs: Buttered, Turned, Fried
Saute Potatoes
Cold: Breakfast Sausage
Cream Scones
French and Graham Rolls
Plain, Brown and Melba Toast
Preserves Coffee
Tea Cocoa

Luncheon

Potage Minestrone
Mayonnaise of Lobster
Blanquette of Veal
Eggs Ecossaise
Vegetable Curry and Rice
Grill to Order—10 Minutes
Lamb Chops with Onions
Devilled Poultry
Potatoes: Jacket and Dauphine
Dressed Turnip Tops

COLD BUFFET

Roast Turkey York Ham
Preskop Poiony Leicester Pie
Roast Sirloin of Beef
Salad Assorted Pickles
Iced Pineapples
Assorted Pastries
Cheese: Roquefort, Cream, Neruda
Biscuits Fruit Coffee

Dinner

Consomme Charlotte
Potage Americaine
Fillet of Brill a l'Orly
Ox Tongue Fricandeau
Puree of Parsnips
Roast Leg of Mutton—Onion Sauce
Baked and Steamed Potatoes
French Beans
Braised Aylesbury Duck—Savoury Stuffing

COLD BUFFET

Spiced Pressed Beef Roulade of Lamb
Salade Naturel
Cheese Assorted Biscuits
Pouding Metropole
Tutti Frutti Cream Ices
Dessert Coffee

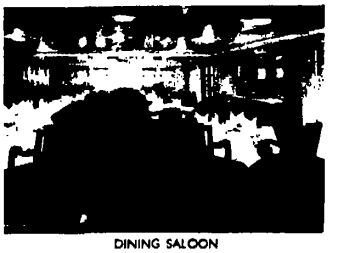


This is not a close-up of a mayoral banquet but just a few items on a Cold Table on any B.I. ship on any day at lunch time. We agree that even omitting the salads, the trifles and the cheeses these dishes chosen at random have a definite gala air, but any meal on a B.I. ship is an occasion of importance and for friendly contact against a background of efficient service.



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A Voyage up the Persian Gulf

by SIR ARNOLD T. WILSON, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.

THE Tigris and Euphrates, though flowing from the near neighbourhood of Ararat, are not ancient streams. Geology, looking farther than history, knows of a time when neither these rivers nor the uplands that nourished them existed, and an ocean flowed over the Holy places of Iraq, over Iran, and over even Central Arabia. The Zagros rose on the one side, and on the other the great plateau of Central Arabia, and the Middle East came into being. But Oman is really far older. In the days of the prehistoric ocean the southern part of Arabia, the Yemen, Hadramaut, and Oman already existed; these blackened, windswept countries have been land since land began, and have seen on the one side the upheaval of the Himalayas, and on the other of the Iranian highlands. They are older than anything in Eastern seas, except the high places of Dravidia; no water has ever covered them; the sun has held unchallenged dominion over them; the kindly clouds weep over them all too rarely; more often do thunderstorms and cruel hail assault the steep mountain-slopes, bringing disaster to the dwellers in the valleys and oases, when the angry waters sweep them and their cattle down stony *wadis* to the stormy seas.

Let us take in imagination a trip from India by the weekly slow mail steamer of the British India Steam Navigation Company. Two days after leaving Karachi we shall reach Muscat on the Oman Coast, one of the most picturesque harbours in the world, lying in a bowl of black rocks at the foot of the volcanic crags of the Oman Coast. The harbour is a lake of deep blue, the houses stand on the very verge of the sea; ruined Portuguese forts crown the heights that command it on either side. A gap in the rocks, where a side breeze comes in from the ocean, renders life less insupportable during the hot summer months, when the sun's rays, reflected from the glowing rocks, scorch like an oven.

HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH

It was of the people of Muscat that the English ship's master penned the famous saying: "As to manners they have none; and their customs are very beastly." But it was probably always a libel, and it is certainly untrue of them to-day. There is an Admiralty oil-fuel station here.

Before dusk we shall have unloaded our cargo, taken on a few passengers, and stood out again to sea. Soon after dawn next day we shall pass the Quoins, rocky islands, on one of which has stood since 1912 a lighthouse, built and maintained by Britain.

Close by are two rocks, like Scylla and Charybdis, between which lies a deep channel and a tempting short cut to the Gulf beyond. Through the gap runs a current so fierce that not even a steamer can *breast* it, save at the ebb, without some risk. In the days of sail the risk was yet greater, for there is no anchorage.

To the south lies the unscalable mass of Musandam, the Mons Asabo of Pliny; within it, piercing its very heart, are the wondrous fiords of *Elphinstone and Malcolm Inlets*, probably the hottest places on earth. On an island in this hell of rock and sea was once established a submarine cable station, but not for long; neither Englishmen nor Indians could endure the heat, and the terrible solitude; their petitions were unheeded, and so, two members of the staff having succumbed in as many years, they set fire to the station, which was thereupon (1868) replaced by two new stations at Jashk and Hanjam on the opposite side of the Gulf, now owned and manned by "British Cables and Wireless Ltd."

To the north of the Quoins lies Larak and its sister island Hormuz, and beyond it Bandar Abbas; this stretch of water is the key to the Gulf, and Malcolm Inlet is the pocket in which we may keep the key. For in that majestic solitude of torrid mountains and deep water the whole British Fleet could ride safely at anchor should need arise. Bandar Abbas has an evil reputation: the learned Doctor Fryer* mentions that "the British Sailors of the E.I. Company's ship *Scipio* had stigmatised this place for its Excessive Heat, with this sarcastical Saying, '*that there was but an inch-deal between Comberoon and Hell*'."

"But," to quote Lovat Fraser,† "it has its compensations, and when its sleepless nights are forgotten, the vision of Hormuz across the water, incarnadined in the sunset and glowing like a jewel, lingers in the memory."

DATE GROVES

A few miles east of Bandar Abbas lie the rich gardens and date groves of Minab, which first gladdened the eye of a European in 325 B.C., when Nearchus put in there on his voyage up the Gulf and learned the whereabouts of Alexander's army. Here died, two thousand years later, Maani, a Syrian of Baghdad, the wife of Pietro della Valle, the famous Italian traveller. But she does not lie here, for he caused her body to be embalmed and carried it about with him for four years until, on his return to Rome, he had the mournful satisfaction of giving her an honourable interment in the cemetery of her ancestors; he himself died in 1652 at the age of sixty-six years.

Hormuz, once an emporium comparable to modern Bombay, is now almost uninhabited. "It has no fresh water, save what the fruitful cloudes weepe over her, in sorrow of her desolation, late so populous," and its sole commerce to-day is red oxide and rock salt for local use. But it has been the scene of great adventures when the British and Portuguese fought for the mastery of Eastern seas. Here it was that the discoverer of Baffin's Bay met his death. "Master *Baffin* went on shoare with his Geometricall Instruments, for taking the height and distance of the Castle wall, for the better leavelling of his Peece to make his shot: but as he was about the same, he received a small shot from the Castle into his belly, wherewith he gave three leapes, by report, and died immediately." ‡

Leaving Qishm to starboard, our course runs westward on one side or other of Great and Little Tanb Islands, "The Tombs" of our forefathers; on the larger of the two is another fine lighthouse of the same power as that on the Quoins: a barren island this, inhabited (except for a few months when cattle are brought from the Arab side to graze) only by snakes, sea-fowl, and in spring by the ubiquitous swallows, which build their nests every year in the quarters of the lighthouse crew, well knowing that from Ireland to Cape Comorin no man will molest them, be he Iranian, Arab, Turk, Indian, or European, for their presence brings good luck to the house.

The lighthouse crew, mostly Indians from the Ratnagiri district, here and on Little Quoin rock must surely find the time lie heavy on their hands, for they are visited only once every few months by a vessel bringing food, water, and a relief crew, but there is no lack of competition for the job.

LEGENDS OF THE STORK

The stork, like the swallow, has no fear of mankind, and brings good luck to those on whose roofs he rests.

* Fryer's *Nine Years Travels*, 1698, p. 224.
† *India under Lord Curzon and After*, 1911, p. 81.
‡ *Purchas His Pilgrimes*, 1625, Vol. II, p. 1792.

Local legend does not, as in Europe, connect him with child-birth, but his migrations have struck the fancy of the people, and he is known in Iran as the Haji, and is supposed to go annually to Mecca. He spends the winter in the towns at the foot of the hills, and seldom ventures into the plains, and so the towns on the coast scarcely know him. Round Dizful and Shushtar, Ram Hormuz and Behbehan, he may be seen stalking his quarry in the fields, always walking into the sun lest his shadow betray his coming. On the wing he is no laggard, though he is a slow climber. To him broad deserts and narrow seas, nations and cities, count not at all. His high soaring flights caught the imagination of the ancients, and Homer mentions how " they flee from the coming of winter and sudden rain, and fly with clamour towards the streams of Oceanus, bearing slaughter and doom to the Pygmy men." As a matter of fact storks from Hungary, and probably from Iran, go south as far as the Cape of Good Hope.

To the south of Tanb Island lie sweltering beaches and yellow sands of the Pirate Coast, a desolate wind-swept shore and a tangle of narrow creeks and shallow lagoons, only partially explored, the home of the grandchildren of pirates, who have turned their attention to the pearling industry, and reap from the adjoining pearl banks a richer harvest every year than the galleons of Portugal, France, Holland, and England ever yielded; moreover, the pearl fishery is a gamble which adds a zest to the hard life of the diver and his mate. The best pearls in the world come from the Gulf.

CATS AND KINGS

Along this coast runs the main Imperial Airways route from England via Basrah to India. A few hours' steaming brings us to Qais Island; here lies anchored a lightship. Qais, like Hormuz, was once a great emporium; it was in the height of its glory when visited by the Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century; when it fell, Hormuz rose. The natives assert that, after rain, gold dust is found in the channels of the torrents. A tale, reminiscent of Whittington and his cat, is told of this island. It is said that in the eleventh century, in the town of Siraf (Tahiri), lived a destitute old woman who entrusted to a merchant her only possession - to wit, a cat—to sell abroad for her. When the merchant reached Qais, the plague of mice was such that the King and nobles were obliged to encase their beards in golden tubes, and to carry sticks with which to keep the mice from the food at meals. The cat was produced, and made short work of the mice. The King took the cat, giving in return a ship, finely equipped, and laden with all sorts of merchandise; this was delivered to the old woman, whose sons used their good fortune to such effect that in due course their descendants became Kings of Qais.*

A few hours' steaming from Qais, on the Iranian side of the Gulf, lies Lingah, now a shadow of its former self; the population chiefly Arab, and engaged mainly in smuggling, fishing, and pearling, but the proceeds of the latter business go to the Arab coast, where the local authorities know better than those in Iran how to foster trade and to encourage local initiative in this business.

To the south lie the Bahrain Islands. Here a great oilfield is being developed by American capital - an interesting spectacle, but the sepulchral tumuli of ancient but uncertain date, covering several square miles, are perhaps the most remarkable and impressive sight in the whole Gulf. They were excavated by Theodore Bent in 1889, and later by Major (now Lt.-Col.) F. B. Prideaux. Some claim for them a Phœnician origin, but the final solution awaits the archæologist: and it may well be that the secret of these mounds, when revealed, will demonstrate that the first dim glimmerings of civilisation dawned upon the mind of primeval man in this region.

* *Morier's First Journey*, 1812, p. 51.

SOLOMON AND THE PORPOISES

But our ship continues its way up the Gulf, and we must not linger further over Bahrain and its storied past. Here comes a school of porpoises, leaping out of the water towards us till the sea is churned up, and the surface is flecked everywhere with their shining bodies. Arrived within a few hundred yards they turn off, but a few remain, to gambol just ahead of the ship, keeping only a few inches from the ship's bows, and maintaining their position at fourteen knots with the greatest ease; at night they may be seen as clearly as by day in the cold phosphorescent light created by the movement of the ship as it breasts the waters.

In explanation of the diving propensities of the porpoise, it is related that Solomon was once in the Gulf in a rowing-boat: he dabbled his hand in the water, as landsmen will, and dropped his signet ring. A porpoise was at hand.

" Porpoise, find my ring," said Solomon.

" On my head, on my eyes," said the porpoise, and commenced to dive.

After a time he came up to the surface. " Solomon," he said, " I can't find it."

" Look again," said Solomon.

The porpoise dived afresh and again reported failure.

" Look again," said Solomon.

Again the porpoise came to the surface. " Solomon," he said, " it's no good. I can't find it."

Solomon was wroth. " *Go on looking for it till you find it*," he said, and now, whenever a porpoise sees a boat, he approaches it, diving incessantly because he thinks that Solomon may be on board. When there is no boat in sight he does not look for the ring, because he is lazy, like a human being.

If we are lucky, and the sea is fairly calm, there may be one of the displays of phosphorescence at night for which the Gulf is famous, especially west of the Quoins. The writer has a vivid recollection of one unforgettable night. All round the vessel the sea was glowing with pale blue light; the ripples thrown out on either side became diverging streams of lambent flame; the crest of every wave glowed as though the sea was afire; round our bows porpoises played in a ghostly brilliance; our wake shone with a light that made the moon seem pale. The phenomenon was reproduced in our baths and an enterprising member of the Indian Medical Service isolated, for our inspection, some of the little creatures who had afforded us such a glorious *spectacle—little crustaceans, easily visible to the naked eye*, and known collectively as plankton.*

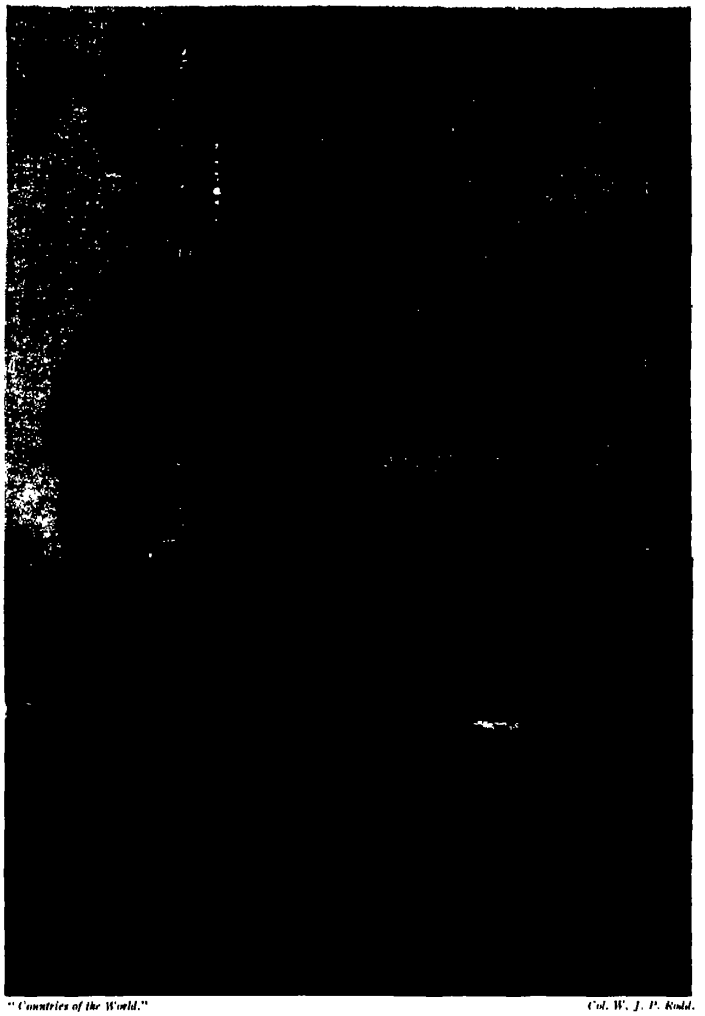
BUSHIRE AND KOWEIT BAY

The morning after passing Tanb Island our ship calls at Bushire; we have to anchor six miles from the shore unless our draught and the tides enable us to go to the inner anchorage, three miles nearer. The inner and outer anchorages are both marked by lighted buoys, and a powerful light on the flagstaff of the Consulate-General is also maintained as a leading mark. A desolate place it appears to be from the sea, but few places in the Gulf are more popular with Europeans. Bushire is virtually an island, separated from the mainland by nine miles of mud flats which at times are almost impassable even by mules. Here lives the Iranian Governor of the Gulf ports, and a Belgian Director of Customs.

After a few hours we weigh anchor and are soon out of sight of land. To the north of us lies Kharag Island; it, too, has a history stretching back into the dim past; its rock-cut tombs, over sixty in number, are unique; two of them are catacombs of the third century A.D., with peculiar architectural features, a mixture of Sasanian and Palmyrenian styles covered with crosses, showing them to be Christian tombs.†

* For an interesting note on the subject, see Wright, *Bombay N.H.S. Journal*, XXV (3), 1917.

† Professor Hertzfeld *in epistola*, 25.4.1924.



"Countries of the World." *Col. W. J. P. Rodd.*

IRAQ.

Golden domes, and bright minarets whose glazed tiles are a lost art, announce Samarra from afar to the Shiah devotee.

During the War Kharag was extensively drawn on by the Expeditionary Force at Basrah for road-metal, and the quarries have recently been re-opened by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Ltd. On the Iranian coast, opposite Kharag, lies Ganawah (the Jannabah of Nearchus), from which port the Oil Company have built a road some fifty miles inland to Mishun and Bikarz where a great oil-field is being developed.

Twelve hours after leaving Bushire we reach Koweit Bay; the best harbour in the Gulf, though, as old Mubarak once remarked to a globe-trotter, "It may be a good port, but there is nothing to put in it."

In 1899 a German Company obtained leave to build a railway from Koniah to the head of the Gulf * and it was soon clear that Koweit was their objective; but for the War, it would probably have been the terminus of the "Berlin-Baghdad Bahn," but times have changed, and it is as sleepy a port as any in the Gulf, except during the pearling season.

Mubarak, the present Shaikh's grandfather, was perhaps the finest Arab of his generation. "He sat" -again to quote Lovat Fraser -" in his high chamber, gazing seaward with inscrutable eyes, with the face of Richelieu and something of Richelieu's ambition yet unquenched within him."

Our first Koweit Agreement, in 1899, was with him; its tenor was sufficiently indicated, by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons on April 8th, 1903, when he mentioned, with reference to the Baghdad Railway, "the territories of a Shaikh, whom we have under our special protection, and with whom we have special treaties."

Mubarak has been gathered to his fathers, but the mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders.

Autocrats, whether in the East or the West, and whether in palaces or commercial offices, are as a rule ill-informed, for their dependants curry favour by colouring or suppressing unwelcome truths. Though an Arab ruler is generally an autocrat, he is seldom ill-informed, for, in Koweit at all events, public opinion has the fullest freedom of expression in the coffee shop where the Shaikh daily holds court; to him are brought for decision all cases which cannot be amicably settled by agreement; before him any man or woman may state his or her grievances without the cost of employing a lawyer, for there are none.

But we must not linger at Koweit; our cargo is quickly placed on board the *dhows* that flocked out from the shore as soon as we were sighted; at dusk we steam out of the harbour, past the beacon at Ras al Arz, and, feeling our way gingerly through shoal waters, make for the Shatt al Arab bar.

PALMS—AND OIL

Steaming slowly, and guided, as we approach the bar, by the lightship, we anchor near the pilot vessel, and wait, along with half a dozen other vessels, till a pilot comes off. The lightship is a modern innovation, a source of no small pride to those at Basrah who are responsible for it, and of satisfaction to masters; but a thousand years ago wooden lighthouses existed, not only here but off the Hindian River. They are referred to by Masudi (tenth century), by Idrisi a century later, and by Nasir-i-Khusraw (A.D. 1047). They are described as "pile work, on which stand huts or cabins occupied by coastguards, with boats which enable them to get to these cabins or go ashore; the lights were protected by night by being enclosed in glass; by day, a smoke-fire was kindled, which indicated the position of the landmarks from afar." "Verily," as saith Ecclesiastes, "there is no new thing under the sun."

The pilot, probably an Iranian from Bandar Rig, for from this port and from Kharag pilots have been drawn for the passage across the bar from time immemorial, boards us, mounts the bridge, and takes charge with the easy and confident nonchalance of pilots the world over, and we steam across the bar, our course well marked out by lighted and unlighted buoys—but these are for guidance only; the channel is constantly changing, and the pilots' experience is still necessary unless we are riding light. Two hours later, or perhaps less, we pass Fao, the cable station on the right bank, embedded in palm trees. It was here that our troops first landed in November 1914, capturing and dismantling the Turkish fort before pushing on to Basrah, soaked in rain and half drowned in mud. Not without reason did the early Babylonians teach that the earth was composed of five elements—earth, air, fire, water, and *mud*; man has conquered and tamed to his use all but the last, which still holds him prisoner if he ventures too far into its grasp. The right bank is a belt of palm trees, stretching almost without a break from Fao to Qumah; the left, or Iranian, bank, which is lower, is less cultivated, but on the northern horizon on the other side of Abadan the deep belt of palm trees along the Bahmishir is visible. Two hours' steaming up majestic stretches of the Shatt al Arab brings us to the great tank farm and jetties at Bawarda, and a few minutes later to Abadan, a tangle of machinery and chimneys, a little bit of Lancashire or of Sheffield set down in this sun-scorched land. The channel is none too wide here, for tankers lie at anchor in mid-stream; tankers are tied up to the left bank; tankers, tugs, and barges are moving up and down the river; tugs, rivercraft, and barges are at anchor on the right bank; the scene is for a short space comparable to that on the Mersey, the Thames, or the Wye—but not for long.

Here is the terminus of the pipe-line from the Iranian oilfields.

> "*And divine liquids come with odorous ooze*
> *Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,*"

as Keats wrote a century ago in "Isabella."

HOME OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

Steaming slowly past Abadan (penalty for exceeding speed limit £30), we turn a sharp bend and Abadan disappears from sight; only a few chimneys, a wireless mast, and a smell still indicate its position. Less than an hour later we reach Khurramshahr, but we see nothing of the town until we are right opposite the mouth of the Karun. To our left is a long, narrow, flat island known to Arabs as Umm-ul-Rassas, "Mother of Lead," for it was behind the island that the British established, on the night of March 25th-26th, 1856, during the Persian war, the mortars which at dawn bombarded the Iranian forts on either side of the mouth of the Karun, and which with a lucky shot blew up the Iranian magazine in the town of Mohammerah itself. Round-shot fired in those days are still dug up in the date groves from time to time. A few hundred yards above the present Customs House our troops landed—a light company of the 78th Highlanders, and the Grenadiers of Her Majesty's 64th Regiment, commanded by Sir James Outram in person, with a troop of the 14th Dragoons and detachments of the 26th Native Infantry and the 23rd Bengal Light Infantry (now the 123rd Outram Rifles). The Iranian troops fled before our approach; the Arabs looted their camp before our troops could arrive on the scene. The story of this campaign is, however, too long to be told here, and our craft is moving upstream.

Seven miles above Mohannerah two boundary pillars, one on each side of the Khaiyin canal, mark the limit of the Iranian territory on the left bank; thereafter we are in Iraq. And this twelve miles brings us to Basrah, the home of Sinbad the Sailor, of "Bassorah dates," of "Persian barley," and the last resting-place of thousands of gallant soldiers, British and Indian—and here our journey ends.

* *Cambridge Modern History*, XII, p. 342.

On Aden's Fantastic Rocks

HALF a day's steaming beyond the narrow outlet to the Red Sea, the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, which to the Arab means "Gate of Mourning," lies Aden, hazy in the heat of the sun which beats down mercilessly upon its fantastic rocks. Joined to the Arabian mainland by a narrow tongue of sand, its perfect harbour has provided an anchorage for ships since man began to sail the seas.

At Maalla, which is reputed to be the oldest "hard" in the world, dhows are still built as they have been for thousands of years, their design handed down from one generation to another without a plan of any kind. For centuries they have carried the produce of Arabia and the coasts of Africa—myrrh and frankincense and mother-of-pearl, the famous Mocha coffee, hides and skins for the finest leather. Beautifully graceful craft they are, their lines strangely reminiscent of the old Viking ships. They have high square poops, decorated with much elaborate carving and painted in brilliant, even garish colours, and a mast set at a rakish angle bearing a single triangular sail. They travel far afield—along the southern shores of Arabia to the Persian Gulf, down the coast of Africa and up to all the little Red Sea ports, but when the monsoon begins to blow, they all return to shelter in Maalla's ancient harbour.

Aden has associations with Biblical times, for legend says that Cain lies buried in one of the caves towering high above the pass leading to the crater of the extinct volcano, where the Arab town has now been built, and that from Maalla the Queen of Sheba embarked when she went to visit Solomon. Some say, too, that she was responsible for the building of the famous tanks seven great water reservoirs terraced one above the other and hewn out of the solid rock. They are capable of holding twenty million gallons, a supply sufficient for several rainless years. Their real origin is lost in the mists of time, but they definitely show that Aden in past centuries had a far greater rainfall than it has to-day. In fact, the district was known to the Romans as Arabia Felix when Aden was captured by them about 20 B.C.

POLYGLOT POPULATION

Various races have occupied since then this barren volcanic rock : the Persians, the Turks, the Portuguese until in 1839 it was captured by the British from the Sultan of Lahej as the result of a series of piratical acts committed by his subjects. At that time it had lost almost all traces of its former claim to greatness as a commercial centre, but since then, and especially after the opening of the Suez Canal, it has grown from a miserable hamlet of about 500 inhabitants to an important port with a population of nearly 50,000.

Many are the peoples represented in this polyglot community. Arabs, of course, are in the majority, but we see Jews with their ritual curls, their women in ill-fitting striped trousers, Parsees in shiny black hats, tall coal-black Somalis, tribesmen from the interior clad only in a lungi, their fuzzy hair bound with a cord and wearing a sturdy leather belt to carry their most prized possession—a dagger in a sharply curved sheath richly worked in silver and studded with stones.

A century of British administration has done much to counteract the discomforts of life on this rocky peninsula. Gone are the days when the inhabitants bought their ration of condensed seawater from creaking water-carts drawn by camels or spent their evenings in the light of an oil-lamp which raised the temperature by several degrees. The punkah-wallah, too, is a thing of the past, for electricity is available for fans, lights, and refrigerators, and an abundant water supply is brought by pipes from deep wells at Sheikh Othman on the mainland twelve miles away.

Roads all over the Colony are metalled and the last ten years have seen an incredible growth in motor traffic. Hooting taxis have pushed the old-fashioned gharry off the streets, though a few still tinkle their way through the Arab town, while high-powered up-to-date trucks are taking the place of the lumbering primitive camel carts. Most of the cars rarely leave the boundaries of Aden itself, but occasionally a battered vehicle is to be seen with a Sana'a or Taiz number-plate, in both Roman and Arabic lettering, which has made the journey over the incredibly rough tracks of the interior down through the strip of desert which runs along the Arabian coast.

STRATEGIC AND COMMERCIAL VALUE

Almost the only entrance to Aden by land is through Sheikh Othman, a village on the edge of the desert, where the tribesman from the interior gets his first glimpse of modernity : a water supply, a hospital, lighted streets, a paved road, and a large public garden where the sun-scorched, sandy soil is coaxed to produce a profusion of trees, flowers, and vegetables. There is, too, that most English of all things, a lawn, albeit somewhat coarse and dusty, and an ornamental pool in the shade of the trees. To the market in Sheikh Othman come the camel caravans bearing fruit and fresh vegetables from the market gardens of Lahej, to return laden with rice, salt, sugar, and kerosene. Here is also one of the few local industries—the dyeworks and every day hundreds of yards of cloth are spread out in the sun to dry gay, crude patterns beside plain blues, reds, and blacks.

Another of Aden's industries is salt-refining. Tall, conical heaps of it lie glistening like frost for a children's party beside the great saltpans on the isthmus where the breezes sweep across to turn the sails of the huge white windmills.

But it is with her shipping trade that Aden's prosperity chiefly rests, and there are days when as many as three or four large liners and dozens of smaller vessels, with maybe a warship or two, are lying at anchor in the harbour. Midway between Egypt and India, and between Egypt and the east coast of Africa, Aden's position is of tremendous commercial and strategic value. Scarcely a ship on these routes fails to call to replenish her supplies of fuel, oil, and water, and since Aden is a free port, practically all the imports for the surrounding territories are transhipped here. Immense quantities of sugar and rice, kerosene, cars, machinery, and cotton goods are unloaded here to find their way to the Yemen, Somaliland, and the Hadhramaut, and even as far away as Mecca. Reloaded with coffee and skins and gums, for ports as far apart as Vera Cruz and Trondhjem, the ships steam away again from the busy sun-drenched harbour beneath the jagged volcanic rocks of Aden.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION (Founded 1866)

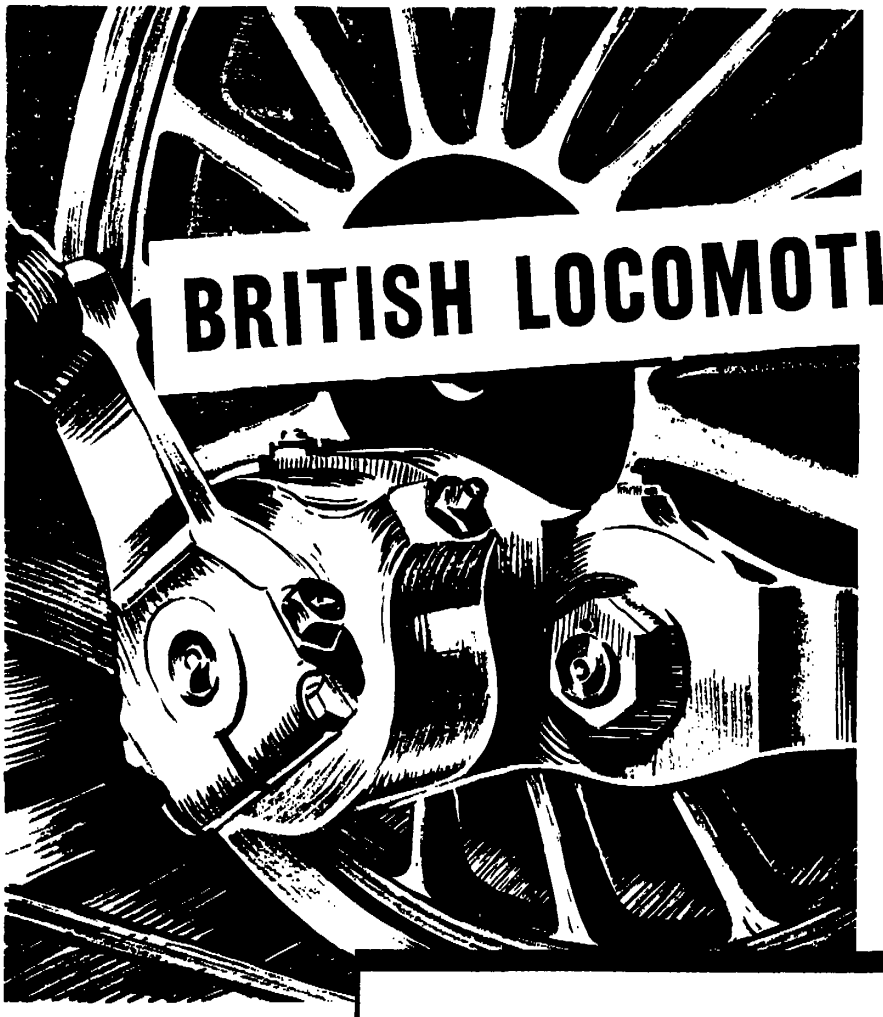
President: The Right Hon. Lord Lamington, G.C.M.G., C.C.I.E.
Chairman of Council: Sir Malcolm Seton, K.C.B.
Hon. Secretary: Sir Frank Brown, C.I.E.

Object: The promotion of the public interests and welfare of India.

The lectures, held month by month, give opportunity for the free public discussion, in a loyal and temperate spirit, of important Indian questions. The social gatherings are designed to promote friendly British and Indian relations, and to bring members into contact with men and women of distinction in relation to India.

The annual subscription of £1 5s. 0d. entitles to all privileges of membership, including the free supply of the ASIATIC REVIEW, the five shilling quarterly, which gives the proceedings of the Association in full, and supplies authoritative information not only on Indian but also on Asiatic affairs generally.

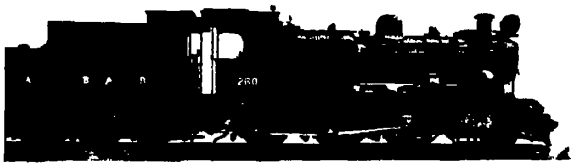
Application for membership should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, East India Association, 3, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

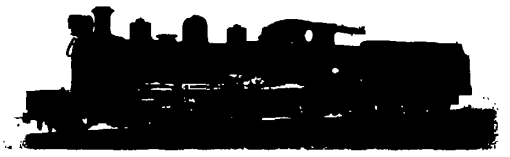


Locomotives of British design and manufacture and to every type of specification have been supplied to every country in the world to run on all gauges and to suit every variety of traffic.

LOCOMOTIVE MANUFACTURER	WORKS
W. G. Bagnall Ltd.	Castle Engine Works, STAFFORD.
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The British Locomotive Industry

THE British-built locomotive is no stranger in the East, and fine examples are to be found on various railways throughout India and the Far East generally; and also in the Near East. Locomotives are at present under construction for railways in India, Federated Malay States, Turkey, Iraq.

Only a short time ago the British Locomotive Industry sent a special mission to Turkey in connection with certain special requirements by the Turkish State Railways and a considerable order for British locomotives resulted.

Space will not permit of more than a passing reference to the many types of locomotives produced in the workshops of Great Britain and shipped to all parts of the world. They comprise engines adapted to every known gauge of railway, to every known condition of traffic, and often subject to extremities of climate unknown in more favoured countries nearer home.

Among these may be mentioned the fine series of broad- and metre-gauge engines of standard types, specially designed for service on the great trunk railways of India; the equally fine examples, supplied in large numbers for the broad-gauge systems of the Argentine Republic and other South American countries; whilst on the narrow gauge, yet robust and substantial railways of Central and South Africa, massive British-built locomotives may be seen, equal in weight and power to many of the largest and most powerful engines in use elsewhere on railways of the standard or broad gauges.

Again, there are railways or sections of railways which present special problems to the locomotive designer. It may be that they abound in sharp curves and heavy gradients, whilst the demand is for heavier and still heavier trains. To meet this demand either the road must be altered and strengthened at great expense to suit more powerful engines of the normal type, or other engines must be provided, which, being of the necessary weight and power, will not damage the road and its bridges. To these conditions the duplex or articulated type of locomotive is eminently adapted.

Infinitely adaptable, engines of one or other of these types from British works may be found both in the land of their origin and in the most distant parts of the world, varying in size from the giant specimens on the broad-gauge lines of the Central and North-West Provinces of India down to the smallest examples for light work on fields and plantations; others have successfully solved many a difficult problem of operation in such places as the heights of the snow-capped Andes or in the tortuous valleys of the same great mountain range.

British locomotive manufacturers can offer designs of locomotives to perform particular work of any kind, but they also build large numbers of locomotives to specifications drawn up by chief mechanical engineers and consulting engineers, and advise as to improved efficiency.

New methods arise as time goes on, and in the search for greater speed, more power, and above all greater economy, the attention of engineers is turning towards electricity and the internal-combustion engine for motive power in transport. The steam locomotive still holds the field for most railway purposes and probably will do so for many years to come. But there are conditions of service to which the electric locomotive is undoubtedly better suited, and probably other conditions in which the Diesel or Diesel-electric or even the small petrol-driven locomotive may be of greater service. Alive to such necessities, British builders have kept well abreast of this movement and have already supplied numbers of electric and Diesel-electric locomotives, both for their own railways and for shipment abroad, notably to India, South Africa, and South America.













"Countries of the World." *Exclusive News Agency.*

DELHI.

The Moti Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, built A.D. 1659, by Aurungzebe, the great Mogol Emperor.

Recent Impressions of Indian Art

by W. E. GLADSTONE SOLOMON, K.I.H., R.B.C.

(Formerly Director, Government School of Art, Bombay, and Curator, Art Section, Prince of Wales Museum of Western India.)

AFTER an absence from India of two years, one may claim to look upon India with a fresh eye; and during my present tour I have been able to amplify rather than to modify the view of India which I derived from my first experience of it, which lasted (with a few short intervals of leave) for about twenty years in all! Can renewed contacts with a country in which one has spent twenty years add materially to one's previous impressions?

I, at least, have certainly gained many new impressions from renewing my acquaintance with these unrivalled shrines of art in Western India, Ajanta, Ellora, and Aurangabad. I would a thousand times rather see Indian students interest themselves in the study of art in these places than in the study of passing fashions of art in Europe.

The extant monuments of Indian art are of paramount importance; and I hastened, on my return to India, to revisit some of the best of them, which lie within 300 miles of Bombay in the Dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

I was surprised upon my return to the Ajanta Caves to witness the improvements which two years had made there, both in the preservation of the paintings and in affording facilities for study. The mural paintings are clearer, and can more easily be seen and followed, thanks to the careful cleaning and also to the skilful way in which the disturbing gaps in the surrounding surface of the wall have been filled with a cement which matches the natural ground in colour. The problems of conservation have been admirably dealt with.

A WONDERFUL ART CENTRE

As I passed along the new road by motor-car, crossed the handsome new bridge, and proceeded up the valley to the Hydari Footpath, as the new easy ascent to the Caves is called, I could not but contrast these comforts for the visitor with the old days when I first visited Ajanta, in 1921. We had to take a *tonga* from Patchora (the railway station) to the village of Fardehpur, which is four miles from the Caves. A wheel came off, and we sat by the side of the road waiting for a passing bullock-cart to give us a lift! In those days there was no "new road." People going to the caves from Jalgaon had to cross the river six or seven times. Now Ajanta is one of the most comfortable monuments in India for the tourist to visit, besides being one of the most instructive and wonderful art centres in the world.

It is indeed a University of Art, not only for Indian art students but for art students the world over; for you will trace in the pictorial themes of the Ajanta Caves those fundamental, changeless canons of art which were developed in Europe some thousand years or so later through the Italian primitives.

Besides all this the Ajanta Caves offer the grateful artist the blessed gift of silence. If one really wants to experience that "silence that can be felt," one will find it in the Ajanta Valley at nine o'clock on a March morning. It is so very still that an occasional cry of a peacock from the jungle seems noisy; while the rustling of the wings of the vulture who nests in the ledge of rock over our heads, as he wheels and wheels again over the abyss, sounds as loudly as the rattle of castanets. The world seems to be holding its breath in the tense effort to support the weight of sunshine which is poured upon the valley more lavishly than Jove's shower of gold into the lap of Danaë. There is ample opportunity both for observation and thought in Ajanta.

REALISM OF AJANTA PAINTINGS

On renewing my very old acquaintance with the mural paintings I was again chiefly impressed not by the religious fervour, philosophy, and mysticism of the mural paintings, about which so much has been written by the art critics, but by the keen secular interest of the painters and their natural vivacious rendering of realistic scenes of daily life, to which I endeavoured to draw attention very many years ago in my little work, "The Women of the Ajanta Caves."

The realism of the Ajanta paintings, not their philosophy, is their most striking characteristic. It is well for us to note the delight in the study of nature evinced by the Old Masters of Indian art during the first five centuries of the Christian era; not only as to the human figures, men and women, but as to the trees, plants, animals, and landscapes. I noticed some lotus flowers beautifully painted in the First Cave; the buds are shown bursting into bloom at the side, not from the top of the flower. The critics who have obscured Indian art by their "interpretations" (so called) of the Ajanta Caves, to the perplexity of the overseas reader, might well have paused and reflected whether these lotus flowers are the results of Occultism or of sincere Nature Study.

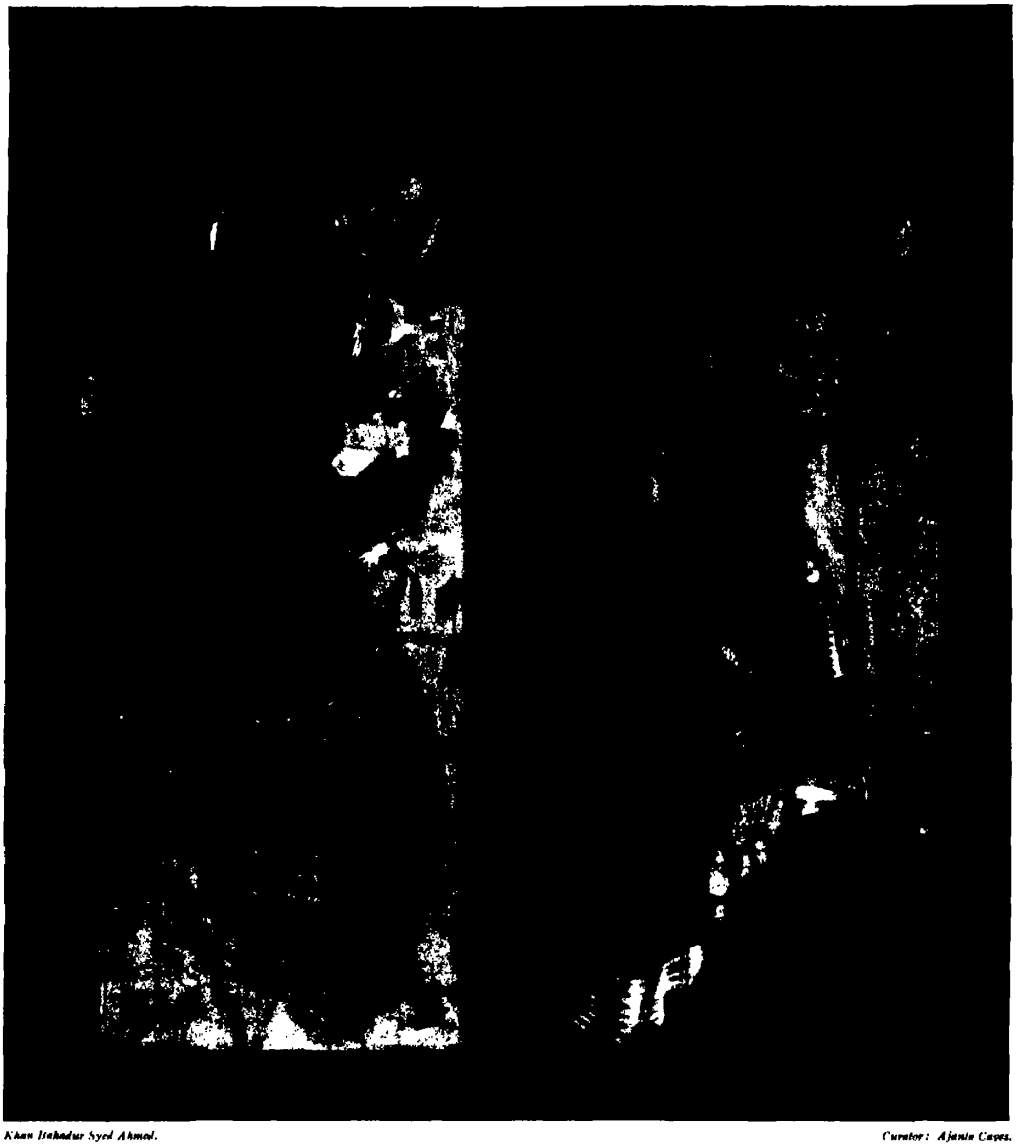
ANCIENT INGENUITY

Khan Bahadur Syed Ahmed, the Artist Superintendent of the Ajanta Caves, with which he has been connected for the last thirty years, has solved many questions concerning these celebrated shrines. It took him a long time to hit upon the explanation of how the old Buddhist artists found light enough for their work in the Caves; for these are very dark, except for passing rays of light, which only illuminate certain portions during fleeting intervals. He first got the clue to this conundrum when he noticed lady visitors to the Caves using their mirrors, which reflected gleams of light upon the walls. Experiments with reflectors followed, and one attempt led to another, until he found the solution to the riddle. A man holds a mirror outside the entrance to the Caves in such a way as to reflect a beam upon a white cloth adjusted in the interior, which in turn can throw the light upon any part of the painted walls. Thus I saw the copyists painting in the interior by steady daylight, as the artists no doubt painted two thousand years ago. When I visited Ajanta in 1935 I made some drawings of the murals by the light of a lamp which an attendant carried on his head. One of the drawbacks of this method became apparent when the man carrying the light suddenly and without warning collapsed in a faint! A less alarming defect of lamplight was, of course, the impossibility of copying the colours accurately.

AWE-INSPIRING SCULPTURE

The Ellora Caves struck me as overwhelming, even awe-inspiring, after the comparative simplicity of Ajanta.

Human life must have seemed a very small thing, when compared to human effort, to the men who hacked out of the mountain the pile which is known as the Kailasa Temple of Ellora. They had to carve a temple and to clear a courtyard round it 276 feet long and 154 feet wide. To accomplish this they had to cut down the scarp of the hill until they reached the ground-level, at a depth of 107 feet. Then they had to convert the huge rock, a mountain in itself, into a temple supported by rows of sculptured elephants, tigers, lions, and monsters; they had to carve



Khan Bahadur Syed Ahmed.

Attendant on Buddha : Cave 1, Ajanta.

Curator : Ajanta Caves.

Mother and child adoring Buddha : 17, Ajanta.

pavilions and balconies, encrusted with a wealth of sculptured figures and ornaments, surrounding a great ornate tower over the main hall, with supporting columns, and all the gods of the Hindu pantheon to keep watch and ward over the result of this amazing combination of skill and perseverance!

The Indian sculptors of mountains, unlike the great Gothic builders, had to work downwards instead of upwards. They had to finish the work approximately as they progressed. They could not make the dry bones of their structure and afterwards embellish it, but had to make allowance for everything. They must arrange to leave enough rock for intricate carvings; for highly complicated friezes; for figures of the Apsaras (or Nymphs of Heaven), which are sculptured in such lively relief that they seem to float across the walls; for tremendously ornate shrines, and their guardian figures; for columns, urn-shaped and garlanded; and for interminable variations of cornice and frieze. Everything had to be foreseen, allowed for. Of the thousands of workmen who must have toiled at the great excavations, and at the gradual conversion of chaotic rock into cosmic, if bizarre, beauty, none could have been permitted to make important mistakes. And yet, of course, one knows that mistakes *must* have been made; for the Indian is still the greatest extemporiser in the applied arts in the world.

MODERN ARTS AND CRAFTS

In modern India the value of employing Indian artists once more upon composite work "still congenial to the Oriental temperament and hand" has been scarcely recognised. I was well supported by the Indian public in the plea that the enterprise of building New Delhi should be utilised much more fully as a means of reviving the Indian art and crafts; and it is regrettable that more patronage for Indian art was not forthcoming from that quarter. However, since the best way of paying homage to India's past is to apply its lessons to the present, it is to be hoped that India will take a leaf from Ellora's lavish volume and patronise once more her vast artistic resources.

I spent several days at Aurangabad, and had there the special interest of revisiting some of the Mogul gardens which are a feature of that city. In particular the authorities are busy restoring to something of its original form the "Panchaki," or Garden of the Water-mill. I remember being so struck with this very beautiful garden when I saw it several years ago, in its wild overgrown state, that I was impelled to write a description of it which appeared in the Journal "Islamic Culture." Since then the garden has been cleared of debris and over-growth; its remarkable pavilion under the tank has been made easily accessible, and a great deal of work is being done by the Nizam's Government to bring back the pristine charm of the place.

In a few months' time the "Panchaki," with its cool and spacious tanks, and lovely mosque and caravanserai, will again be one of the most attractive sights in Western India.

I spent a morning in painting, seated under the great *banyan* tree that overhangs the huge tank, which is always overflowing, and always fed by the cascade from the aqueduct. The view from this point is very good, embracing the ruined three-domed mosque and the fine old feudal gateway which lie beyond the enclosure. Of course, I visited the famous "Muqbara" at Aurangabad, as the great tomb which reminds one so strongly of the Taj is called. It is, however, of much later date, having been built as a memorial to his mother by Azam Shah, the son of Aurangzeb.

My impressions of Aurangabad were deepened and widened since I saw it four years ago. It is an unrivalled centre from which some of the greatest monuments of Indian art may conveniently be visited. Fortunately its claims do not only rest upon the past; and I was greatly interested in its educational and industrial activities, including the beautiful weaving. There, and in the ancient town of Pitor, where many of the traditional crafts are being revived with success, I saw not only antique gold-thread *sarees* 250 years old, still in perfect condition, but some very fine modern work in which admirable designs, culled from the Ajanta Caves, are being woven in silk brocade.

THE ELEPHANTA CAVES

The Nizam's Government is to be warmly congratulated by all lovers of art on the great expenditure of money, display of skill, and organisation which have made the Ajanta Caves and other art monuments of Hyderabad State a model of efficient preservation and conservation.

When I paid a visit to another renowned spot much nearer to Bombay, the Elephanta Caves, I was glad to see the work of stabilising and securing the images well in progress. A few years ago I did what in me lay to arouse public attention to the crying need for immediate attention being given to the Elephanta Caves, as the images were disintegrating. The interest taken in Bombay in the fate of this great monument of Indian art bore fruit, and the work of necessary preservation is now well on its way. It is rather alarming, when visiting Elephanta to-day, to see several of the images covered with paper pulp and looking uncannily like human victims of an accident, swathed in bandages!

Elephanta is indeed well worth preserving. There are but few shrines in India in which the very highest standards of her ancient art are still preserved, and of these Elephanta, Ellora, and Ajanta are pre-eminent examples. Without them Indian art would be a name rather than a reality. It is to be hoped that when the immediate work at Elephanta is complete, no time will be lost by Government in taking casts of these invaluable sculptures for the benefit of students and lovers of art here and elsewhere, and as an essential record in case of further disintegration in the future.



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Indian Women—To-day

by CORNELIA SORABJI

"THE characteristics, public activities, and aspirations of the women of India—" So reads my "brief": and with material diverse in race, and in reaction to modern influences, as we all know this to be, "pleading" must be more halting than I would have it.

We can, however, start off with two main characteristics which may safely be claimed for the women of all races in India. I refer to a genius for self-sacrifice and service the outcome of a simple unquestioning faith, and of the ability to love.

The faith is often misplaced and unintelligent as judged by Western standards; the love is often unenlightened, bestowed on the unworthy, and bestowed in ignorance of the temporal and spiritual or even day-to-day growing needs of the beloved (as could be demonstrated by any doctor or psychologist). But it does achieve the effacement of self, and the ability to keep a rule, whether of religion or human conduct in the service of God and man.

And because you can build what you will on such a foundation we may lift up our hearts when we turn to material and social progress.

Of the majority (the Hindu race) perhaps a specific characteristic should here be added. . . . It is a mystic awareness of things unseen which while it makes the Orthodox Hindu woman extra sensitive in contact with others, also gives her an extra measure of understanding. And these things balance one another. . . . She is, for instance, less ready to see affront than is the male of the species, more sympathetic to and appreciative of the entirely different point of view of another (this last possibly just because she herself is so rigid in the observance of her own rules of conduct).

I am forced to admit that this particular gift of the gods is lacking in the young English-educated Progressive. Is it because she no longer holds any religious beliefs (I speak by and large), in simplicity and self-discipline; or because one aspect of that traditional broadmindedness having exhausted itself in absorbing Western influences, there is nothing left over to counteract the characteristics of Youth *per se*, i.e. of self-satisfaction and arrogant criticism?

Who shall say! But she certainly is at any rate quick and charming in imitation and adaptability; and loyal to a fault to her new standards, refusing to use her judgment where she has given her allegiance (there speaks her grandmother): and indeed, however "raffish" and modern she may be to outward seeming, the call "Sacrifice Yourself" still has for her its customary appeal.

Other general characteristics are close family affection and the domestic virtues—thrift, good housekeeping. No Indian woman deems it, for instance, beneath her to cook and serve a meal. The European visitor to India is amazed at the gift of organisation shown by our women in catering for and running big (political) Conference camps. But the women are only applying what they have learnt in their homes. Have they not all their lives borne the burden of caste dinners or ceremonial feasts?

Where we are handicapped is in the exercise of judgment in relation to matters other than housekeeping, in the study of questions big or small against the background of the larger world of thought and activity to which we have only just been admitted; and in the knowledge of what that world has to give us and our children, and of how we must fit ourselves to serve it.

Families break up in India as elsewhere. The joint family system is dying out; the younger generation setting up for itself. . . . Speaking generally, divorce is unknown among Orthodox Hindus; among Moslems it is provided for by their Sacred Book; among Parsees by an Act of British Legislature. But the subject has neither the place in thought, nor the unsavoury publicity which it seems to have achieved in some Western countries.

Of Hindu widows much has been written. Everyone knows that no widow may now become *suttee*, i.e. sacrifice herself alive on the corpse of her husband in order to buy him merit in re-incarnation; she may, on the contrary, lawfully marry again if she will. The Orthodox do not so will, and the large body of widows represents an asset, an economic factor, which may be used, and is happily now being used, for service outside the home for teaching, nursing, welfare work - much to the happiness of the unselfish "luckless ones" themselves.

Even as in England before the nineteenth century, there was in earlier India no public life for women—a position accentuated by the custom of seclusion; and there was no general State machinery of Education and Social Welfare. Individuals there have always been who showed marked ability Rulers, Warriors, Scholars, Writers, even Geometricians the Begums of Bhopal, the Rani of Jhansi, the Matriarchs of South India, bring the roll down to recent times.

But at the period of the British occupation of India Education was represented solely by the schools for small girls held in the courtyards of mosque or temple; while of the need for social service there was no conception.

Missionary Bodies, Philanthropic Societies, and the British Government have changed all that. We now have Universities in every Province, Research Institutes, Colleges, Schools, Training Centres, Hospitals, Maternity and Welfare Clinics, Children's Courts, Reformatories, and Borstals; and more evidence still could be cited that our ancient land has been translated in certain areas (and in relation to certain communities) to modern uses.

Women entered upon their inheritance overnight as it were. We needed no suffrage movement. Our Universities were from their foundation equally open to men and women; and so are all professions. Women take degrees in Arts, Science, Economics, Medicine, the Law: and no woman need forgo a Government salary because she is married.

In choice of profession—Education tops the list we have women Professors, Teachers, Inspectors of Schools. Medicine comes next—there are 85 Doctors of first grade, 55 Assistant Surgeons, and 52 Hospital Assistants. The Law (following English precedent) was not open to women till 1919. But already we have 19 women on the Rolls (Barristers and Vakils), though very few as yet have elected to practise.

Nurses are a growing body—Hospital, District, Maternity Nurses, and Health Workers. Our Social Service dates from the Great War, when English women initiated what Indians are now carrying on, either independently or in partnership with Westerns.

Societies like the National Council of Women, St. John's Ambulance, the Girl Guides movement help to systematise our growing appreciation of the claims of health (including aids to physical fitness) and citizenship.

It does one's heart good to see Indian women in charge both of Administrative and Lecture work at Colleges, for instance, like the Lady Hardinge Medical College in Delhi, the Isabella Thoburn Arts College at Lahore, or the Women's Christian College at Madras. Or to see them in Hospitals—in Operating Theatres or X-Ray Departments, or walking the wards, efficient, comforting, reassuring. To find a Moslem woman in charge of the Health Centre at Lahore; and a Parsee Inspector of Factories doing pioneer welfare work for women and children in the mills of the most industrialised of our provinces.

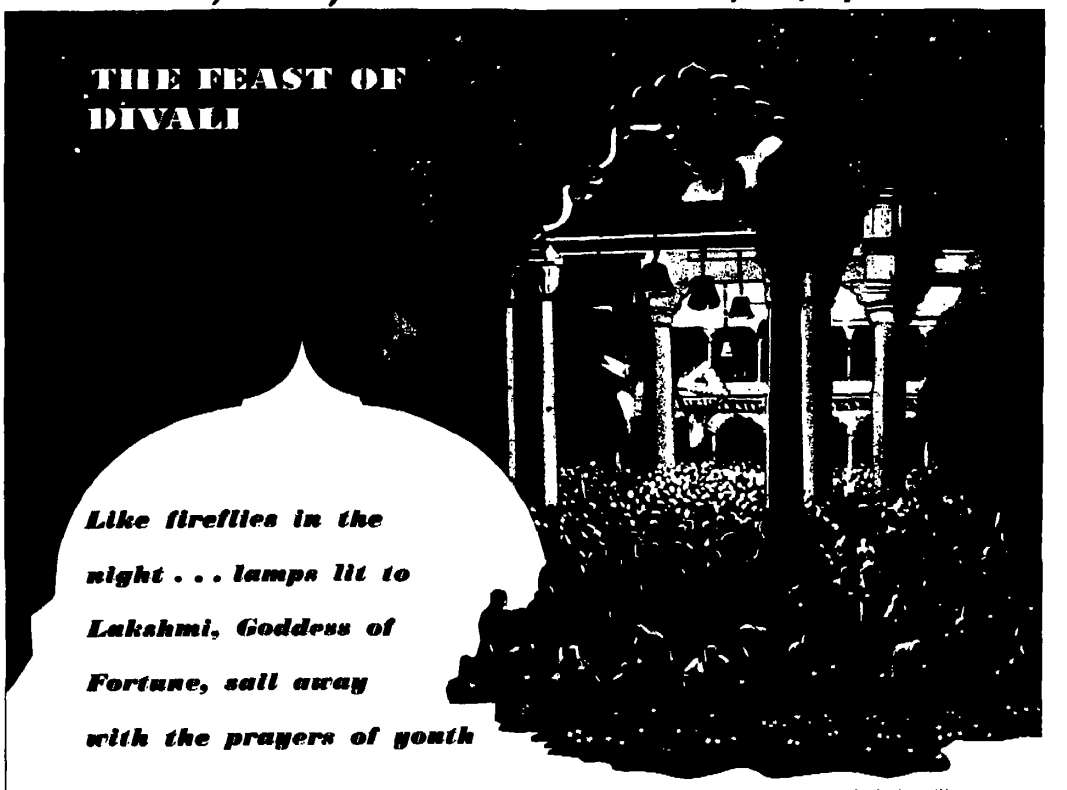


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THE FEAST OF DIVALI



Like fireflies in the night . . . lamps lit to Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune, sail away with the prayers of youth

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As I say, it is good indeed to recognise individual capability. But as a rule our women are found to be at their best when working under leadership, as is only natural, at this stage.

In Literature, Journalism, the Fine Arts, Dancing, and the Stage, women are finding a further professional foothold.

They now sit as Hon. Magistrates in Children's Courts, are elected to Municipalities and Legislative Assemblies; we have our women Deputy Presidents and Cabinet Ministers, our Members of great Public Services Commissions (as of the historic Round Table Conference) appointed by the British Government.

The British Government indeed and the Congress Party have both been particularly generous to political women. And like Indian men, women have shown great facility for public speaking; adding to eloquence the charm of attractive personalities and well-chosen *sarees*!

What one might be allowed to regret is that where achievement has come (as in politics and a public life) without struggle, something vital has been lost. Struggle, after all, is the law of growth; and women are apt to take their opinions ready made from the men of their political parties; forgetting that there must always be in India work to be done for women and children which is outside party, and which women alone can do; and can do only after patient drudgery and study of local conditions.

Contentment with easy achievement is probably also the explanation why women have been disappointing as Magistrates in Juvenile Courts, and indeed in juvenile delinquency work altogether. Another reason may be that we have no traditions and no ideals to guide us. Here is one instance where visits to Social Service Centres in Western countries, if rightly directed, should be of real value.

The opportunities for the achievements enumerated above have been made by men. That women can give themselves their own opportunity, however, is demonstrable, e.g. in Education—Primary and Secondary Schools founded and run by women; in philanthropic work for the less fortunate—Widows and Rescue Homes, Schools for the Deaf and Dumb; and in cases which have come under my own observation—the management of private property.

Of the foundations for widows, I would cite the classic example of Pandita Ramabai, the Sanskrit scholar, and a Home in Mysore established in like manner by a widow, and officered by her own relations. Here, women not only learn the 3 R's, music, drawing, stitchery, and domestic work, but are trained as secretaries (shorthand writers and typists) for women who are doing public service or are managing their own estates.

A need felt increasingly throughout the country is for talks on Careers; with wireless in India this ought now to be easily remedied. There would seem to be an opening for women in Estate Management and Dairy Farming; in Landscape Gardening; in the Industrialisation and commercialisation of handicrafts, traditionally ours, applied to modern uses . . . our exquisite needlework fine linen or silk embroideries; the shoe-embroidery peculiar to Jaipur; specialised dye-ing (tie-and-dye) and weaving. . . .

Or, again, why should women not be Fruit Farmers? There are already indigenous and illiterate fruit farmers in Kullu (Punjab) who know nothing of fruit-packing for exportation, or of tinning and canning an industry which should appeal specially to Indian women. . . . (Fruit not disposed of locally rots where it falls.) Practical occupations such as the above-named would give us the balance needed to set against our academic gifts and would help to true development.

To sum up then, although there are certain characteristics which may be quoted as belonging to all Indian women, the last 150 years have jolted a few of us out of our natural and traditional ruts. The mass has remained practically stationary, held fast in the bog of custom aspiration limited by home ties, or, in the agricultural and smaller industrial classes, by the day's work done at the greatest expenditure of personal labour.

Literacy is still only about 2 per cent. of the entire population[1]; with half our villages without any schools whatever in a country of villages, the while that the education of the few and the progress of a handful in the towns, is abreast of the front line in England.

Herein lies our tragedy. The gap between the few and many yawns wide and wider still; and is too great for corporate health. Something must be done about this immediately.

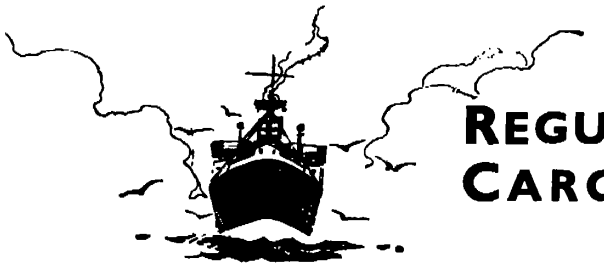
If the ambition of the Progressive Indian woman has been to show that East and West, women are capable of like achievement, she has demonstrated that to the full; and may be it is now time for her to lift aspiration on to a higher level, on to the highest plane of all—the loving service of the less fortunate of those left behind in the Race of Life. Our place among the nations of the world depends upon this better co-ordinated progress.

An Indian proverb says, "You cannot run with one foot, or clap with one hand." "And this is true talk!" as Swami Sat Nam Singh would say.

[1] The 1931 census quotes 6 per cent., but we are warned that with the increase of the population, this means only a 2 per cent. general literacy.



Peacock Lawn in Palace Gardens, Palitana State, Kathiawar.



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The Sacred Peacock

by LLIANE MORTON

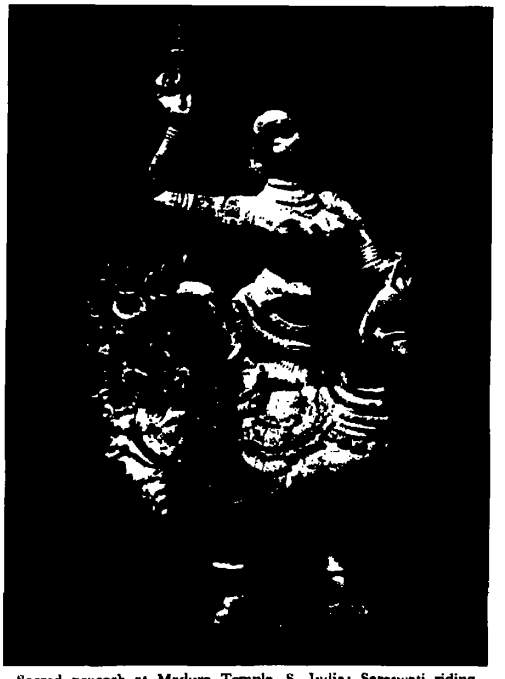
(Below are advance extracts from Lliane Morton's "Picture Logue of Travels," to be published shortly—world copyright reserved.)

THE peacock has ever been highly prized and revered in the East. It is sacred to many Hindu gods such as Mirrugon and Subrananya, the war god, and is worshipped with the rising sun. At dawn the bird dances in the glory of the dazzling light, with its iridescent colours scintillating and shimmering in the cosmic rays of that early hour. I saw this wondrous sight once in a Rajputana garden. It held me spellbound! And it gave me the inspiration for my picture of the goddess riding the peacock. Saraswate, the Goddess of Intelligence, Learning, and Music, who with her flute corresponds to Minerva of the Romans as patroness of Science and Genius—Minerva of Italy invented the flute, while Saraswate presides over Melody: "Sweet grace of Brahma's bed, whose sigh is music and each tear a pearl"—is usually depicted riding on a peacock. The grace and splendour of these royal and rare birds caused the great god Siva to dance in the same manner before his divine spouse Parvati. Their beauty delighted King Solomon, and it is recorded in the Book of Kings that Pandyam, a King of Southern India, sent gifts to him, in the boats of Tarshish, consisting of rice, ivory, monkeys, and peacocks. They were also greatly sought after by the Chinese Emperors, who took them in exchange for precious stones and sugar. Thus the Hindustani word for sugar *chini*, pronounced "cheenee," came into being.

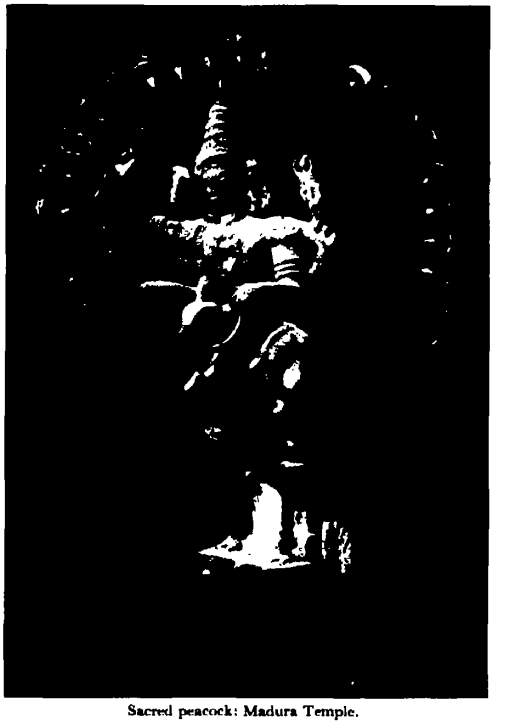
The Chinese thought highly of the peacock, and it is seen in several of their paintings and works of art. The Goddess of the Western Air, Sui Wang Mi, is portrayed riding one, and carrying one of the famous peaches from her peach orchard, where the fruit ripens only once in 2,000 years. A peach is then presented to the gods, who hold a banquet and get thoroughly intoxicated! One of the accompanying pictures shows Sui Wang Mi flying to present her gift, and another the monk receiving it. All this is symbolical of Chinese traditions. The beautiful Dragon Throne—now in the Dutch Museum—has a peacock in its composition.

The peacock is held so sacred in Rajputana that to kill it is considered criminal. In the jungle it is the bird which gives warning of approaching danger. I have had personal experience of this on many occasions. It is always seen in friendly company with deer, elephants, pigs, and buffaloes, but will attack and kill all serpents, with the exception of cobras and pythons.

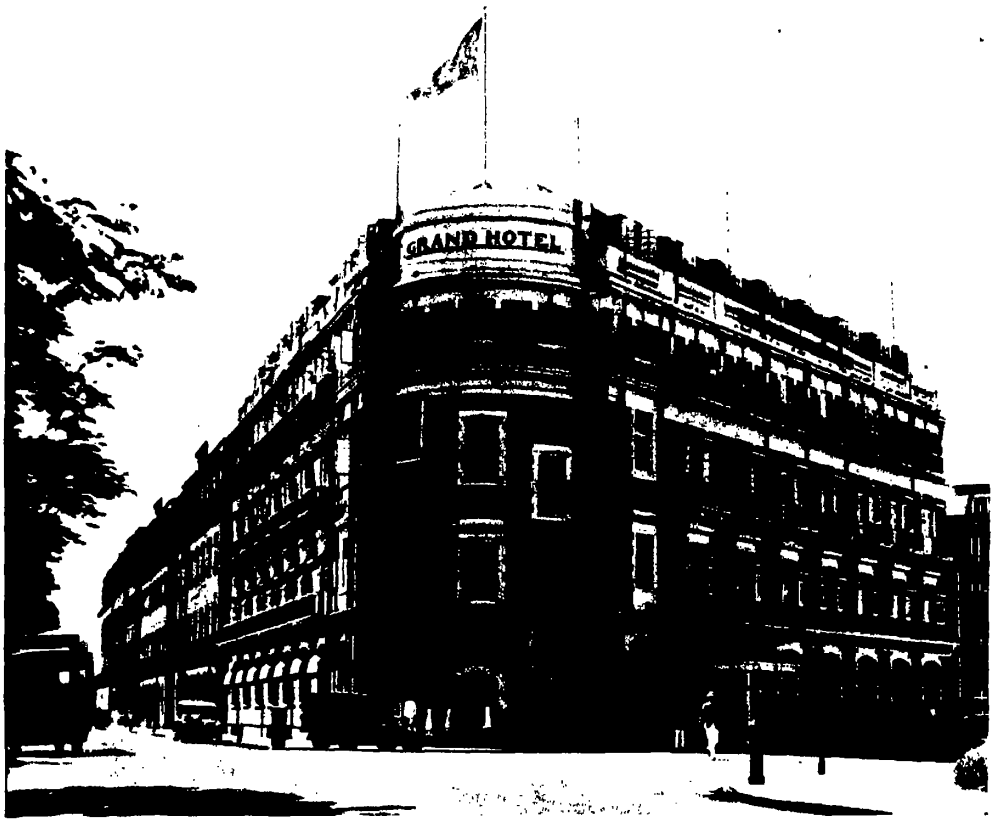
In Burma the peacock is highly esteemed and is invariably used in all decorative art and even in the national flag. It is also a favoured background for the stage.



Sacred peacock at Madura Temple, S. India: Saraswati riding in procession.



Sacred peacock: Madura Temple.



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Indian States: Pageantry and Progress

by SIR WILLIAM BARTON, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

(*Formerly British Resident in Hyderabad, Baroda, and Mysore*)

SINCE the dawn of history India has been split up into a series of kingdoms and principalities, only at long intervals welded into an unstable empire by an invader or an Indian ruler of military genius. It is hardly surprising that this should have been the outstanding characteristic of Indian polity when one considers the vast dimensions of the country, its huge population, the infinite diversity of race, language, and religion. Under imperial rule most of the former kingdoms were retained as feudatories, only to break away and resume their old individuality as the nerve centre of empire gradually weakened.

BENEVOLENT AUTOCRACIES

The administration in all but a few States Mysore, Travancore, Cochin are the principal exceptions—is autocratic. The rule of law is, however, a fact widely accepted; in many cases the standard of the public services is as high as in British India. It is only fair to say that benevolent autocracy in the States often achieves more for the moral and material progress of the people than is possible for a government controlled by an alien power, as in British India. Baroda, for instance, has legalised Hindu widow remarriage; in several States legislation was passed prohibiting child marriages long before the question was taken up with extreme diffidence by the Indian Government; Travancore has opened State temples to the untouchables; in some States finance is so ably handled that, as in Bhavnagar, it has been possible to abolish agricultural indebtedness; Baroda set aside nearly a million sterling for the benefit of the peasant a year or so ago on the occasion of the diamond jubilee of the late Maharaja; Gwalior has built up a large fund for a similar purpose; Gondal, a small State in Kathiawar, has the unique privilege of being taxless, thanks to the financial genius of the Maharaja, whose invested funds yield an income sufficient to provide for the expenses of administration. Most of the larger States—Hyderabad, Mysore, Cochin, Travancore, Bhopal are utilising their surplus revenues in promoting economic development. Even the more remote and cloistered States, less susceptible to influence from British India, have frequently borrowed British officers to modernise their administration.

British suzerainty over the States is exercised by the Viceroy as Crown Representative. He maintains relations with the Princes through the officers of the Indian political department. There are British Residents at the courts of the more important States; other States are grouped under political agents. Much of the old-world pageantry has been retained in the ceremonial observed on State occasions, such as viceregal visits, State banquets, and durbars at which British Residents and political agents are present. An unforgettable experience for those privileged to attend it is the Dassarah week at Mysore, when the Maharaja, half-deified for the occasion, holds a series of durbars ending up with a procession that takes one back into remote antiquity.

THE SOUTHERN STATES

From north to south the States absorb most of the territory of India. One might indeed travel through the air from Cape Comorin to Chitral almost without crossing any part of British India. In the extreme south lies Travancore, a beautiful country of forest-covered mountains and palm-fringed lagoons along which one can travel in a launch for over a hundred miles from Quilon to Cochin, where a great new harbour has been built of recent years, shared equally between Travancore, the Cochin State, and the Indian Government. Syrian and Roman Christianity has a strong grip on the land; nearly a third of the population of six millions is Christian; the standard of literacy is far higher than in British India; the government is of a parliamentary type, almost completely responsible; the administration highly efficient. Yet with all this a high proportion of the population is "untouchable"; the outcast pollutes the Brahmin at forty yards' distance. The ancient custom of matriarchy still persists, especially in the ruling family, the sister's son succeeding and not the son of the regnant prince.

A little to the north of Travancore beyond the Ghauts is Mysore, a land of mountain and forest, with a climate for most of the year like a warm summer afternoon in England. There is much to attract the visitor in this favoured land. In the forests you may shoot anything from a mouse deer to an elephant; *mahseer* (the Indian salmon) of over 100 lb. have been caught in the Cauvery. Classic specimens of Hindu architecture bear witness to a splendid past. The temples of Halebid and Belur are the best examples.

Mysore, the Maharaja's capital, is a city of gleaming white buildings in a setting of beautiful gardens. Above it towers Chamundi hill, abode of the patron goddess of the ruling family. On festal nights when the vast pile of the palace is picked out with thousands of electric lamps one gets the impression of fairyland. Bangalore, rival of the Maharaja's capital, is a favourite residential centre and tourist resort both for British and Indians, and is one of the most up-to-date cities in India.

Mysore has the not undeserved reputation of being the model State of India. The government, as in Travancore, is based on parliamentary models, a government with ideals inspired by a ruler who lives unselfishly for his people. For over a dozen years he has had the collaboration of one of India's front-rank statesmen, Sir Mirza Ismail. The Mysorean is proud of his citizenship; it is hardly surprising that a strong local patriotism has developed.

His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad rules vast dominions occupying the centre of the peninsula equal in area to Great Britain. Once a Moghul province, Hyderabad still dreams of Moslem empire in India. The great capital of the State, with its half-million people, its maze of bazaars into which till recently it was unsafe for Europeans to go unescorted; its fine public buildings in Indo-Saracenic style; the palaces of the Moslem nobility, is one of the most interesting cities in India, a city where one meets the real India rather than in cities of mushroom growth like the great sea-ports. Adjacent to it is the big British cantonment of Secunderabad of nearly 10,000 troops, which a treaty of 1789 obliges the Indian Government to maintain for the benefit of the Nizam. Moslem nobles and officials, many of them educated at British public schools and universities, Moslem officers of the Nizam's army, mingle in the social life of the British station. The ruling family is related to the ex-Sultan of Turkey by the marriage of the latter's daughter to the Prince of Berar, eldest son of the Nizam. Since the fall of the Turkish caliphat the eighty million Indian Moslems more than ever look to Hyderabad as the focus of Moslem politics and culture in India. At a not very distant period the reproach was frequently levelled at Hyderabad that it drew its inspiration too much from Moghul tradition. The reproach is no longer justified. That the Hyderabad Moslem can look his critics in the face is due in large measure to that great Moslem statesman, Sir Akbar Hydari, who for over a quarter of a century

has worked tirelessly to raise the standard of Moslem administration.

The Gaekwar of Baroda stands next to the Nizam in order of precedence in the princely hierarchy. This high position is explained by the fact that most of the States in Kathiawar and Gujarat are his tributaries. His late Highness, whose death is deplored by hosts of friends, both in England and India, raised the State from political and economic bankruptcy fifty years ago to prosperity and contentment.

CENTRAL INDIA STATES

Prototype of the Kshattriya or military caste of ancient Hindu India, the Rajput predominates among Indian Chiefs to-day. The majority of the rulers of Central India are Rajput; Rajputs hold sway over the greater part of Rajputana and Kathiawar. The battlemented crags of the Aravallis and of many a mountain peak in Central India, the marble palaces of Bundi, the titanic fortresses of Jodhpur and Gwalior, the marble city of Amber, once the capital of Jaipur, the ruins of Chitor, recall the spacious days of a thousand years ago when Rajput chivalry rivalled in knightly deeds the chivalry of Western Europe.

Udaipur, capital of Mewar, is one of the loveliest of Rajput cities. Remote from the crowded centres of Indian life, it has the charm of an old-world atmosphere, in a country where Rajput barons and squires still stand on the ancient ways. The marble water palaces on islands in the lake at Udaipur are of singular beauty. The ruling family is the acknowledged head of the Rajputs of India; its insignia, a golden sun on a sable disk, enshrines its claim to descent from the sun god. Jaipur, its neighbour, is more modern, with its broad streets, its stucco Palace of the Winds. Jodhpur is a wonderful oasis in the Indian desert, where an aerodrome with a modern hotel contrasts strangely with the mighty fortress of ancient days. Travellers from London to Delhi and vice versa break their journey at Jodhpur. The Maharaja is a skilled pilot and has recently been appointed an Air Vice-Commodore by the King-Emperor. Many Englishmen recall with pleasure the grouse-shoots given by that distinguished soldier-statesman his Highness of Bikanir, whose great achievement is to have brought the waters of the remote Sutlej to the Indian desert and with them to have built up a modern State.

One of the most interesting of the Kathiawar series of Rajput States is Nawanagar, ruled till recently by his Highness Ranjitsinhji, the cricketer, once so popular with the British public. "Ranji" did great things for his people, husbanded the resources of the country, built a port which brought in large revenues from Customs and incidentally involved him in a quarrel with the Finance Member of the Indian Government.

Few countries can rival the beauty of Kashmir with its vast mountain ranges, interspersed with the loveliest of valleys. Almost everything that flourishes in temperate climates is grown in profusion. It is hardly surprising that the Vale of Kashmir should be overrun in the summer months by crowds of visitors. Almost every kind of sport is available. Srinigar, the capital, straggles for miles along the banks of the Jhelum, crowded with the boats and barges of the watermen. The town is celebrated for its artistic products, silver and brass work, papier mâché, embroidery, wood carving, silk, and carpets. The country has great natural resources, but is undeveloped largely because of the isolationist policy of the late Maharaja, who refused to build a railway lest he should be invaded and exploited by the foreign capitalist. It is believed that the present Government of Kashmir is more inclined to adopt a progressive policy.

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VISIT HYDERABAD (DECCAN) INDIA



THE TOURIST'S DREAM OF THE ORIENT

Hyderabad

A TRAVELLER, on his first trip to the East, pictures fantastic scenes of luxury and wealth. The luxury and wealth are there, especially in Hyderabad, but the tourist will be far more interested in the wealth of colour and form that meets him everywhere in the vast sub-continent of Hindustan. Each face, each costume, each language will fascinate him.

The situation of Hyderabad, in the heart of the Indian Peninsula, makes it an important centre between north and south and between east and west of this great land. Its population of Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsees, Christians, Arabs, Persians, Abyssinians, Rohillas, and Pathans presents a diversity of costumes seldom seen elsewhere. With its large territory and vast resources it is no idle boast to call Hyderabad, "India's Premier State." Together with the Berars, over which His Exalted Highness the Nizam holds sovereignty, the State is larger in area than the British Isles and has a population greater than that of Egypt.

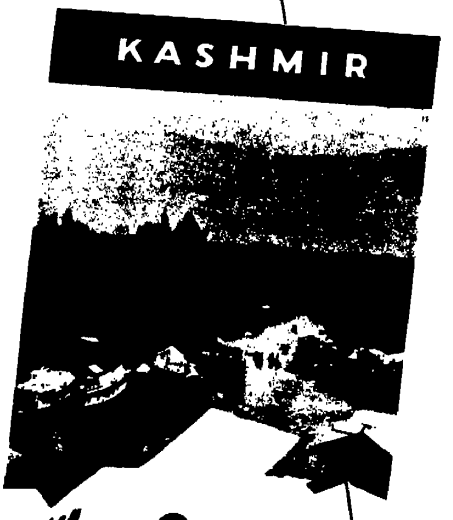
Hyderabad can rightly claim to represent the Orient in the garb in which the foreign tourist is wont to clothe it. Although the tourist's first impression of the metropolis of the State would be its modernity -wide concrete roads, numerous fine buildings, parks, up-to-date hospitals, sport of numerous kinds yet in the streets that lie off the main roads, and even amidst modern buildings, lies the unchanging East in all its colourful variety.

In the heart of Hyderabad City stands a sixteenth-century edifice—the Charminar the emblem of the State coinage and stamps surrounded by modern concrete roads, while a few paces away the tourist steps immediately into a typical Eastern bazaar with its tiny shops bedecked in gaudy coloured finery. In the environs of the City of Hyderabad lie relics of the former glories of this ancient province. Most famous amongst these relics is the ruined fortress of Golconda. The history of this will long remain an interesting chapter in the history of the Deccan, but its name will always be remembered by its link with the Crown of the British Queen, which is adorned with one of the world's most famous diamonds, the "Koh-i-noor," or "Mountain of Light," which originally came from the old diamond market in Golconda.

The caves and frescoes of Ellora and Ajanta, described elsewhere in Mr. Solomon's article, are well known, but they would have been amongst the world's most famous sights had it not been for the absence of a suitable hotel for the stay of two or three days necessary to visit them. The building of the State Railway Hotel at Aurangabad has filled a long-felt want, as Aurangabad is the centre from which both groups of caves can be visited. This hotel ranks with the finest in India and contains every modern convenience. As in Hyderabad City so in Aurangabad, the ancient and the modern are linked together to enable the traveller of to-day to view in comfort the great heritages of sculpture and art that are prized possessions.

The State transport services, by rail and road, afford easy means of access to every place of any importance in the Dominions, but quicker transport is available for travellers with limited time at their disposal as H.E.H. the Nizam's State Railway now control air services also, and will arrange charter flights from Hyderabad to any aerodrome in India and to interesting places in the State, including Aurangabad and Bidar.





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N·A·W·A·N·A·G·A·R

THE STATE OF NAWANAGAR, which is second in order of precedence among the Kathiawar States, is situated in the north-western portion of Kathiawar, on the southern shore of the Gulf of Cutch. It is the largest State in Kathiawar, and has an area of 3,791 miles. The territory is generally flat, but about two-thirds of the Barda Hills are contained within its limits; Mount Venu, the highest point, is 2,057 ft. above sea-level. The principal rivers are the Bhadar, the Vartu, the Aji, and the Und: the ports are Bedi Bandar and Jodiya, the latter being a walled town with a small fort. Mangrove swamps line the shore of the Gulf and afford large supplies of firewood and pasture.

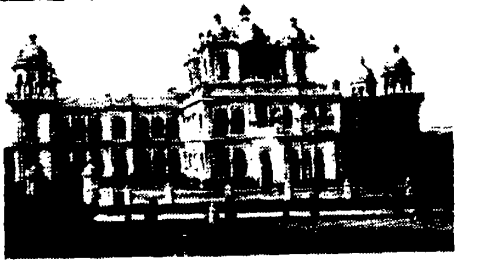


Pratap Vilas Palace at Jamnagar, Capital of the State

Among the fauna of Nawanagar are leopards, the hunting cheetah, and nilgai. The principal products are grain, cotton, and oil-seeds, and there is a small pearl fishery off the coast. The climate is healthful throughout the year, with an average rainfall of over 20 ins. The population, at the census of 1931, was 402,192. Jamnagar, the capital, which, with a population of 56,000, is the largest town in the State, is laid out in very pleasing style, with wide thoroughfares and handsome buildings, spacious parks, and noble palaces, and it is one of the most modern among the towns of India.

Distinguished Rulers

The rulers of Nawanagar are Jadeja Rajputs, who claim descent from the great Jadav race. About 1535-37, Jam Rawal, brother of the ruler of Cutch, invaded and conquered the portion of Kathiawar known as Sorath and founded Nawanagar. Successive Jams consolidated their rule over the portion of Surashtra, now known as Halar. Jam Rawal created the State: but it was Jam Shri Ranjitsinhji, popularly and affectionately known as "Ranji," the great cricketer, who made Nawanagar what it is to-day.



The Lady Willingdon Girls' High School, Jamnagar

The present ruler, His Highness Sir Digvijaysinhji, is 43 years of age, and succeeded to the Gadi in 1933, on the death of his uncle, His late Highness Sir Ranjitsinhji. His Highness, who was educated at Malvern and London University, received administrative training under his uncle before he succeeded. He held a King's Commission in the Indian Army, rising to the rank of captain, and saw active service in Egypt, Palestine, and on the North-West Frontier. The insignia of K.C.S.I. was conferred on His Highness in 1935, and he was appointed by His Majesty the King-Emperor as one of his A.D.C.'s. He was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel on the accession of His Majesty and attended the Coronation in that capacity. His Highness was awarded the high honour of G.C.I.E. in 1939.

The administration of the State at the present time is carried on under the direction of His Highness by the Dewan and three secretaries—the Military Secretary and the Home Member, the Judicial Secretary and the Political Secretary. For administrative purposes the State is divided into eleven *talukas* or districts.



The Irwin Hospital at Jamnagar

Irrigation and Agriculture

Lying on the fringe of the monsoon belt, Nawanagar often suffers from scanty rainfall, which reduces the water-supply below the minimum requirements of agriculture, and artificial irrigation is essential, therefore, for the welfare of the people. By a regular and systematic scheme of irrigation carried out during the last twenty-five years, over 150,000 acres of permanently watered land have been added to the cultivable area, and the ideal of having at least one perennial well on each agricultural holding is being steadily pursued. The chief crops are millet and sorghum, while such industrial products as groundnuts, cotton, sesamum, and castor (oil seed) are grown extensively.



The State Port of Bedi

There is a fifteen-year revenue settlement in the State, and to protect the cultivators against the vagaries of the monsoon, a compulsory famine fund exists for the purpose of affording relief in lean years, in addition to which tacavi loans are advanced by the State on a liberal scale. The ruler acquaints himself directly with affairs in every village and district, and he is readily accessible to every one of his people, from the richest to the poorest.

Industries and Commerce

Commercial development has received equal attention with agricultural development. Cloth and silk are the chief manufactures. Jamnagar is noted for its silken and gold embroidery, for incense and perfumed oils, and for the *kanku* or red powder which is used to make the sectarian mark on the forehead of Hindus. The State, too, is famous for its dyeing, the water of the Rangmati River being held to be especially favourable for this industry. Marble of different qualities is found in the Kandorna and Bhanwar *talukas*. The natural and safe harbour of Bedi Bandar has been provided with all necessary and modern facilities, such as quays, wet and dry docks, a wireless station, loading and discharging gear, railway sidings, etc., and this has attracted trade to a very large extent. A State railway traverses the entire territory and directly connects with the mainland of India, and there is a network of roads and telephones connecting the remotest corner of the State with the capital.



The Solarium at Jamnagar, which is the only one of its kind in India

Welfare of the People

Primary and secondary education are free, and almost every village has a primary school. Medical relief is also free, every district has a hospital, and every village is within reach of a dispensary. In Jamnagar there is a large up-to-date hospital, a radium institute, and a solarium which is said to be the only one of its kind in the East. There is an efficient State Police Force, and the Military Forces of the State consist of two squadrons of Imperial Lancers and one company and two platoons of Infantry.

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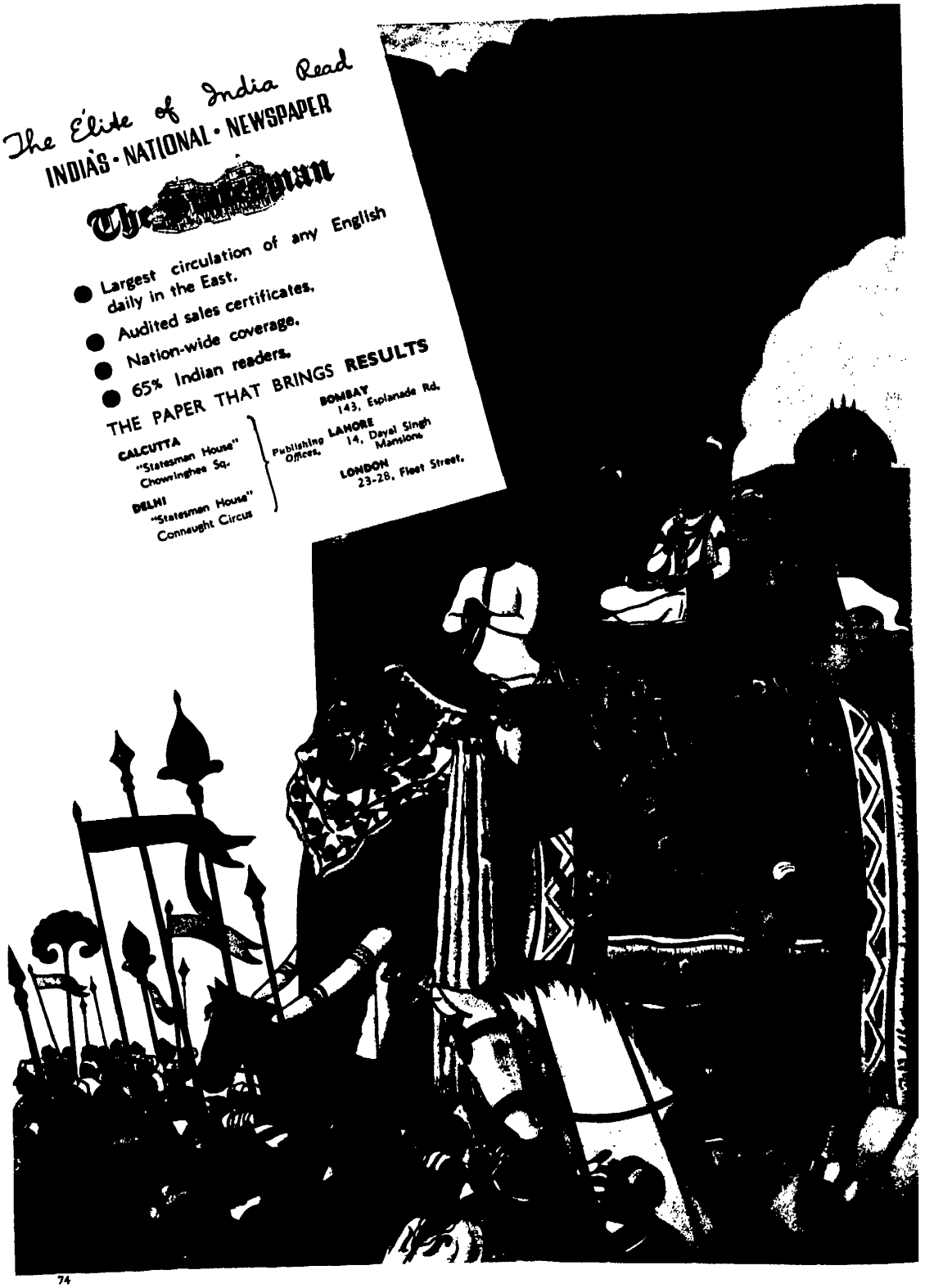
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Tiger Hunting

by BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. G. BURTON

Author of "Sport and Wild Life in the Deccan"; "A Book of Maneaters"; "The Book of the Tiger"; "The Tiger Hunters"; "History of the Hyderabad Contingent," etc.

BIG game hunters of the last century had a far more difficult and strenuous task than those of to-day, although they had many advantages, especially in the quantity of game. Man marks the earth with ruin; vast numbers of animals have been destroyed in the last hundred years, while some species are on the verge of extinction. Remote hunting-grounds were not easily accessible, and such localities became more remote with the extension of cultivation and communications which drove wild life farther and farther into the wilds, especially where "Far off, in deserts dank and rude, the Tiger holds his solitude." Long journeys were accomplished on horseback, by bullock-cart, or on foot; distances which can now be covered in a few hours by rail or motor might take days to traverse. In former times a ride of seventy miles or more across country had to be undertaken from the cantonment to the tiger jungles on the Pein Gunga, and it was my good fortune to be able to post half-a-dozen or more horses at intervals so as to cover the distance, sometimes a hundred miles, in a day.

Game was, however, more plentiful and more country was free and open to the hunter. Nowadays there are many restrictions; tigers are preserved in some regions where formerly rewards were given for their destruction In olden days the great beasts of prey were generally considered wholly pernicious; it was commonly supposed that they would attack man at sight, a fiction still lingering that gave rise to many travellers' tales and fears. Usually the tiger is timid and retiring, avoiding and not molesting unless wounded or alarmed and angered. Even man-eaters approach their prey stealthily, unseen by the prospective victim, who is seized unawares. Moreover, while tigers kill some hundreds of human beings every year in India, in most parts of the country the man-eater is rare. In the Deccan, during many years and in the course of extensive wanderings in tiger-infested jungles, I came across only one man-eater; but in Bengal these beasts are most destructive, and as recently as 1922 1,600 human beings were killed in India by tigers, few indeed in comparison with the 20,000 victims of poisonous snakes!

I long ago recognised that tigers have their uses in the economy of Nature, although the cattle-killer causes great loss. But where predaceous beasts are too greatly reduced, deer, antelope, and hog devastate the husbandman's crops, while the tiger is useful in killing off the weaklings, naturally the first victims, and so improving the breed on which they prey. On the other hand, where wild life is exterminated, carnivora take to preying more extensively on cattle and even on man himself.

THE TIGER'S HABITS

Before starting on a tiger hunt, the habits of the animal should be studied. Much may be gathered from books; more will be learnt from observation and experience. Methods of hunting must be adapted to the nature of the country, and the available means. In the great forests of the *terai*, elephants are indispensable; but everywhere it is essential to understand the habits of the tiger which generally hunts by night, its love of shade, its way of seeking its prey, and lying up during the heat of day in suitable cover near water, and sometimes in water, for it is impatient of thirst. Tracks are most instructive; one soon distinguishes whether they are fresh or not, and the "round" pugs of a tiger from the more oval ones of a tigress. Tracks reveal the comings and goings of the game, indicating the direction from which the tiger has approached its prey, and therefore that in which it should be driven to the gun. The beat will be towards cover, as a tiger will not readily face the open. In following a watercourse, the animal usually keeps along the bank above, not in the channel where the view is restricted. The tiger is quick to perceive movement, slow to distinguish stationary objects; the sense of hearing is acute, that of scent limited, but all senses are used.

As to rifles, my own preference was always for the .500 Express; with its 440 grain bullet and 5 drams of black powder this old weapon never failed, and has killed tigers within very recent years. Small bores have their advantages; but it is not always possible to place one's shot, and a heavy bullet gives a knock-out blow. In the Deccan my method was to have the game driven to the gun by beaters, stops being posted on the flanks to turn an animal attempting to break out. Many tigers have been shot at night from an ambush over the kill, but I have not employed this method. Sometimes a tiger may be stalked and shot. My way was in general to hunt on foot, ranging the country on horseback and on foot in search of tracks and of suitable spots for picketing calves near water and cover. The sportsman owes success not only to his own exertions but greatly to his permanent and local *shikaris*, beaters, and villagers generally, brave and willing helpers, to whom all credit is due.

THE END OF A MAN-EATER

One day in February a seventy-mile ride took me to a man-eating tiger's haunt long famous for such monsters. Two miles from camp we picketed a calf in a bush-filled ravine infested by the beast which had killed ten people; next morning this calf had been killed and dragged up the ravine; following the trail, we found tracks and unsavoury evidence of the monster's presence, and a stench assailed our nostrils where the ravine forked, indicating the direction taken by the beast. A beat was arranged, my post being beside a large ant-hill; soon after the men started, a bear with a cub pick-a-back passed below me; a peacock rose uttering the trumpet-note of alarm, and loud roars issued from the bushes where the beaters had crowded and closed in, encompassing the tiger on every side. With difficulty I got the men away from my front of the cover, and there was a commotion in the thicket as an immense tiger burst from the jungle and uttering fierce roars, with every hair and whisker set and tail erect galloped up the slope; a bullet knocked him over and two more finished him; "*Adam khor*" "the man-eater" said the headman, and there was no more loss of life that year. This was a four-day trip, on which five bears, including two live cubs, were added to the bag in a jungle remarkable for the ferocity of its wild denizens; a *shikari* with me on this occasion was killed by a leopard two years afterwards, and an Indian officer was pulled out of a tree by another leopard, while I was myself well mauled by a third of the same species, and an artillery officer was afterwards killed by a tiger.

A month after this short expedition, I rode eighty miles to my camp pitched on the north bank of the Pein Gunga. My men had gone on a week ahead with bullock-carts and baggage and a herd of calves for bait, the party including my friend Shaikh Dade Hayat, afterwards Subadar-major of my regiment, the gallant companion of many hunts, and twenty-five years' service, my *shikaris* Chandru and Nathu, and followers. Here we were met by Shikari Bhima the Bhil, a splendid man whose home was in the adjacent



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hamlet, who knew every haunt of tigers in the neighbourhood, and was prepared to explore with me the country for 150 miles to the east. Before beginning operations we went up to the *ziarat* of Shaikh Farid, a Moslem Saint whose white tomb stood on a distant mountain where a ceremony of propitiation to the jungle *deo*, the Spirit of the Wild, had to be performed. Curiously it is recorded that on the top of a hill at Siligarhi above the Ganges was the tomb of a Mohammedan Saint, which was said to be visited by a tiger who lay down every night beside the sepulchre until the approach of dawn. The larger part of the population of Bhima's hamlet accompanied us, and a goat was sacrificed at the *ziarat*. We took with us calves to picket at pools where tiger tracks were found, and on the return journey a foot of the sacrificial goat was hung before a wayside shrine containing a red-painted stone dedicated to the *deo*.

UNLIMITED JUNGLE

Within a few days I shot a tiger and tigress, and then moved camp some miles up the river to the edge of the forest which contained a vast quantity of game. Here were bison, sambur, spotted deer, and nilgai in abundance, while in open country bordering on cultivation were herds of antelope and gazelle. To the east stretched an unlimited extent of jungle, much of which had been unvisited by Europeans within the memory of man. In this area my annual bag amounted to from six to fourteen tigers during the two months of hot weather. Not every hunt is signalised by hairbreadth escapes; while moments of tense excitement may accompany or form the climax of many episodes, "close shaves" are rare, and accidents are rarer. The greater the difficulties, the better the sport.

Near this camp I shot a very heavy tiger, which was driven along unwillingly to the accompaniment of throaty roars, and according to Nathus' account was brought out of dense cover only by the old *shikari* facing him with stick and shouts of objurgations and reflections on his ancestry. The tiger leapt down a six-foot bank just below me and when shot sank into a pool ten yards off, from which the dripping carcase was hauled. After this my camp was spread under a great banyan tree at Ganeshpur, not marked on the map but to be found in latitude 19° 45′ N. and longitude 78° 15′ E. Here we found the pugs of a great tiger which gave me a long chase. First he killed a calf beside a pool in which he lay immersed, as my *shikaris* said: "with only the tip of his tail above water," six miles from camp. When driven out, he walked slowly towards me, an immense beast dripping from the bath, with pale buff coat, a vast head surrounded by a ruff of long hair which gave him an almost leonine appearance, shining golden in the bright sunlight. My position was a faulty one, too low down in the watercourse; the tiger stopped twenty yards off behind a clump of trees, and probably saw me, for with a rumbling growl he dashed away up the side of the watercourse and was gone in a moment.

A NOBLE SIGHT

A week later we marked this tiger down in a deep valley from which escape seemed impossible, where he lay replete with beef, "his belly hanging to the ground," as Chandru said. I took post at a narrow boulder-strewn neck, just beyond a bamboo thicket half a mile above the spot where the tiger lay supine in the shade after his bloody feast. The beaters advanced from the entrance to the valley, some being posted on either side by the heights above. When driven forth the tiger climbed the steep on one side making for open country most unexpectedly, but a body of Banjaras led by bold Dade Hayat, charged towards him and drove him grumbling down the hill. Now I saw Bhima walking alone up the middle of the valley, with beaters on either flank, following the tiger with a flourish of his spear. The great beast halted in the bamboo thicket where I heard him panting, and then dashed forth roaring fiercely, a noble sight, charged across the neck in front of me, turned a complete somersault with a bullet in his heart, lay gasping among the rocks, and died.

A CLOSE SHAVE!

Near here next year I stalked and shot a tigress on her kill in the early morning, taking off my boots and through cover silently approaching the pool where she lay beside her prey. On receiving the bullet she rushed into the bushes, but shortly reappeared, raising herself on her forepaws, too far gone to charge, with gaping jaws through which the blood poured; a shot in the chest finished her. The death of another tiger on this expedition involved a close shave. A bad shot inflicted a long, superficial wound in the back, and the tiger dashed into long grass. I was about to follow when a leopard appeared in front of the beaters, and was killed with two bullets, whereupon old Nathu ran up and belaboured the gasping beast with staff and tongue. Having had his face pulled on one side by a leopard, he had old scores to pay off on the whole species! The wounded tiger had entered a *nullah*, traversing an extensive patch of long grass, but after following the tracks for a hundred yards or more it seemed too dangerous as visibility was of the shortest, and I made for a point where the *nullah* left the grass to skirt the bare, burnt ground. At the bend the beast was lying, where I suddenly came upon him at a distance of six feet; he raised his head, a green glow blazed in his eyes, and I shot him through the heart. Then old Nathu made his presence known; he had quietly followed me, and was looking over my shoulder, faithful to the very climax of the adventure!



A. & C. Black *Harry Dixon*

AN INDIAN TIGER HUNT.

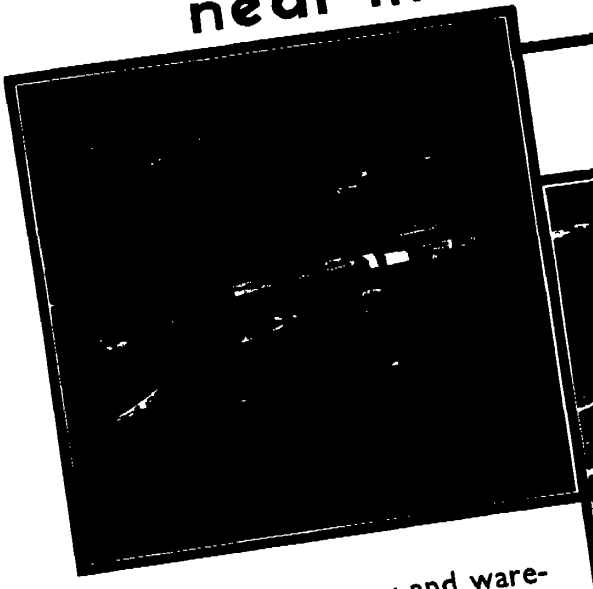


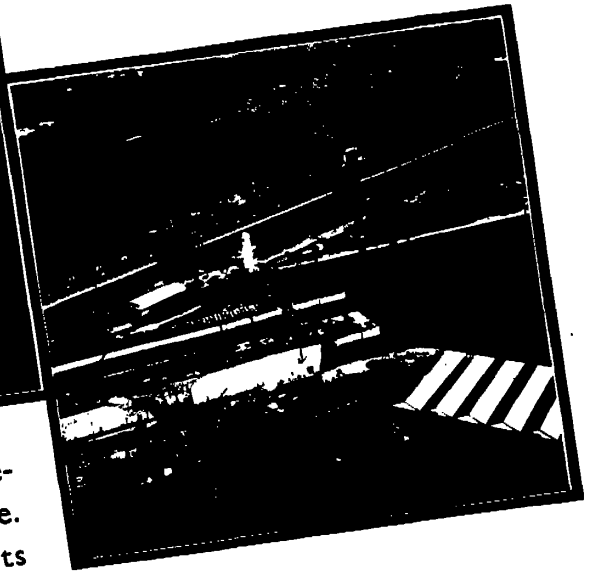
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Calcutta: India's Former Capital

by ARTHUR MOORE

Editor: "The Statesman"

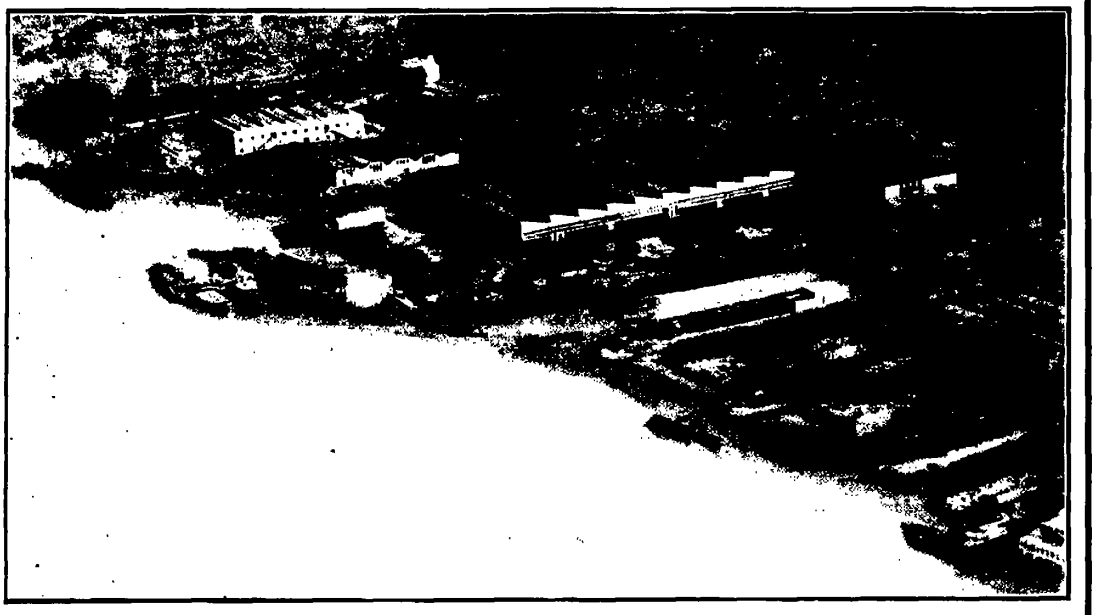
CALCUTTA with a million and a half inhabitants stands sixteenth among the world's most populous cities and first among those of the Indian Empire. Growth of population, of rateable value—from Rs 3¾ crores to Rs 9¼ crores in 20 years—and of economic importance have compensated it in large measure for loss of position as India's capital. Having owed its foundation in the seventeenth century to British enterprise, it remains the Indian city with the largest number of European residents, 15,000 in 1931. These early settlers' instinct was not wrong. To Calcutta, on the broad Hooghly at the head of the Bay of Bengal, came the many products of a rich hinterland: and the development of rail and road communications has increased its significance as the port for eastern and Upper India and great areas beyond. In Bengal, Assam, Bihar, the United Provinces, and Orissa alone live 151 million people. In this great area are situated India's tea, jute, coal, and iron and steel industries; here are great plains growing rice, jute, sugar, tobacco, oilseeds, and other crops; here also are India's main mineral deposits. From the great expanse of modern, well-equipped docks south of the city, steamships carry India's products to all the quarters of the globe, bringing back the manufactures that India herself does not make. This export trade amounts each year in value to about Rs 80 crores, the import trade to Rs 50 crores (one crore = £750,000).

COMMERCE AND CULTURE

Calcutta's financial and commercial centre is Clive Street, with its environs. On one side old Fort William, of Black Hole notoriety, once stood. The Fort has been gone these 120 years, replaced by another farther south on the Maidan beside the Hooghly. In Clive Street are the buildings, some of them palatial, of the banks and great merchant firms; but occasionally house-breakers' activities draw modern Calcutta's attention to one of the old houses, with deep verandahs and classical design, in which the merchants of Warren Hastings' time transacted business. Between Chowringhee and Burrabazar the curious pedestrian will find a mingling of old and new such as he encounters on a grander scale in the City of London. He will come across much that is new and the sites of much that was old and famous; but he will also find off busy streets the pillared halls in which famous controversies of the past were thrashed out; he will see portraits of the great men of bygone days; he will come upon the relics of the Portuguese and the Armenians, communities that were in this part of India before the British. If this tempts him to taste more of the earlier history of a city inseparably connected with the growth of British power in India, he has the Victoria Memorial that Lord Curzon built to enshrine the relics of the most formative period in British Indian history. He can see the old house in which the novelist Thackeray was born, and much more that only Calcutta can show him from its long associations with the East India Company and the Imperial Government. In Park Street, named after Sir Elijah Impey's park, men and women of those distant times lie under tombstones that stagger the beholder by their size.

On a map Calcutta has a peculiar appearance, a harp

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with one side represented by the river, and this it has had ever since 1742 when the anxious citizens excavated a ditch to keep out the marauding Mahrattas. Within these bounds lives a heterogeneous collection of people, the Bengalis predominating but with a large admixture of up-country men, Marwaris (keen business people), strapping fellows from the North-west Frontier, much feared as moneylenders, a thriving Chinese community, and many more. You can step into a courtyard that transports you to Rajputana or an East Bengal village; you can find yourself in a Chinese temple or a tall mosque built by a prosperous community from western India. Most of Calcutta's Indian population come for money-making, as a man has to be satisfied with a meagre living in the countryside; but Calcutta is also a great centre for learning.

A MINIATURE UNIVERSITY CITY

The legal profession is of enormous ramifications, and numbers in its ranks many of India's most eminent lawyers; it has long provided high judicial officers for the Government of India, and Sir Zafrullah Khan's appointment this year breaks a succession of Law Members from Bengal. College Square is a miniature University city, with colleges, institutes, and other places of learning that are an unfailing magnet to ambitious young men and women even beyond the provincial boundaries. The University this year examined 50,000 matriculation candidates, spread over Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, and Assam. Teaching as well as curative institutions are Calcutta's many hospitals, famous, like the School of Tropical Medicine, for the leading they give in the fight against diseases. The city prides itself on its traditions in medicine, and in the Dufferin Hospital, for instance, has one of the finest hospitals for women in the East. The city is also a patron of the fine arts. Bengal has a virile literature, and in Calcutta writers pour forth their works from its presses and group themselves round various literary movements. For exhibitions of Indian drama and painting the city has a reputation all over India, and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore is a frequent visitor from Santiniketan, 100 miles away.

Beyond the Europeanised business quarter between Chowringhee and Clive Street there are the densely crowded streets of the Northern District where Indian firms carry on a multitude of trades. Here are the cloth and many other markets, here is Burrabazar, once a jumble of congested buildings, now being made worthy of a great city by the Improvement Trust: here is Harrison Road, with its many-storied houses inhabited by up-countrymen, that sweeps down to Howrah Bridge, where the old structure is now after years of seemingly endless discussion being replaced by a magnificently designed cantilever bridge. Calcutta's people in many cases sleep where they work, or not far away; but a great feature of the modern city is the development of the suburbs south of the Maidan; round the Dhakuria Lake, where rowing clubs practise and compete, has grown up an entirely new town with as many residents as some important British cities. To this healthy, open locality middle-class families are more and more transferring themselves. Calcutta owes this to the Improvement Trust, just as it owes it the Central Avenue, the rebuilding of Bhowanipore, a number of parks, and other beneficial schemes. Between these new suburbs and the Hooghly lies Kalighat, Calcutta's most famous Hindu shrine, to which thousands make a pilgrimage on festival days.

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE

North and south along the Calcutta side of the river for forty miles stretches the industrial area, faced for much of the distance by a similar area on the other, Howrah, side. If you arrive by air—and Calcutta is India's most easterly airport, a place of call for flying boats and land planes from England, Australia, Indo-China, and Java your eye will catch a host of jute mills, jute presses, engineering works, flour mills, industrial establishments of many kinds linked by a network of sidings to three great railway systems. India, it is recognised, has a future as an industrial country, and Calcutta each year attracts to itself more and more factories by its ability to offer a valuable labour force, good sites and communications, easily available raw materials and the services of the capital market. The renowned Bata firm makes shoes here, a famous rubber company has established itself near Calcutta; recent instances of enterprising business concerns that have recognised the city's value could be multiplied.

The record of this bustling city's multifarious activities might be extended much longer. But mention must be made of its status as the seat of Government of a province of 51,000,000 people. Near Government House and the *ghat* at which in former times the Governor-General made his ceremonial landing in India is the Legislative Chamber where meet the Legislative Council and the Assembly. This is the forum in which the people's representatives expound the troubles of far-scattered districts, some on the borders of Burma and Assam, others fringing the Bay of *Bengal or enfolded in the Himalayas. In Writers' Buildings*, overlooking the tank round which Warren Hastings' Calcutta clustered, sit the permanent officials who for long years were "the Government," but now carry out the instructions of a Cabinet of elected Indian public men.

The Briton carries his liking for sport wherever he goes, and the city has long been noted for what it can offer as spectacle or for actual participation. The Royal Calcutta Turf Club is world-famous; in golf, football, hockey, and tennis the city prides itself on fine players and first-class competitions; in the cold season throngs watch the numerous cricket club matches and representative games. In the world of sport Indians meet Europeans on equal terms and the singleness of mind with which large numbers devote themselves to games at the week-end is one of the portents of our times. The motorist complains that he is not so well catered for in the matter of roads outside Calcutta as his counterparts are in other cities, but there are pleasant places nearby where a change of air may be had. The Botanical Gardens are famous, the Zoo attracts great throngs, and tourist visitors find an attraction in the old foreign settlements up the river. Only Chandernagore remains under a foreign flag France's and the little place has a genuine French colonial atmosphere, with officials from Paris and a memorial to the Empire-building Dupleix. Chinsurah was Dutch, Serampore Danish: both are now parts of British India, but have much recalling the governors and officials of old times.



Queen Victoria Memorial, Calcutta.

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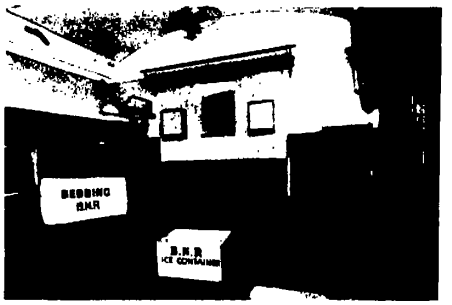
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Indian Fairs and Festivals

IN last year's ANNUAL OF THE EAST, under the caption "Ancient Cities and Temples: Modern Industries and Transport," a full illustrated description was given of the territories served by the Bengal-Nagpur Railway which it is hardly necessary, on this occasion, to repeat. A booklet entitled "Fairs and Festivals" issued by this Railway may, however, be quoted to indicate the facilities available to those to whom this aspect of Indian life may be of special interest, the period covered including practically every month in the year. The following excerpts embody typical descriptions of pilgrim centres accessible in the Bengal-Nagpur Railway's area:

Simhachalam.—The marriage of God Vishnu with Goddess Lakshmi is celebrated. The belief is that whoever has *darshana* of the bridal pair on the day, gets all his sins washed away.

Puri.—The images of gods are taken out of the sanctuary, placed on a lofty platform and bathed with hundred and eight pitchers of water from the "Golden Well."

On another occasion: Gods Jagannath and Balabhadra and Goddess Subhadra are taken in procession from the temple to Gundicha Bari, about two miles from the temple, on three cars built especially every year. After seven days' stay there, they are taken back in procession to the temple, and it is believed that by the Darshan of the deities on the cars salvation from rebirth is attained.

Mohadeo Cave.—God Mahadev took refuge in the cave to escape the pursuit of Vashmasur who obtained a boon from God Mahadev to burn anybody to ashes whose head could be touched with his palm. The Demon wanted to test the boon on Mahadev, but ultimately reduced himself to ashes by touching his own head with his palm. The *mela* is celebrated to commemorate this incident.

Ambala Tank.—Here God Ram Chandra killed Dhimar Raja, who was giving much trouble to Brahmins and poor men. The Fair is held to commemorate this.

Dulmi.—The *mela* is held in honour of God Mahadeb and Goddess Durga. The belief is that bathing in the "Chota Pukur" on the Makar Sankranti day cures all diseases.

Saugor Island. On the Sakranti day pilgrims bathe at the confluence of the Ganges and the sea, to wash off their sins and to obtain salvation.

Konarak. Pilgrims bathe in the sacred river Chandrabhaga to wash off their sins. The Black Pagoda of Konarak represents the Sun God in his enormous chariot drawn by horses. It is a marvellous feat of Orissian architecture.

Jankadeipur.—The legend is that King Sibi being very pious and of charitable disposition offered his whole body to save the life of a pigeon, which sought the King's protection, when it was pursued by a hawk. The pigeon was God Indra and the hawk Lord of Virtue Dharma. This occurred to test the piety and virtue of King Sibi. A temple stands at this place and the *mela* is held after the name of the pigeon "Kapatheswar" to commemorate the incident.



Jain Temple, Calcutta. "*Statesman*"

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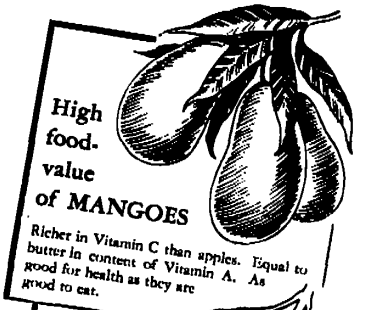
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Indian Menus

THERE are many to whom the delight of Indian cuisine is unknown. It is a pleasure not to be missed. The term "Indian Cookery," however, is a generic term which signifies the cookery of the different Indian races and communities. Though these races and communities have lived together for centuries, in the course of which each has absorbed—in many respects—the customs, culture, and civilisation of the other, yet in matters of cookery each has developed the art according to its own peculiar taste and mode of life. Thus, the Hindu cookery, which is an art of great antiquity and is essentially vegetarian, differs very widely from the Muslim cookery which has a meat basis and, in between, the cookery of the various other Indian communities differs appreciably. A cosmopolitan gourmet can, therefore, find in Indian cookery a wide range of delicious dishes to satisfy the most exacting demands of his palate.

DELECTABLE CURRIES

The most widely known of Indian dishes is Curry. It is a speciality of Southern India where it is very popular. The South Indian word is *Kari*. It is a Tamil word meaning a relish. Many ingredients are used in the preparation of curry, such as coriander, cummin, anise, mustard and poppy seeds, chillies, ginger, cinnamon, cardamom, cloves, allspice, pepper, and turmeric. Eggs, fish, fowl, game, meats, vegetables, and even certain fruits such as mango are curried. There are scores of varieties of curry and they are not all hot. Some are mild, some sharp, some sour, some bitter-sweet, some hot, and some very hot. The very hot variety is favoured in Southern India, but then Dahi, which is a form of fermented milk—something like yoghourt—usually follows curry. It serves to soothe down the pungency of curry. It is not unusual in Southern India to serve several varieties of curry at one meal. The Kalan curry, however, is a great favourite, and is therefore often described as the aristocratic curry. With Dahi as its base, it is made with sliced bananas, cocoanut, turmeric, mustard, and cummin seeds. It is not only delicious but is also nutritious, for Dahi supplies vitamins, proteins, and fats; banana supplies Vitamins A and B, and cocoanut is rich in fats and carbohydrates. Pah-Pahds or Puppadums, Bombay Ducks, pickles and chutneys usually accompany the service of curry. Pah-Pahds are very thin round wafers made of the flour of certain varieties of pulse or lentils with pepper, salt, and a little vegetable oil. They are dried in the sun and are toasted or fried before being served. Bombay Duck is a small eel-like fish; when freshly caught, it is brilliantly phosphorescent. It is salted and dried in the sun and is roasted or fried before being served.

In India, curry is not necessarily always served with rice as is generally the practice in western countries. It is as often eaten with bread as with rice. Several kinds of bread are made—some leavened, some unleavened; they are known as chuppatics, appums, paratas, and nans. Chuppatics are made of very fine wheat flour as well as rice flour, whereas appums are made of rice flour, a pinch of salt, milk of cocoanut, and leavened with toddy. Toddy is the fermented juice of palm, date, or cocoanut trees; it contains very little alcohol and is fairly rich in Vitamins B and C. Paratas are made of wheat flour which is kneaded into a dough with a pinch of salt and ghee (clarified butter). Nan is a leavened bread of wheat flour. Nan and Korma make a very tasty dish. Korma is a meat dish—chicken or mutton—marinaded in sour Dahi and cooked with chopped onions, garlic, and spices. It is a favourite dish of the Muslims and is rich but not hot. Another popular dish is Kabab. Kababs are made of minced mutton or beef, seasoned with onions, garlic, ginger, chillies, allspice, and ground almonds. The mixture is pressed into small cakes and fried in ghee or roasted over an open charcoal fire. Seekh Kababs which are pressed on a skewer and roasted or grilled are very enjoyable with cocktails—much more tasty than the cocktail sausages.

A FAVOURITE MUSLIM MEAL

One of the most favourite dishes of the Muslims is Pulao. It is a combination of rice and meat or poultry. Pulao or Delhi rice is used, and for meat, chicken is preferred. The rice is fried in a liberal portion of ghee with finely chopped onions and garlic, cloves and cardamoms. The chicken is jointed and marinaded in a mixture of sour Dahi, finely chopped onions, garlic and ginger, pepper and coriander. The rice and chicken are first carefully mixed and then cooked. The meal is served on a salver garnished with saffron, almonds, and sultanas. This is a national dish of the Muslims and is a speciality of Delhi and Hyderabad. It is eaten with great relish.

PARSI PREDILECTIONS

Dhan-Shakh is the favourite dish of the Parsees. It is a combination of rice, meat, and pulse. It is not so rich as Pulao. The rice is fried in butter or ghee with shredded onions to which are added almonds and sultanas. The pulse or Dhal—preferably of the Tur variety—is cooked with onions and curry powder and jointed chicken or small pieces of mutton. It is then made into a thick gravy and served with the rice. Some of the favourite egg dishes of the Parsees are omelette and akuri. To make the omelette, the egg is beaten in finely chopped onions, to which are added a little chilli powder or crushed green chillies, and a pinch of salt. The mixture is then fried in ghee in a frying-pan. Akuri is scrambled egg. Finely chopped onoins and garlic are fried with a little chilli powder and a pinch of salt. The egg is beaten in a little vinegar with sugar and it is then poured over the fried mixture in the frying-pan, stirred for a minute and served with wheaten chuppati on which is spread some butter. The omelette and akuri make very tasty breakfast dishes.

Fish is eaten wherever it is available. It is usually curried and sometimes fried when it is flavoured with ground spices, but it is rarely eaten boiled. Fish is largely consumed in Bengal, Bombay, and Madras.

SWEETS AND FRUITS

No Indian meal and particularly no Hindu meal—is complete without sweets. They are usually made of milk or milk products, sugar, and nuts such as pistachios and almonds. There are a number of varieties of sweets, the most common of which are the Halwa of different kinds. They are richly provided with nuts and are not quite as sweet as the other Indian sweets.

Fruits and nuts of all kinds also enter largely in Indian dietary. Of these, mention may be made here of mangoes and cashew nuts, both natives of India. There are many varieties of mango, but the Alphonso variety of Bombay is the best known outside India. It is not only a delicious fruit but it also possesses valuable food properties. It is considerably richer in Vitamin C than the apple, and its content of Vitamin A is as much as that of butter. Green mangoes are largely used in India for pickles and chutney which make an insipid dish savoury. A variety of tasty dishes are made from ripe mangoes. Mango ices and mango compote are common desserts in India, but one of the specialities is Mango Chartreuse. Its components are mango pulp, lime juice, lemon jelly, macaroons, flavoured with Liqueur Chartreuse or Brandy. Cashew nuts are rich in proteins and fats and are extensively used in Indian dishes and confectionery. Rice pudding to which flakes of these nuts are added is much appreciated. They are also roasted and salted and eaten as dessert nuts as well as with cocktails.

Indian coffee followed by a choice Indian cigar would provide a pleasant ending to any meal.

An Indian Coffee Plantation

THE opening of an Indian Coffee Plantation requires an adventurous spirit, a sympathetic handling of labour, and great perseverance.

The forest-clad highlands in South-west India, with a rainfall of eighty inches a year distributed between the South-west and the North-east Monsoon, with a dry period from December to June, broken only by showers of a few inches rainfall in March, April, and May, are the climatic conditions under which coffee thrives.

Coffee is grown under forest shade, and the surroundings and climate for both Europeans and Indians are delightful. Very few planters could wish for a more pleasant occupation, which provides plenty of work to keep the mind occupied and sufficient time for recreation.

Many of the plantations, producing coffee which realises some of the highest paid prices for coffee in the world, have been growing coffee in the same soil for over seventy years.

The life of a coffee tree in southern India is forty to fifty years, after which replanting is necessary. It takes five years, however, for a coffee tree to mature and begin to show any return on the capital outlay.

"BLOSSOM TIME"

The showers already mentioned in March or April cause the buds to burst into blossom, which open ten days after a good shower. Upon waking up on such a morning, and looking out over the estate, it appears as though the trees were covered with snow, and this is a sight which is seldom seen except by planters, for the period is automatically governed by the fall of rain. This is an anxious time for the planter, as day after day clouds appear to be working up, only to fall all round the estate and miss the plantation. Great relief is felt when a shower of about an inch is experienced, and the relief is so great that it gives the planter the utmost pleasure to go out and get soaked through in it.

The coffee bean swells during the Monsoon. It is gathered during the cool, but generally dry, months of December, January, and February. Great care is taken to see that only completely ripe berries are picked, and several pickings are necessary before all the crop can be removed from the trees. Each day the deep red berries are measured, pulped, fermented, uniformly dried, and despatched to the curing works on the West Coast of India, where the parchment skin is removed, the coffee graded, and all defective beans eliminated by a process known as "garbling"—that is, picking out of all defective beans.

The drying and preparation of coffee in India is said to be the finest in the world, and is said to account for the fact that Indian coffee will keep in the raw state for a longer period than other coffees. This is of great importance in considering the coffees best suited to tide over the time required for distribution to the consumer.

The thick liquor and flavour of Indian coffees are such that regular drinkers of Indian coffee find something missing from other growths, which, although they may have many excellent qualities, lack the essential characteristic of Indian coffee. This is, that the flavour of the coffee is not only appreciated at the time of drinking, but for some time afterwards, because the pleasing flavour seems to linger on the palate in much the same way as is noticed after smoking a good cigar.

The Finest Coffee in the World

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Full bodied
Mellow
Rich in flavour
Economical

Indian Coffee is the coffee of the connoisseur. Full-bodied and mellow, it has a generous, distinctive flavour and is gratifyingly smooth on the palate.

To the connoisseur, coffee is not just a beverage: he appreciates it in just the same way that one appreciates a really good cigar or age-matured brandy—for its lingering excellence of flavour and aroma.

Indian Coffee is grown under perfect conditions. Graded and selected with the utmost care, it is excellent in both bean and cup—yet is extremely economical. It is a coffee of serene, unchanging character and perfection—the finest coffee the world produces.

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The Castles of Unbelievers

(A Bit of Indian History)

by LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

AMONG the many stories of India's past, yet to be unravelled, is that of the *Kafir Kots*, the "Castles of the Unbelievers," which are to be found on the Indus and high up in the mountains of Roh or Trans-Indus Kohistan, from which came the Rohillas. Those who know Landi Kotal will know that long, black-bastioned wall high above the Khaiber, or the road to Bannu winding under the great black hill of *Kafir Kot*- just *Kafir Kot*, the Unbeliever's Castle, and that is all. Did they belong to the days of the Hellenes, those semi-Asiatic Greeks, not of Alexander's Kingdom, but of the survivors thereof, driven by the coming of the Jats from their homes on the Oxus, to the regions of the Indus, a century or so later? Two hundred and sixteen different mints have been recognised on those Greek coins that old cultivators carry in a knot in their shirt-tail to sell to *sahibs* if they are lucky. The spade and the plough turn them up and the rain in ruined villages washes them bare.

Did *they* build the *Kafir Kots*, or was it before their day, or do these belong to those equally dark days, when Buddhism, that had taken 500 years to rise, 500 years to flourish, and 500 years to die in India, was passing away over the mountains to the mists of Tibet, of China, and Japan? That is perhaps the time when the reviving Hinduism, that the Brahmins had kept alive in the pot-holds of the desert and the denes of forests, was building in stone the shrines of the old gods, and regaining at the hands of the priests the reconstructed Hindu system. Some of the *Kafir Kots* have Hindu temples within, resembling those of Kashmir, or the Salt Range, or those by the ferry at Kalabagh. Strangely ornate, beautiful of line, in a porous pumice-stone-like material. Perhaps the *Kafir Kots* date before the temples, when Toramun, Mihiragulla, and their Tatars and the White Huns were ravishing Northern India. Perhaps they date from the more peaceful times, when India was Hindu all over and owned the sway of Rajput and other famous dynasties. All is still dark, but modern Indian archæology, a new cult that owes its origin largely to the enthusiasm of the West, is studying history deeply, with Indian imagination now fired by the wonders of Buddhist Taxila.

A TANGLED STORY

The racial story of the mountains of Roh, which we call the frontier hills, is a puzzling one. In the days before Alexander of the Two Horns came out of Macedon, the hills, so far as they were populated, must have held an Aryan people, identical in race with the Aryans who had colonised the Punjab plains, and the outer hills of the Himalaya. Buddhist they undoubtedly were, when the teaching of Prince Gautama "The Buddha"—"the Enlightener"—had spread his taking philosophy. Probably they escaped the waves of the Huns who kept to the main passes and to open country. This would seem so, since they still bear the names to-day that Alexander's soldiers knew them by, for historians, who knew some of those who had known the "companions," spoke of the folk in Gandara as *Pucktiæ*, who spoke Puckto or Pushto (it is still soft in some parts, hard in others), and the people about the Khaiber as *Aprætæ*, which is how the Afridi pronounces his own name to this day.

But whether the *Kafir Kots* all date from the same period, no one knows, and the name is the name of the Islamic conquerors, who found in the hills Aryan tribes of Hindus or Buddhists who had not reverted to Hinduism, as had the rest of India. The mountains of Roh were still in India, and far into the Middle Ages Rajput armies entered the mountains to fight with the Moslems. It is hard for us perhaps to imagine how the religion of Islam, which means "Submission to God," swept over Arabia and Persia like the roar of a forest fire and across the Oxus, lapping round the mountains of Roh. For several generations the captured women bred to the lusty Arab loins countless recruits to the faith and the all-pervading hordes. Islam first came to India from the Persian Gulf, *via* the Indus in the early years of the eighth century, and Sind was conquered. There it stayed till half a century from the date of the Norman Conquest, when, though long held up by Rajput bravery, the great waves came down through the Passes in the days of Sultan Mahmud Ghaznavi, as Moslem historians affectionately call him.

GHOSTS INNUMERABLE

But, indeed, is the frontier full of ghosts. Where the British border posts stand along the frontier, guarding the passes by which alone raided cattle can be driven off, there are ruins of posts, the Græco-Bactrian, existing for a similar purpose. There are the coins of Basileus Eukratidos and his like to be found, and obviously the mountains of Roh held caterans since mankind came into them. High upon the hills above the great pass of the Chupr-Khel Dhana, that leads under the Throne of Solomon up into Baluchistan from the Derajat, the country of the tent-dwellers, stands a *Kafir Kot* that no white man has seen, and which the tribesmen tell you is full of *bhuts*, i.e. ghosts, and spirits innumerable. Not for nothing do these old stone walls and bastions, black with age, frown down on the defiles of the caravan and wayfarer.

Many years ago, the writer was camped below the hill of Takht-i-Bhai near Mardan, on which were Græco-Buddhist ruins—our Irish doctor climbed up to inspect them. When he came down he told us of the figures of the dancers and singers carved round the walls in flowing classical robes. "Faith!" said he, "you could tell they were Grayco-Bactrian, by the Rōman Tōgas depicted on the figures." The frontier valley of Swat is full of such, while Dr. Aurel Stein has at last discovered the Rock of Aornos, whose capture by Alexander is related in detail by Arrian and the earlier historians.

CRESCENT HILLS

So much for *Kafir Kots* in general, and now let us turn to two that are intimate and important yet deserted and almost unknown. The Indus may be said to enter its delta at Mari-Attak, and is joined a few miles later by the Kurram River. It then runs its course for a thousand miles and more to the sea, entering a gorge again at Sukkur after keeping for many a hundred miles in a wide *kachch* or alluvial bed perhaps ten miles across. Within this wide bed the main stream, sometimes running bifurcated, passes at will from one side to the other and back again after the snow-laden summer rise. Not far below the confluence with the Kurram River in the country of the Derajat, a crescent-shaped range of hills some thirty miles long, separated from the main block of the frontier mountains and known as the *Ruttah Koh*, or red hills, lies along the bed on the Afghan side. The horns of the crescent point to the river, which forms the cord to the bow. The old main channel, not used for many generations by the fickle river, ran under the two horns of the crescent, but has left a small waterway, however, still running under the rocks at the base of the horns. And now we come to the remarkable

geographical and strategical fact that on the heights of each horn stands a fortress washed by the old channel. The channel and the crescent hills fenced off an enclosure of what was obviously fertile alluvial land. The crescent hills are practically unpassable, and the land within the arc was, and is, only accessible by water, to the outer world, or by the modern scramble way which now skirts the horns. The owners of the fortress must have taken high toll of all who journeyed in the big boats of deodar that sailed, as they do now, up and down the Indus, while the peasantry within the arc grew sustenance for the garrisons of the Lords of the Horns, thirty miles apart. They probably owed their downfall to the strength of their positions.

The northern fortress, high up on the hill with bastioned terraces to the water, bears the names in the countryside of *Rajah Til Ka Kafir Kot*, "the Castle of Rajah Til, the Unbeliever." It stands with great black limestone walls and towers, and ruined buildings within, and its bastions are forty foot in the sheer, covering an area as large as Agra Fort. Who was Rajah Til? Nobody knows. Who lives there? The dragon, the bittern, and the cockatrice, and no human soul!

STRANGE TALES

Thirty miles farther down stands a similar but smaller fort bearing the name of *Rajah Bil Ka Kafir Kot*, equally unknown to history. Within the southern fortress are several smaller temples graceful and ornately carved in the pumice-stone-like material referred to. Nothing particularly unusual in them save a strange device on many lozenges, strange at least in that setting, of something remarkably like a rose and portcullis. Who, then, were these Rajahs Bil and Til who dominated the great river and lived in comfort with their retainers on the produce of the fertile crescent? Again nobody knows. History, legend, folk-lore are silent as Pharaoh's tomb. Stay, not quite! At the level of the lowest bastioned terrace outside the walls of Til stands a shrine, deserted, carved, weird, and it is called of the countryside the *Kanjuri Kuthi*, the "Dancing Girl's House." That is all, save that rumour says she betrayed the garrison to invaders. When you ask "what invaders?" rumour relapses into silence. That is the story of so many castles, so many slack guard-rooms betrayed by a dancing girl, a light o' love. We must leave it at that. The desolation of *Rajah Til* once teeming with life is very great, but we can picture—

> *"The soldier lad, the market wife,*
> *Madam buying fowls from her,*
> *Tip the bandied butcher's cur—"*

And all that a fortress town meant.

REMINDERS OF TURKISH RULE

We may conceive that it was captured at the time of one of Mahmud Ghaznavi's many invasions of India, and his destruction of Hindu civilisation and his ruthless iconoclasm. Not for nothing was he named *Bhut-Shikan*, "Image-breaker," from Bhatinda to Bindraban. History, not very well documented history, relates that Rajah Jaipal of Lahore in 977 led a vast organised Indian army through the mountains of Roh, against Ghuzni, a provocative action which brought defeat, surrender in the snow, and enslavement to a large portion of his forces, and induced those constant predatory expeditions which finally established Turkish rule in India, and brought misery and outrage to the New Hinduism.

Then, it must have been, that Rajah Bil and Rajah Til met their Waterloo, the *Khanjari* assisting. It is just one of those dark ages like the dying of Roman Britain of which one longs to hear more—"Bangles ring softly and sadly!"

There is a strange phase of frontier history not quite unconnected with the old Hindu and Buddhist rule on the frontier, not very well known of. When the British policy of restoring the Duranni Empire to its rightful dynasty broke down in 1842, the British Government offered the country from the Khaiber mouth to Jellalabad to Rajah Gulab Singh of Jammu and his Rajput Dogras. He might have accepted, for he had a large French-modelled army, had not General Pollock blown up the defences of Jellalabad before the orders came to stay his hand. Curiously enough, Rajah (as he then was) Sir Pertab Singh of Idar, who took part in the Tirah campaign, repeatedly suggested that the Tirars with its probably Rajput-descended Aprœtæ, should be given as a fief to him and his Rajputs. The old Hindu-Moslem clash on the Indus, that dates from the days of Sultan Mahmud Ghaznavi, and saw the unrecorded end of Rajah Bil* and Rajah Til, has many facets.

* Many will remember how Mr. Bill of the Indian Service, once Deputy Commissioner of Bannu, was always known as "Rajah Bil," before those days when as political officer in Mosul he was killed in 1919, *in visiting the Kurdish Hills within his jurisdiction.*

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Nudism in India

Its Sociological and Philosophical Aspects

by R. P. MASANI

A COMPARATIVELY recent addition to the social problems of the world is nudism. In the East, until recently, nudity was the general rule; and even now with the exception of a few cities semi-nudity is the rule and a fully attired man or woman an exception. In the West, however, despite the persistent tendency of Dame Fashion to slide back to the primitive mode of covering the body, nudity is still an exception.

It is not the purpose of this article to examine the viewpoints of the opposing schools of thought; its object merely is to give an idea of the cult of the nude as it prevailed in India for centuries, and as it still prevails in Indian custom and ritual, and to call attention to its sociological, mystical, and philosophical aspects.

ORIGIN OF BODY COVERING

When man was just a nude creature, just an unthinking animal and, therefore, innocent of any idea of immodesty or vulgarity, everyone, whether in the East or in the West, lived in a state of nature and moved about in the suit in which he or she was born. Later, however, it is said, the consciousness of nudity dawned on human beings and they felt ashamed, like their first parents who, after having tasted the fruit of the forbidden tree, went into the wood, and

. . . There soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit removed,
But such as, at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The blessed twigs take root . . .
. . . Those leaves
They gathered, bound as Amazonian large
And with what skill they had, together sewed,
To gird their waist.

Such is the version of poetry, but the science of anthropology denies that the idea of covering the body originated with any sense of shame. It maintains that when early man or their prehuman ancestors lost their hairy fell, body-covering first came about solely for protection from weather and temperature.

THE FIG-LEAF STAGE OF SOCIETY

Be that as it may, the fact remains that human beings the world over remained for centuries in what is called the fig-leaf stage of society. When the sense of clothing began to develop in some communities, men and women found opportunities for exercising their vanity. The goddess of fashion allowed plenty of scope to her votaries, but she was seen to be sliding back, at repeated intervals, to the primitive; and this is what she has been doing for the last few years.

Until the close of the nineteenth century, numerous tribes in India knew no covering except that of leaves, and some of them have preserved that simple costume till this day. The sole covering which Colonel Dalton found on the bodies of the Juang women of Chhota Nagpur was "a girdle made of several strings of beads from which depended before and behind small curtains of leaves." In the picture drawn for us by Milton, Adam and Eve are seen making themselves aprons by sewing fig-leaves together. The Juangs are not so far advanced. They merely take young shoots of trees with long, soft leaves, arrange them so as to form a flat and scale-like surface of the required size, and simply stick the sprigs in the girdle fore and aft, and the toilet is complete. Leaves are now abandoned by men, who use instead a small piece of cotton cloth to serve the purpose of decency, but the women, we are told, are afraid of discarding the leaves lest they should offend the goddess residing in the waters of the Vaitarni River. There is a belief current among these people that when this river-goddess emerged for the first time from the Ganasika rock, she came suddenly on a rollicking party of Juangs dancing naked, and ordered them to adopt leaves as a covering, with a curse that they must adhere to that costume for ever or die!

JUST ENOUGH TO COVER ONE HIP!

Another deity, Sita, is believed to have set the fashion for the Bhonda women of Jaipur. Tradition has it that that goddess once found herself surrounded by a large number of naked women when she once halted at Jaipur. Such indecency made her blush; so she forthwith gave them a piece of tusser silk cloth, all that she could spare from her travelling wardrobe. It was found to supply each one of them with what was just enough to cover one hip. The goddess thereupon commanded that they should, in future, always cover themselves thus much and no more. Hence the attire of the Bhonda women consisted until recent times of a piece of cloth covering a part of one hip only. It was attached to their waists by a string, on which it ran, and could be slipped round to any side. "A most ludicrous sight has often been presented to me," says J. A. May, "by a stampede among a number of these women, when I have happened to enter a village unexpected. On my approach one and all hurried to their respective dwellings, and as they ran in all directions, endeavoured to lift this rag round to the part most likely to be exposed to me."

Another tradition ascribes to another deity the origin of the custom prevailing among the jungle folk of Malabar of wearing clusters of long leaves suspended from the waist. "What would you prefer," inquired the god Parameswara of the Vittuvan women, "a daily or a yearly change of apparel?" They naturally expressed a preference for a daily change, but it savoured of covetousness and it was perhaps for that reason that the god decreed that their daily dress should consist of leaves only.

FANTASTIC CODES OF ETIQUETTE

Nudity is gradually disappearing from India, and is now confined to certain classes of ascetics only. The code of social etiquette of the different tribes prescribes clothing, however scant. In the ancient Tamil period a full dress appears to have been the outward sign of a servant rather than of a master. Persons in superior position put on merely so much clothing as could be worn without discomfort in a tropical country. About eighty years ago some Christian converts in Travancore ventured to make a departure from the time-honoured custom of going about without an upper cloth. The Travancore public regarded it as an outrage on their sentiments; and there were riots in the city. At last the Maharaja put an end to the dispute by issuing a proclamation legalising the action of the Christian converts as being a legitimate effort to encourage modesty in dress.

As an illustration of the manner in which the idea of

concealment of nudity develops fantastic notions of etiquette, may be mentioned a canon of etiquette of the Tamil women. It enjoined that the shoulders, arms, and body down to the waist should be entirely bare; only the portion from the loins downward to the ankles was to be draped. The courtesans, however, had their own law. They wore a piece of muslin which covered their body from the waist to the middle of the thigh. It was, however, so fine that it attracted and focused attention on the very limbs it was meant to cover.

A wide gulf separates fallen women from ascetics; they are in the same category, however, in the realm of nudity. The Indian ascetic claims that he has the divine right to live in a state of nature. He has adopted *sannyasta*, or life of renunciation, recommended in the sacred books for the attainment of final beatitude, and goes about without a vestige of cloth, smearing his body with wood ash and twisting his unkempt hair into a headgear.

SIMPLIFICATION AND SALVATION

Hindu scriptures do not definitely enjoin nakedness, even for Sadhus, but several references therein to naked ascetics bear testimony to the antiquity of the practice prevailing among sages in the highest stage of renunciation to wander about *puris naturalibus*. In one of the Sacred Books it is stated: "After having given up all clothes and having gained consciousness of one's true nature, without being affected by duality, the true ascetic proceeds on the true path of divinity." He does not carry with him anything, not even a pot of water, but goes about stark-naked and empty-handed, with his firm will as his staff and his hand as his bowl. He is a "naked sage and a sea of knowledge." The followers of the modern cult of nudity believe in its efficiency as a means to attain physical perfection and salvation from bodily ills; the ancient sages believed in its virtue as a contributory factor towards the perfection of the mind and the emancipation of the soul (*moksha*).

Exposure of the flesh above the knee is repugnant to the traditions of Islam, although in olden days certain Mohammedan saints, whose souls were believed to have found their way to heaven and whose bodies merely were left behind on this penitentiary, wandered about completely uncovered. As a rule, the different orders of Moslem fakirs have their distinguishing costumes and headgears. Deviation from the established custom is regarded as nothing short of heresy. Once, in the days of Emperor Aurangzib, one of the devotees discarded all clothing. People were shocked; they accused him of heresy and petitioned the Emperor to give capital punishment for such an offence. Aurangzib, however, merely requested the heretic to cover his body, but he was adamant. "God bestowed on thee," said he to the prince, "the crown of sovereignty; but to me He has granted the state of nakedness. He gave a covering to those whom he found defective, but to those in whom he perceived no blemish he gave the suit of nakedness."

NAKED PROCESSIONS

No naked ascetic, whether Islamic or Hindu, now bestrides the public places in India. Only on certain occasions certain Hindu *Sadhus* claim the prerogative to bathe without any vestige of cloth in sacred pools and rivers and also to march there in procession, absolutely uncovered. One of those occasions is the *Sinhasta*, or Lion Festival. It occurs only once in twelve years when the planet *Gurn* (Jupiter) enters the sign of *Sinha* (Leo). It is believed that during this period six holy rivers of India, namely the Ganges, the Jumna, the Sabarmati, the Narmadan, the Sindhu, and the Kaveri, pay a visit to their sister Godavari at Nasik. A dip in the waters of the Godavari at the time, therefore, earns for the bather the merit of purifying his body in the waters of all those rivers.

What may be the conceptions underlying the vow taken by these ascetics to go uncovered? Is their nudity a mere symbol of their supreme poverty and total detachment, or is it regarded as a means to an end? Are those ideas rooted in any religious or spiritual doctrine, or do they rest on some belief in certain virtue ascribed to nudity? For a solution of this problem one has to make a joint appeal to the religious tradition and the speculative philosophy of the people.

A SPELL TO SCARE AWAY SPIRITS

That certain religious ceremonies gain in efficacy if performed in a state of nudity is a belief current amongst the Hindu population of India. Nudity is invariably associated with fertility rites. For instance, in Bombay women desiring children used to go, and still go, to the temple of Hanuman, the monkey god, uncover themselves, and embrace the image. Similarly, nudity is an essential feature of rain-performing ceremonies. In times of drought many a high-caste woman divests herself of her clothing during night time and drags ploughs through the fields, the underlying idea being that their nudity would scare away the spirit of drought and that the dragging of the plough across the fields would propitiate the rain-god.

A RAIN-DANCE

An interesting account of a rain-dance, contributed by a European visitor to the "Englishman" of Calcutta, of July 19th, 1923, is worth recalling in this connection. Hearing that some women of the Rajbansi tribe resident in northern Bengal were to pray to the godling Hutum Deva, he hid himself, with some friends, in a corner of the forest where the rain-dance was to take place. In the centre of the group of women was a cone of mud decorated with vermilion, representing Hutum Deva, carried by an old woman. "The procession approached to within fifty feet of the place where the party was standing concealed, and Hutum Deva was carefully deposited in the middle of the fallow field. All torches were extinguished; the women took their places forming a circle by holding one another's hands. At a word of command from the old woman who had carried Hutum Deva, a plaintive soft chant rose in the air, while the singers glided round the figure, keeping time to the music. The volume of song increased as did the dance, and soon the air was rent with a wail with the words 'Hutum Deva.' The dance went on for a time and ceased as the old woman raised her hands. There was dead silence; and, at a word, every hand went up to the breast; every woman stood stark-naked with her clothes lying alongside her. Another command and the dance resumed, each dancer making gestures at the lump of clay. The moon shone on their naked oiled bodies; and faster and faster they danced round the idol. The perspiration streamed down as the frenzy of the dance seized them. Every now and then, at the top of their voices, they cursed and swore at Hutum Deva, and then, as if to propitiate him, burst into song promising the god anything, if only he would send rain. The songs to the god of rain continued till, one by one, the dancers fell exhausted. When the last dancer sat down, they waited awhile; when again, at a word from the old woman they donned their discarded clothes, lighted the torches, and went back to their dwellings."

CONTROL OF SPIRITS

Nudity is also a marked feature of rites that are magical, or are connected with the control of spirits. A *mantrik* reciting incantations to get control over spirit must be naked during his recitation and cannot wear even his girdle string. Should he be a Brahmin, he must divest himself of his sacred thread and, if a Lingayat, of his *linga*. Medicinal herbs, or herbs for effecting cures, are collected in a naked state. On the same reasoning, certain drugs are prepared in a state of nakedness under the belief that they thereby gain in efficiency. In chronic

(*Concluded on page* 95)



BENARES.

Picturesque ghats and splendid temples line the sacred waters of the Ganges at Benares, the metropolis of Hinduism and resort of countless devout pilgrims.

The Primitive Tribes of India

by PROFESSOR J. H. HUTTON

INDIA through the ages has been the scene of many invasions, and successive waves of invaders have pushed along the lines of least resistance where the country has been open and hills or forests least impenetrable, southwards and eastwards for the most part. In the process one community after another of the earlier inhabitants has been driven to the hills, where it has maintained an independent existence isolated by forests and broken ground and able by reason of its inaccessibility to retain many more vestiges of its ancient culture than have survived the successive conquests of the plains.

THE ANDAMAN ISLANDERS

The earliest inhabitants were probably pygmies—negritos. They survive only in the Andaman Islands, where the sea offered even greater protection than hills or forests could, but traces of their blood are to be seen in one or two south Indian forest tribes like the Kadar of Cochin State, and in a few of the remoter villages of the Assam-Burma frontier. These Andaman islanders are one of the oldest surviving types of the human race—not even knowing how to make fire, though its uses were known well enough, and living on fish and game and roots and berries without the practice of any form of agriculture; dwarfish in stature, and speaking a language belonging to no other known family of human speech. Though fast dying out, they still preserve for the most part the unadulterated pattern of their ancient race.

TRIBAL LIFE

Very different were their successors: the Pre-Dravidian or "Proto-Australoid" tribes. These are seen in their purest form in the forest tribes of south India. They have very wavy hair, slightly prognathous features, and everted lips, but most of them show traces of admixture of blood. Perhaps the Paliyans of Travancore and the Palni hills are the most typical, but there are many other such tribes: Malapantarams, Malarayans, Malavedans, Chenchus, etc., and traces of this physical type are to be found very strongly all over India, particularly in the lower castes. In southern India, where the tribal life is still in some degree maintained, even now some of them practise hardly any agriculture and use a digging stick for extracting wild yams from the ground. The Palayans of the Madura district, for instance, do not practise agriculture at all. They attach great importance to the collection of honey, which is a very important article of food as well as of exchange and ceremonial. Their only amusement seems to be in dancing. Some of these tribes still reckon descent through the mother, though most of them seem to be in the process of change from such a matrilineal system to a patrilineal one.

CENTRAL INDIA TYPES

The Proto-Australoid racial element which is the predominant one in the primitive tribes of southern India is obviously present, though less pronounced, in the tribes of central India from west to east. Clearly the Koli, Bhil, and Mina tribes of the west are strongly tinged with it, though modified by other strains as are the Bhilala, avowedly part Rajput, and the Mer. The same strain is obviously present in the Gond and Baiga tribes of the Central Provinces and the Oraon, Munda, and Santal tribes of Chota Nagpur, together with the Korku, Korwa, and numerous other small but allied tribes of that plateau. As one goes east, however, an element appears which is absent in the western tribes but present in an increasing degree as the east coast is approached. Noticeable occasionally among Mundas, for instance, it is comparatively frequent among Maria Gonds in Bastar State, among Khonds, Parjas, Gadabas, and Sawaras, though these tribes differ much among themselves. Possibly it is due to some element which, for want of a better word, we may label Indonesian, possibly also to some infiltration of Mongolian blood. An exception to the general Proto-Australoid physical character of the southern Indian tribes is to be found in the case of the Todas, a hairy race of buffalo-keepers more written of than any tribe in India, inhabiting the Nilghiri hills, and having apparently some near affinity with the Indo-European races of much later immigration.

Unlike the southern tribes, most of whom speak a corrupt form of Tamil, the central tribes vary much in language, though this does not by any means imply a corresponding difference of race. How little racial significance is to be attached to language is exemplified in the history of the Nihali language which has clearly a Kolarian basis with affinities to the Munda group of languages, but which has since assimilated itself to the languages of the Dravidian group and is now, as a result of fresh external contacts, rapidly assuming an Indo-Aryan complexion. Geographically, too, these central tribes are often mixed, and, although on the plateau of Chota Nagpur and in the less accessible parts of Orissa the tribes still retain their organisation and individuality, the tendency has been for them to become scattered and in many tribes there will be found different sections, one of which may retain the old tribal customs and mode of life, while the others are in varying degree becoming assimilated to the prevailing population of the neighbourhood and often evolving into a recognised Hindu caste. Thus the Sawara of Orissa form a separate and distinct tribal entity, but the Saurias of central India and still more the Sawaria of Rajputana, though originally, no doubt, of the same stock have now lost their distinctive language, become Hinduised, and assumed the position of a caste.

SPIRIT WORSHIP

In the highlands of Chota Nagpur and Orissa, as in the Santal Parganas and in the states and zamindaris of the Central Provinces, tribes such as the Santals or the Maria Gonds have managed to retain their tribal life. In Chota Nagpur the organisation of tribes is generally on a territorial basis. Each village has a headman, who is sometimes also the priest, but generally a secular official, and a council of elders; a group of villages forms a unit of administration, with a group council composed of the headmen of villages, one of whom, generally the headman of a particular village, presides over the council and is assisted by officers corresponding to the religious and executive officers found in each village. These territorial units sometimes assemble at a tribal gathering, such as the Spring Hunting, each bringing their own banners and musicians.

Where the tribal organisation has survived, the tribal religion has also generally survived, though coloured in a greater or lesser degree very often with some reflection of the surrounding Hinduism. Spirits are worshipped, sometimes identified with the sun or moon, more often perhaps with ancestors, together with fertility cults of various kinds and frequently the erection of megalithic monuments. In the villages the institution of the Bachelors' House often survives; there the young unmarried men sleep and congregate with a rough organisation of their own graded by age-groups. Dancing forms an important feature in their life and seems to be associated with fertility ceremonies, particularly where the dancing is imitative, as it often is, of animals; the Batra tribe, for instance, dance with



Head-hunting "trophy."



Angami Nagas dancing.



Angami Naga dressing for dance.



Maris from Manipur State weaving their hair in horns.



Tangkhul Naga house at Chingjaroi. The forked posts and horned gables are the insignia of Feasts of Merit by which the owner of the house has acquired status.



Maria Gonds from Bastar State wearing "bison" horns and feather head-dresses for the dance.

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This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
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antlers in imitation of deer, while the Maria Gonds wear an elaborate head-dress of bison horns topped with a great plume of feathers. The Khonds were notorious a century ago for the practice of human sacrifice—the victims were known as *meriahs* which led to the occupation of their country by the British *raj*.

HEAD-HUNTERS

Among the tribes farther to the west, Hinduism has gained a stronger hold, and in some cases, as in that of the Tadvi Bhils of Khandesh, the religion of Islam has been adopted and to some extent adapted. Similarly in the Himalayas the polyandrous tribesmen of Lahaul and Spiti are nominally at any rate Buddhists by religion, as are the people of Sikkim and Bhutan farther east, including the gentle Lepcha, whose inoffensiveness offers a great contrast to the truculent character of the tribes of the Assam slopes of the Himalayas farther east, Daflas, Abors, Mishmis, and their congeners, whose raids on the plains have only quite recently ceased to trouble the local administration. Although these tribes on the north bank of the Brahmaputra River are well known to the officers of the Assam Government who have to deal with them, little information about them has been published and they form an almost virgin field of research for anthropologists of the future. More work has been done on the tribes farther south who inhabit the ranges between Assam and Burma. The Naga and Kuki or Chin tribes of this area are in India though scarcely of India; their affinities are rather with south-east Asia and Indonesia, and the Naga tribes are quite the most picturesque of the primitive peoples of India. They inhabit a very mountainous country and the difficulties of intercommunication, together with the practice of head-hunting, and the effect of the repeated immigrations of invaders, in small numbers probably, and mostly from the east, have resulted in conditions of extreme isolation. Each village is a state, and each has its own dialect, while the number of actual languages is almost incredible. In one area the size of Wales there may be two score different tongues as varied as the languages of Europe, and sometimes more than one language is in regular use in a single village. The religion of the Naga tribes is based on ancestor-worship and taboo plays an important part in it. Many tribes still erect megalithic monuments. All have a fertility cult with success in agriculture as its primary motive, and with head-hunting (or occasionally human sacrifice) as a contributory feature, heads being required as the repositories of life or soul matter required to make men's stock and crops fertile. As among the other primitive tribes, dancing is an important cultural feature and is associated with very artistic and effective dress. Naga is probably a corruption of a word meaning "naked," and some tribes in the interior of the hills still go largely unclothed, but it is anything but appropriate to the appearance of, say, an Angami tribesman at a ceremonial dance decked out in white, black, scarlet, and yellow, in long fringes of human hair, or of goat's hair dyed scarlet, and in a circular feather head-dress five feet perhaps in diameter. The Kuki-Chin tribes, Thado, Lushei, etc., are much less spectacular, but they have far more coherence among themselves, and afford much good material for recruiting for the military police of the North-east Frontier, taking far more kindly to discipline than most of their neighbours. In the midst of the Naga and Kuki country is set the Hindu State of Manipur, the people of which, though they cannot be classed with primitive tribes, have racial affinities with their more barbaric neighbours and a highly artistic and individual culture of their own.

UNIQUE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

South of the Lushei and Lakher (Kuki-Chin) tribes of Assam lie the Chittagong Hill Tracts of Bengal, peopled in part by tribes of Kuki affinity, in part by Maghs, and by the Mru tribe, a shy and peaceful Buddhist people who have taken their religion from Burmese monks. Geographically, we have reached the Bay of Bengal, but not the end of the primitive tribes. The Andamanese, most primitive of all, have already been mentioned, but the Nicobar Islands are also peopled by primitive tribes, living (largely on the coconut) in small island communities whose only means of intercommunication is by canoe. The Nicobarese make considerable voyages in the cold weather in these vessels, which resemble a Malay *prahu*, and carry on inter-island trade, while in smaller individual canoes they fish on the coral reefs in tropical waters glowing with colour and so clear that the anchor is easily discernible at a depth of six fathoms. The Nicobarese are in many ways suggestive of the hillmen of Assam, but less of those already mentioned than of the Garos perhaps, of the hills between the Assam valley and the plains of east Bengal, a tribe in which an unexpected custom holds sway under which a man must marry his mother-in-law, as well as her daughter, when his father-in-law dies, while property, as among their highly intelligent and by no means uncivilised neighbours the Khasis, is handed down on the female instead of the male side of the family.

The Primitive Tribes of India, who number altogether some twenty-five millions, and very few of whom have ever been mentioned by name here, afford very great diversity in every respect. Their cultures vary from the most primitive still extant to something as near civilisation as is possible without a written language, but they generally agree in one respect, and that is in differing more or less profoundly from the surrounding peoples and in needing special treatment and special administration to enable them to develop in their own time and manner while protecting them from economic subjugation and their land from exploitation for the benefit of others. This, under the new Constitution, comparatively few of them in British India have been able to obtain, for the tribal areas completely excluded contain fewer than a million inhabitants, while those partially excluded do not contain so much as another ten millions.

NUDISM IN INDIA (*Concluded from page 90*)

cases of anæmia of a child, the mother strips herself of her clothing and bathes the child.

Going to battle stark-naked was not an unusual phenomenon in India, some years ago. The underlying idea was to scare away the forces of evil.

In books on cultural anthropology are found numerous instances of the belief that malignant spirits dread indecency. Nudity, therefore, also serves as a spell in ceremonies connected with the propitiation of evil spirits as well as for scaring them away.

PURITY ASSOCIATED WITH NUDITY

It also appears from the injunction given to the monastic order of the Janis to go uncovered, to observe chastity and to relinquish property, that the idea associated with nudity was that of complete self-loss. Why should worldly notions of decorum mar the supreme detachment of one totally devoid of desires and appetites and absolutely impervious to sex-appeal? If one cannot have a sound mind without a sound body, one cannot also have a naked mind without a naked body. The naked ascetic differs from other devotees in that he is as absolutely forgetful of his physical self as he is of his mental self. Loss of self-consciousness is the stepping-stone on which a saint may rise to the heights of spiritual life, nudity in his case is the mere symbol of his forgetfulness of his lower self and of his renunciation of earthly instincts and worldly ideas and worldly things.

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Many New Industries

THE friendly relationship between the Law and Big Business in India is illustrated by the career of Mr. D. Khaitan, whose high position in the Indian business world can be inferred from the number of directorships he holds. During a distinguished career as a solicitor in Calcutta his many connections with Indian businessmen drew him to the Vice-Chairmanship of the Bharat, one of the oldest and best-known of Indian Insurance Companies, which has forged ahead under his rejuvenating touch. Since the Chairman of the Bharat is an active promoter of new industries, Mr. Khaitan has naturally acquired a connection with the various companies associated with Seth R. Dalmia who combines an extensive range of business interests in many parts of India with an abiding concern for the welfare of the people.

Mr. Khaitan's own specific leanings are towards less developed and quite new industries like chemical manufactures and aluminium. Seth Dalmia's vigorous industrial drive is already bearing fruit in India specially in Bihar where the sugar, cement, paper, caustic soda, and other associated enterprises have made remarkable headway. As Vice-Chairman of the Bharat Insurance Company, his main concern has been the control of subsidiary companies. But he has latterly taken an active interest in the old-established Steel Products Ltd., famed as specialists in steel furniture and equipment. His directorship of the Dehri-Rohtas Railway Co., Ltd., arises from his intimate association with Rohtas Industries Limited located at Dehri-on-Sone. His public activities are no less variegated. As Vice-Chairman of the Indian Sugar Mills Association and a member of the Committee of the Indian Chamber of Commerce, he has often put forth a representative point of view at the session of the Federations of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, and conferences initiated by the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research.



Mr. D. Khaitan.

Gilgit, an Outpost of India, and some of its Possibilities

by LT.-COL. D. L. R. LORIMER

IF asked about Gilgit, most people would say that it was a far away country of whose people they knew nothing; and they could say so without reproach. They would probably not know that the Gilgit Political Agency includes the very northernmost part of India, lying to the north of Kashmir where the frontier line bulges out towards Central Asia. Beyond that frontier lie the lands of the Chinese Empire, and with only a narrow strip of Afghanistan intervening, those of the U.S.S.R. Within it lie the mighty mountain ranges of the western Karakoram, which here changes direction and passes on into the Hindukush. Here, on the "Roof of the World," the Pamirs, is the meeting-place of Empires.

For a short time in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Gilgit became a region of interest to the Government of India, alarmed at that time by the advance of Russia in Central Asia and the activity of its agents in the Pamirs.

In those days Gilgit, that is the Fort and village of Gilgit and the small area of which it was the centre, was somewhat precariously occupied by a small and ill-found force of Kashmir troops, and the surrounding districts had long been recognised as nominally Kashmir territory; but there was nothing effectively to prevent Russian penetration. The attitude of Hunza, the small independent frontier State, which had successfully repelled the suzerainty of Kashmir, was unsatisfactory.

Accordingly, in 1888, the Indian Government deputed a British officer, Colonel Algernon Durand, to investigate the situation and try to improve relations with Hunza; it then established in Gilgit a Political Agency to provide for the control of the frontier districts, which has been maintained ever since.

For a few months in 1891-92 the "Hunza Nagir Expedition" brought a bright spotlight to bear on Hunza and Gilgit. The Expedition ended happily, with much applause, and gradually the position in this region was consolidated and stabilised by Durand and a small band of British officers. Again, in 1895, the Siege of Chitral in the relief of which a force from Gilgit that included volunteers from Hunza, co-operated- brought this corner of India into the "news." Two of the principal British actors in them and a distinguished British journalist were happily inspired to perpetuate the memory of these events, for Durand's "The Making of a Frontier," E. F. Knight's "Where Three Empires Meet," and Scott-Robertson's "The Story of a Minor Siege," all deserve to rank as minor classics and are still worth reading on their merits.

After 1895 darkness settled down over Gilgit, and it has remained in obscurity ever since. It has been a peaceful country. The successive Political Agents and the small ever-changing band of British officers posted there have not been called on to perform military feats, build frontiers, or counter serious domestic or foreign intrigue. They have been able to discharge their peace-time duties in tranquillity, with, for relaxation, the ibex- and markhor-shooting and the local brand of polo for which the country is noted.

It seems a pity that, with time and opportunity for many things, local British enterprise should have been so much restricted to these stereotyped activities which yield no cumulative results, for Gilgit, as a country which can still be described as "little-known," offers a wide range of subjects for investigation and research.

There is still a wide field for exploration, survey, and detailed topography. In a "recent" mountain country in an active state of disintegration and largely destitute of vegetation, its Geology must be an open book to those who can read it. There is an abundance of glaciers of which the habits and movements can be studied—a small beginning has actually here been made—and erosion is going on everywhere.

With elevations varying from 4,000 to 25,000 feet, and appreciable differences in humidity, every branch of Natural History must have something of interest to offer, for instance the seasonal migration of fauna and the distribution of flora.

After long neglect the little-known eastern parts of Hunza have in recent years received attention from British explorers, Morris, Schomberg, and Shipton, but so far as I know the only attempt to collect other than topographical data has been that made by the Dutch Expedition led by Dr. and Mrs. Visser to Hunza in 1925, of which the scientific results are in process of publication.

Then there is the whole sphere of human life. The nature of the country has determined the distribution of the population in more or less isolated and independent groups of communities which have naturally tended to become distinct political units.

The country consists of a mass of mountains from 15,000 to over 20,000 feet high, divided up by one or two main river-courses and cut into by a number of lesser, tributary valleys. The mountains are largely uninhabitable, and at best provide only summer grazing-grounds, which may be occupied temporarily by graziers and their herds. Permanent settlements are all located in the valleys which in many places narrow to mere gorges. Habitable sites with the necessary supply of water occur only at intervals, often in the form of natural terraces high above the river-bed.

Thus not only do the side-valleys constitute separate population-centres, but the population of the main Gilgit Valley also falls into groups, divided from each other by physical obstacles or by stretches of infertile land. It may be remarked that the country is more open at the higher levels towards the heads of the principal valleys; there, erosion has not gone so deep as in their mid-courses.

In all this region the principal means of supporting life is agriculture, to which is added some fruit-growing, but the maintenance of a small quantity of live-stock, sheep, goats, and a few cows and oxen, is necessary in order to provide wool for clothing, goat's hair for ropes and rugs, and manure for the fields.

All cultivation depends on water supply, as nothing can be grown without irrigation and the accessible water supply commonly falls short of the potentially arable land, though that itself is very limited. What land there is, is all on terraces at levels far above the main river, so that water for irrigation has to be sought elsewhere in lateral glacier-torrents, whence it has to be brought often for long distances and across very difficult country.

As the area of cultivable land is so limited, a system of double-cropping has to be practised, and this presents difficulties because of the shortness of the season within which things will grow and ripen. In central Hunza, for instance, of which I am speaking, at a working elevation of 7,000 to 8,000 feet, the earliest of the first crops ripen about the end of June or beginning of July, and the latest of the second crops have to be harvested before the end of October.

There are six main crops: barley, wheat, two kinds of millet, and two kinds of buckwheat. Potatoes were introduced only after the coming of the British to Gilgit some

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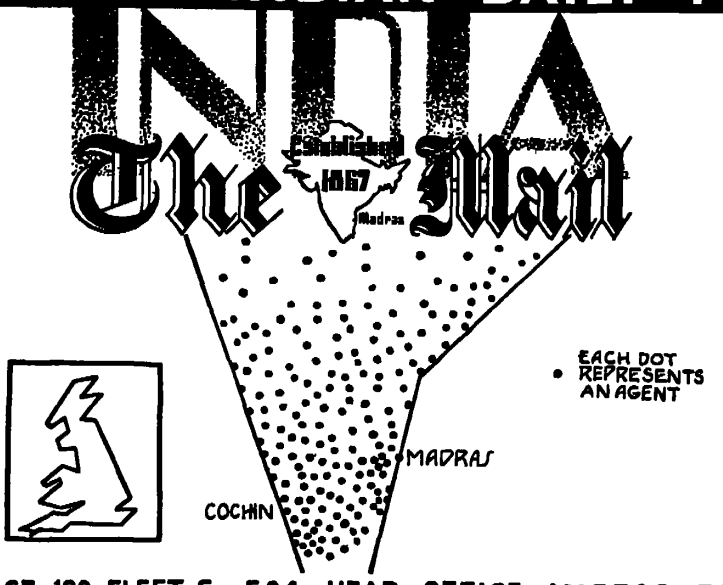
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fifty years ago. They are grown in small quantities but are regarded as a necessary and important food-supply.

Various types of soil are recognised, but they are all poor, little more than rock-dust, and all the major crops require manure in order to succeed. The supply of manure, however, is limited. It depends on the number of animals that can be fed, and that brings things back again to the deficiency of the water supply.

In general, fodder crops cannot be grown, but the animals get all the bye-products of the irrigated lands. In the hot weather the majority of the animals are taken up to the summer-grazing grounds.

All animal dung deposited in the cattle-houses and pens, with any vegetable refuse available and some silt from the irrigation-channels added, is utilised on the fields.

FRUIT GROWING

A number of kinds of fruit are grown in Hunza: apples, pears, cherries, grapes, mulberries, and apricots, but of these apricots are much the most important. A bad apricot year is a calamity. Normally, however, small quantities of dried apricots are procurable by purchase.

Of products other than food, wool is the most important as it supplies the material of the national garment, the *shuqa*, *choga*, or homespun cloak. There is no real surplus of wool, but inferior wool is parted with on occasion.

There are no mineral products in Hunza of potential value as articles of export.

There are certain articles, as we have already seen, which Hunza nowadays regularly procures from abroad. Cotton materials and thread, needles and unworked iron, may be regarded as necessaries. Other articles which are procured when possible are wheat and certain manufactured metal goods such as digging-forks, iron buckets, and aluminium basins. To these may be added floss silk for embroidery, fodder, kernels, onions, ibex-skin for boots, and so on. Salt would be imported if it did not cost too much; as things are, it is reckoned with tea and sugar as a luxury. A solution of certain local saline earths supplies its place. The question arises how, under present conditions, are these things to be bought and paid for?

BARTER TRADING

Hunza's chief need is grain and that is obtained from Nagir largely by barter in exchange for wool and to a lesser extent cattle and potatoes. Nagir is relatively well-off for grain; it has a better water supply than Hunza, but it is short of wool, and the wool which it does produce is said to be of inferior quality. It is also able to absorb cattle. Money being a generally valid medium of exchange, the Nagiris like others are also glad to receive cash in payment for produce.

It is therefore apparent that in Hunza at the present day money currency is required in order to procure necessaries from Gilgit and to some extent from Nagir, but Hunza has no export trade by which to acquire cash. How in fact is cash obtained? The answer is that a certain amount of money comes into the country in the form of payment for services to the State. There is the pay of the postal runners, of the staff of the Dispensary at Aliabad, and of local "levies," two or three men in each of the principal villages who can be used as messengers, etc., on State business. There is also the pay of the Mir's small "Bodyguard." The Mir (the hereditary ruler) himself receives a salary, and also a grant for the maintenance of the Government road. Whether the last two items pass into local circulation in the form of cash, I do not know.

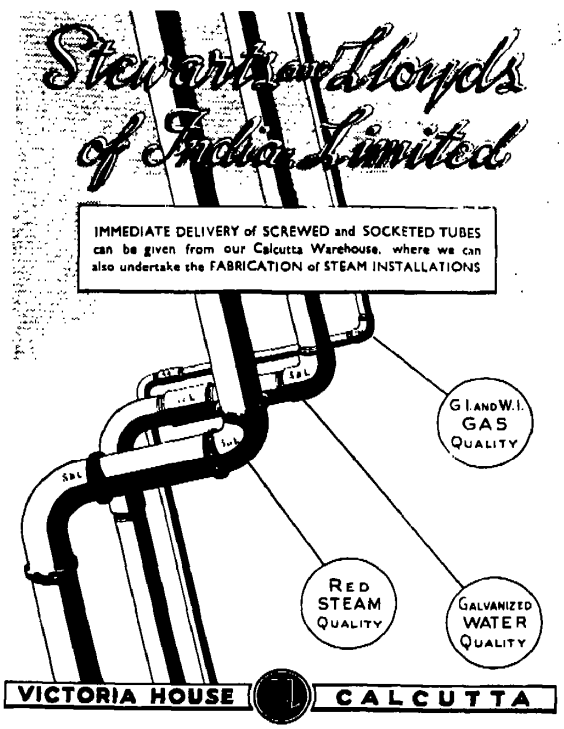
In any case the principal source of money supply is probably the earnings of the considerable number of Hunza men who leave the country temporarily and take service abroad in Gilgit, Kashmir, Kashgar, etc., and who bring back or send to their homes a part of their earnings. They may also bring back with them foreign goods for use or exchange.

This very incomplete outline of the economic system in Hunza will serve to give a hint of what awaits the investigator in one very obvious line of research, in which many subordinate subjects of interest could also be followed up.

SCOPE FOR RESEARCH

There are many other major fields, Ethnology for instance, and Pre-history, here coming down to a very recent date, and Legend and Tradition leading on to History, for which Biddulph and Leitner have provided the preliminary material. There is also the question of Administration under different systems of control, and of Customary Law as it exists, and its modification by foreign influences. There is the subject of pre-Islamic beliefs and festivals and ceremonies recorded by Biddulph and Leitner, which have since been dying out, but of which some survive.

Finally, for all these lines of inquiry, if they are to be effectively pursued, there is one indispensable preliminary requisite, and that is a knowledge of the local languages: Shina, Burushaski, Khowar, and in a lesser degree, Wakhi. And whoever sets out to acquire this instrument of research will presently find himself exploring a country full of interests and problems of its own. Here, they must be taken on trust and merely added to the list of attractions which Gilgit has to offer to anyone in search of a hobby that has not been unduly complicated or staled by the efforts of too many predecessors.





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THE JAMA MASJID.

One of the loveliest mosques of the East, it stands in the centre of Ahmadabad. The black marble slab before this main entrance is an inverted Jain idol on which the faithful trample.

The Empire's Largest Steelworks

IN 1911 Sir R. P. Ashton, the then President of the Indian Mining and Geological Institute, speaking at the Tata Steelworks at Jamshedpur, observed: "In a few months it is expected that a fire will be lighted which will not be extinguished till the Gorumahasani Hill has been melted into railway materials, beams, and sheets which will be so much material to open up this country."

The following years have been a sufficient commentary on the truth of that forecast. Within a couple of decades from the time when Sir R. P. Ashton made his prophecy the Company had satisfied almost the country's entire requirement of rails. The year 1939 shows the position still unrivalled.

Mr. J. N. Tata, the founder, said: "I am not a philanthropist, but our enterprises are founded on a sound basis." And if Tata to-day stands as a name to conjure with in industrial circles, the reason is not that its pioneers had the Midas touch, nor yet that they have inherited Solomon's judgment. Rather is the reason, as J. N. Tata pointed out, that they have shown themselves possessed of the triple qualities of imagination, initiative, and integrity which alone offer the plank for a "sound basis." And primarily its strength is based upon steel.

The production of steel on a commercial scale began at Jamshedpur in Bihar in 1913. This town, carved out of the primeval wilderness of Sakchi, an adjacent village giving shelter to more tigers than men, now has a population of over 100,000, mostly employees of the steelworks. India's "town of steel" at Jamshedpur makes the nearest approach, in the whole of the East, to a modern American factory town. To think that this beautiful town with unsurpassed excellence in every aspect of civic service, and the colossal steelworks covering several miles, were only a part of the speculative imagination of one man! Tata's actually spend over Rs.24 lakhs (one lakh = £7,500) annually towards civic welfare, the most attractive and commendable part of which is the Hospital and the Child and Maternity Welfare Centre. The beautiful hospital building in a surrounding of green foliage, where free treatment is given by a highly qualified medical staff including twenty-five efficient physicians, stands in relief against the smoky chimneys. The employees and their families receive free service, while others pay a trifling charge only if they become indoor patients. More than 200 cases are treated every day, and it imparts credit to the Company that the prejudice against hospitals, so common amongst Indian villagers, has been successfully combated and liquidated.

WELFARE WORK

The "Safety Service" of the Company did not halt with the installation of a first-class up-to-date X-ray equipment but a general "Safety Committee" operates vigorously to educate the workers in "safety first" principles. Prominent "safety" posters parade before the eyes in every corner of the plant, while there are a number of first-aid stations to deal with accidents as also to impart first-aid education through regular classes. To offer relief to the monotony of work, there are rest-houses, refreshment rooms, and dispensaries inside the plant, and ice and drinks are supplied free to the workers throughout the day and night. Maternity benefit schemes, co-operative credit societies and stores, provident fund, and a generous bonus scheme and production bonuses all contribute to make the employees of India's steel town the most contented in the country. The profit-sharing scheme whereby employees receive a bonus on earnings above a certain figure is without precedent in India and possibly also abroad. It is doubtful whether any other industrial concern in any other country can boast of a profit-sharing scheme under which employees may receive a bonus equal to three months' wages which is actually what the Tata Iron and Steel Company distributed to its employees during the last financial year.

The welfare work of the Company extends outside the plant also. Night schools, free cinema shows, sports and games, exhibitions, etc., are provided by the Company for the happiness of their employees.

And the result? High production figures and high quality of finished products. Tata's have realised that even in this highly mechanical age when the machine is menacingly encroaching upon the functions of man, the human element can never be wholly ignored without damaging consequences. A sick man or a discontented man, like a damaged machine, works perfunctorily and with indifferent results which ultimately reduce to heavy financial losses. To maintain and sometimes exceed a production of 80,000 tons of steel a month calls for the very highest efficiency in every department, and the Tata's anxiety and close vigilance guarantee this efficiency.

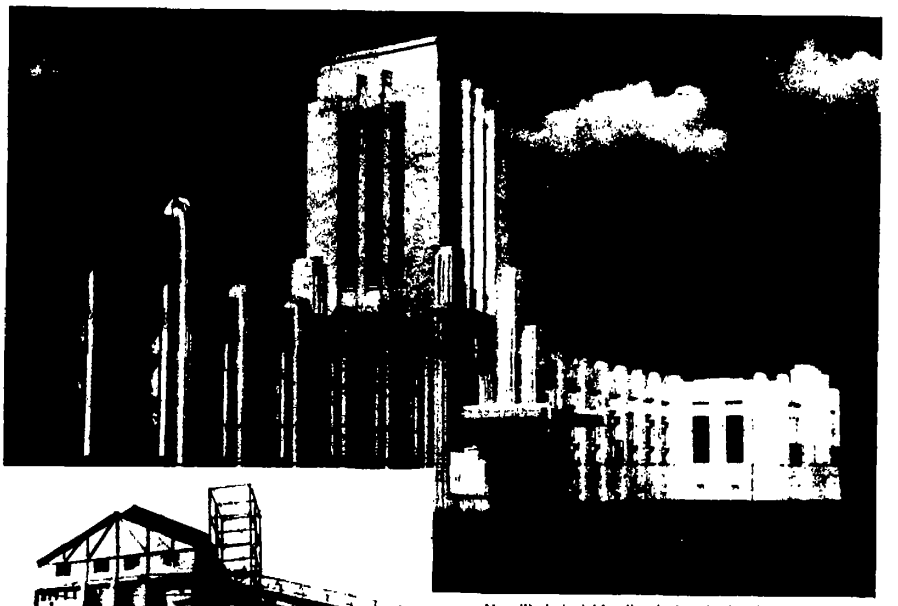
All of which brings us back to the subject of steel. Technical progress is so rapid that lakhs of rupees have been expended on the installation of new giant plants in the Jamshedpur works. Tata's have built an imposing new metallurgical department, the great expansion of this important branch of activity having outgrown the cramped accommodation of the old laboratories. Other new projects include a sulphuric acid plant, a gas-cleaning plant, a plate normalising plant, mill extensions, and developments to expedite handling. A new blast furnace is under construction, whilst the ever-increasing demands made upon production and output have rendered necessary the installation of a new generating and power plant to cost somewhere about fifty-five lakhs.

A GARDEN CITY WITHOUT TAXES

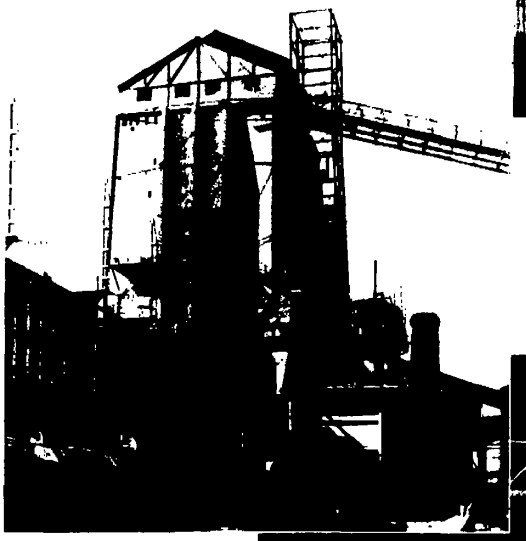
Jamshedpur is the only town in India where the citizens do not have to pay any tax. The town is laid out on the lines of a garden city, and the Company offer an unrivalled municipal service for the complete population of 100,000 souls. Every kind of construction is supervised by the Company to ensure good design and the use of good materials. The result has been officially endorsed by the Royal Commission on Labour whose report stated, *inter alia*: "We consider that ample scope exists for a wider use by employers of these methods." The Company has put up something like 7,000 houses at a cost of over 200 lakhs, and there is a net return of only four per cent. on capital cost. A highly industrialised town like Jamshedpur provided intriguing problems of drainage and sanitation. The system of sewage disposal is most up-to-date, and is expected to be further improved at a cost of thirteen lakhs. A large mobile staff under the supervision of a fully qualified Health Officer looks after the sanitation of the town. The Company's Town Administration Department absolves the responsibilities of a city Corporation and investigation reveals that those responsibilities are discharged with a celerity and efficiency that would put to shame the records of any municipal Corporation. In truth, an ideal town!

The Company's manner of dealing with cases of injured employees is worthy of attention. Compensation is awarded on a more generous scale than that laid down by the Workmen's Compensation Act. Operatives injured on the Tata plant receive full pay from the date of injury until they return to work. To cite an illustration, the Company paid in fact Rs.22,473/- when the Act required only Rs.4,726.

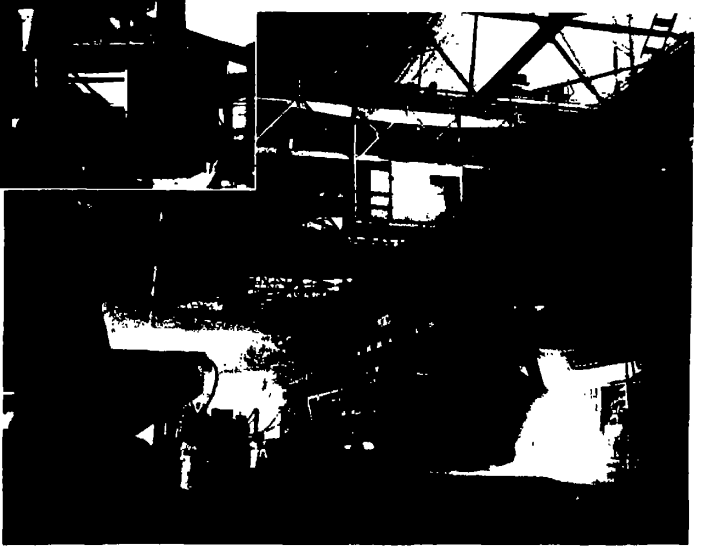
The Tata Works at Jamshedpur is larger than any plant of its kind in the British Empire and ranks with the first twelve in the world, employing nearly 50,000 men and having a yearly output of 1,000,000 tons of steel. Finally, on the philanthropic side, here is a case of a capitalistic concern which has earned a colossal fortune and utilised the bulk of it for public work, and the accumulated wealth has gone back to the public in the shape of large trusts for welfare schemes.



New Technical Metallurgical and Chemical Research Laboratory at Jamshedpur.

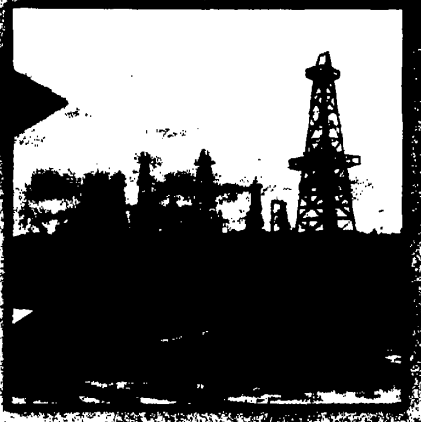


Simon Carves new Coke Ovens.



Tata Co.'s Steelworks.

B.O.C.

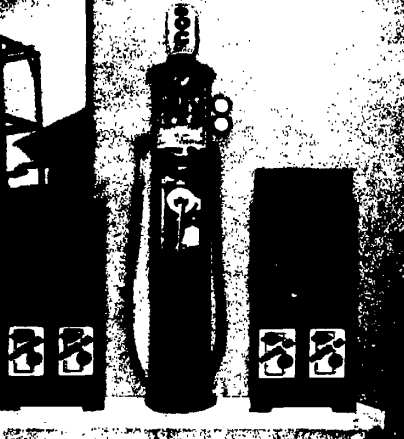


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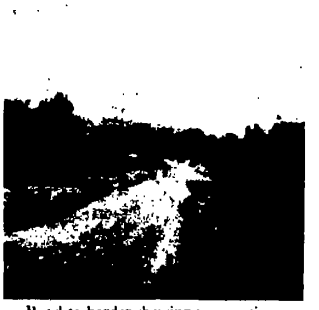
MERCHANT STRE[illegible]



Mekong River.

The Burma-China Road

by F. B. LEACH, I.C.S.
(retd.)
Formerly Chief Secretary, Burma Government



Road to border showing preparations for improvement.

ABOUT 650 years ago Marco Polo wrote in his *Travels* of the Great Descent which leads into the Kingdom of Mien. The road which he described remained until a few years ago in almost exactly the same state, the only communication of any importance between Burma and China—a packroad along which caravans of sturdy little Chinese mules with their curious wooden saddles balanced without girths on their backs tramped every year in the open season the 1,200 miles from the Yangtze to the Irrawaddy.

ROADS AND MOTOR TRANSPORT

Yunnan, the province of China which borders on Burma, was a country almost entirely without wheeled vehicles until the invention of the motor-car, and it was only a few years ago that the construction of roads as distinct from mule-tracks was commenced. Yunnanfu, now known as Kunming, the capital of the province, was reached by a railway from Haiphong in French Indo-China in the early years of the century, and this naturally attracted trade down to the east coast, and disappointed the hopes of those who for a generation and more had been advocating the possibility of Rangoon becoming a port for Western China, but the western part of the province is nearer to rail-head or to river ports in Burma than to Yunnanfu, and when there was no sign of the railway being extended farther west, and when motor transport developed, the idea of communication into Burma and thence to Rangoon revived, and it has finally been carried out by pressure of circumstances since the Japanese invasion of the last two years.

CHINA'S HEROIC EFFORTS

Before the war started a motorable road had already been made westwards from Kunming to Hsiakwan, a distance of 250 miles, on the way to Burma, and in the last eighteen months this road has been continued by the Chinese with the most heroic efforts to the Burmese frontier, where it connects with the existing Burma road from Bhamo on the Irrawaddy to Lashio, the terminus of the Northern Shan States railway. The old route had for centuries run through Tengyueh down to Bhamo, but the new road turns south before reaching Tengyueh and makes for Lashio.

DIFFICULT COUNTRY

Whatever route was selected across Yunnan from the Yangtze Valley to the Irrawaddy Valley it had to cross some of the most difficult country in the world. Two of the largest rivers in Asia, the Mekong and the Salween, run through the country in deep valleys, separated by tremendous mountain ranges, which make the route a gigantic switchback from end to end. Kunming itself lies over 6,000 feet above sea-level, and the highest point of the road about half-way between this and the Mekong is nearly 9,000 feet. From there the road descends to 4,725 feet at the Yangpi bridge, rises again to 7,500 feet, then falls sheer down to 4,000 feet in 9 miles to the Mekong. Between the Mekong and the Salween it rises again to nearly 7,000 feet, falls to less than 2,500 feet at the Salween crossing, and rises again to 7,500 feet on the western watershed of the Salween. This brief description, which omits minor valleys and water-sheds between the main rivers, gives some idea of the nature of the country and of the immense difficulty of road construction, and when it is added that the road from Hsiakwan to the Burmese frontier, a distance of 350 miles, has been constructed not only in an incredibly short time, but almost entirely without modern mechanical appliances, the magnitude of the task can be to some extent appreciated. That it is a motor-road of the standard to which we are accustomed in Europe is hardly to be expected, but in December 1938 the American Ambassador to China motored the whole distance from Chungking on the Yangtze to Rangoon, a total distance of 2,000 miles in thirteen days, at an average of 150 miles a day, which is sufficient proof that the road is motorable, at any rate in dry weather. As most of it is at present unmetalled it does not yet claim to be an all-the-year-round road for heavy vehicles, but the progress already made is probably unrivalled in any part of the world. During the present year several Europeans have made the journey from Rangoon to Kunming, and they all agree that the road is perfectly fit for traffic in the dry weather, though it is not likely that it will be open in the rainy season until a good deal more has been done in the way of surfacing. Even then the danger of landslides will be ever present, as so much of the road is cut out of precipitous mountain-sides.

TRAVELLERS' REQUISITES

The journey is not one to be undertaken lightly, as for one thing petrol is only obtainable at a very few widely distant places, and it is necessary to carry more than can be contained in the tank of the ordinary car. Accommodation and food of the kind to which Europeans are accustomed is also rare, and it is necessary to carry bedding and a certain amount of supplies, but all these drawbacks are being remedied by degrees. One European traveller recently reached Kunming from the Burma frontier in three and a half days, doing the 600 miles in thirty-two and a half hours running time with no more mishap than one burst tube and half an hour's delay from an overheated engine.

Between Kunming and the Yangtze the country is no less difficult than on the Burma side. In a direct line north from Kunming it is less than 100 miles to the Yangtze at a point at the south end of its great bend, but the intervening country is quite unsuitable for a road, and the Yangtze as high up as this is not navigable, so the road has to go a much longer distance. The highest point on

the Yangtze which could be considered as the road-terminus is at Suifu in Szechwan Province where the Min River joins it. This is about 400 miles, and the levels vary from about 8,000 feet to 800 feet at Suifu. An even longer route has, however, been selected, running in an easterly direction to Kweiyang, the capital of Kweichau Province, and thence northwards to meet the Yangtze at Chungking, the present provisional capital of China. The distance from Chungking to Kunming by this route is about 700 miles, making the whole road from the Yangtze to the railway at Lashio over 1,400 miles. From Lashio to Rangoon by rail is about 550 miles, very much the same distance as the French railway from Haiphong to Kunming. It is clear, therefore, that the easiest route for trade for the eastern half of Yunnan is down the French railway to Haiphong, and it is only from 100 or 200 miles west of Kunming that there is much temptation to start westwards into Burma to find an outlet to the sea.

It is far from certain, therefore, whether any modern communications, either road or rail, between China and Burma will be a commercial success, but at the moment the Chinese are enthusiastic over the scheme, and it is said that the construction of a railway westwards from Kunming has already been started. What line it is proposed to take is not clear, but it will presumably aim at the Burma frontier near the Kunlong ferry over the Salween, about 80 miles east of Lashio. This has long been regarded as the only possible route for a railway, and when the Burma railway's branch to Lashio was built it was proposed to continue it as far as Kunlong, and it was Lord Curzon when Viceroy of India who vetoed the scheme. This railway would take a completely different route to the new road, and would approach Hsiakwan from the south-east instead of from the west, and only the eastern section from Hsiakwan to Kunming would take much the same alignment as the road.

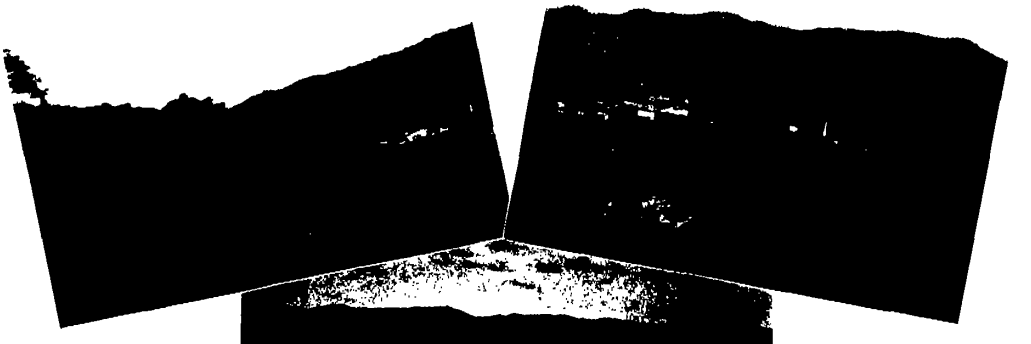
The overland trade between China and Burma has never been very large, as the classes of goods which it pays to carry on mules over 1,000 miles or so of pack-roads are very limited, and the main export from China has always been silk from the province of Szechwan. If the road and railway are to run eastwards from Kunming through Kweichau Province instead of to Suifu they will hardly touch Szechwan, and will be of little assistance to this trade, and what other trade they are likely to attract is at present uncertain. At the moment the road is being used for the carriage of munitions to Chungking, but this is presumably only a temporary trade, and something more permanent will be required to pay the cost of upkeep and the freight charges on this length of road or railway through some of the most difficult country in the world.

It is a most interesting experiment, perhaps the biggest thing of its kind since the Atlantic and Pacific were linked by the trans-continental railways of North America.



Nearing the summit, showing the winding road and work in progress.

Salt Gabelle installation: Ypingliang.



Shweli Bridge.

Upward trail towards Paoshan.

A Motor Tour in the Shan States

by MAURICE COLLIS

DURING my recent tour of the Shan States I was much struck by the absence of tourists. The roads were fair, the scenery was novel and very lovely, the people charming, and the accommodation sufficient, yet in the two months I was there I did not meet a single person travelling for pleasure.

In this article I hope to show how feasible it is for a European to explore this little-known country.

The ordinary reader will want to be told first where the Shan States are on the map. He knows that Burma lies between India and China, and when I say that the Shan States are Burma's eastern plateau he will be able to fix their position in his mind's eye. They begin where the great central plain of Burma proper is bounded on the east by a long line of mountains, and stretch, on the north-east, to the Chinese frontier, and south-eastwards to the borders of Siam and Indo-China.

UNSPOILT COUNTRY

There is a second preliminary question which also requires an answer. Who exactly are the Shans?

The Shan people are a division of the Mongolian race which includes the Chinese, the Japanese, the Javanese, and the Siamese. They are closely connected with the Siamese, who, in fact, are Shans, for in the thirteenth century the Shans, whose original habitat was in the Chinese province of Yunnan, moved south under pressure by the Mongols, some of them wresting Siam from the Cambodians, the great builders of Angkor, and some of them remaining in what is now the Shan States. These are called "States" because the Shans were led by individual chieftains, who did not combine under one king but each established a separate dominion. The chieftains were later conquered by the Burmese and swore allegiance to the Burmese Crown. When, in 1885, we captured Mandalay and drove the Burmese king into exile, the Shan chiefs transferred their allegiance to the British Crown. The original form of the States has been maintained, and to-day the Shan country consists of a dozen large states and a number of small ones, each governed by its hereditary chief who acknowledges the King of England to be his overlord. These chiefs are called Sawbwas, a title which literally translated means Heavenly Lord. Since 1885, though the Sawbwas themselves have been educated into an understanding of the modern world, their States have remained generally old fashioned. Roads, schools, and hospitals have only very recently been built, so that the traveller finds an unspoilt country, just sufficiently advanced to enable him to traverse it without difficulty, but in many respects much as it was seven hundred years ago, when the Shans first entered it.

A tour of the Shan States can be combined very conveniently with a tour of Burma. Many western travellers have seen Burma, but very few of them have gone into the Shan States. To do so a car is necessary, and the best type of car is a Ford V8 with a van body. This can be hired in Rangoon, complete with a driver who knows the country. A cook will be required, who, together with your stores, your bedding, a camp bed, cutlery, spoons and forks and some crockery, can easily be accommodated in such a car.

You leave Rangoon by the Mandalay trunk road, an excellent road which takes you northwards over the rich plain at any pace you like to drive. After 250 miles you arrive at Pyinmana, and can stay the night in the railway rest-rooms and dine tolerably at the railway restaurant. Making an early start next morning you continue on the trunk road as far as Thazi, a two-hour drive, where you turn right and begin climbing the long hill on to the Shan plateau, reaching Kalaw in the early afternoon. Kalaw is a hill station used largely by the English residents of Burma. It is 4,000 feet above sea-level, a garden town in a pine wood. There is a good hotel, the only hotel on the plateau, and it is a convenient centre from which excursions can be made into the Shan States in the vicinity.



Shan Queen outside her Palace.



The Shan Princess; Lady Gliding Foam.

HOME OF GIRAFFE-NECKED WOMEN

One of these is a visit to Pindya. Pindya is the capital of a small State, and as you enter the town you see the palace standing over the lake. Its design is similar to that of all the Shan palaces, a pillared throne room, surmounted by a *pyathat* or spire of roofs piled on top of one another to a finial, with smaller rooms behind or in wings, a design copied by the Shans from the palace at Mandalay where their overlord used to live. The chief attraction of Pindya, however, is the cave which contains a great quantity of Buddhist statuary, some of it of considerable age.

A visit to Pindya is an afternoon's excursion, an easy drive of an hour or so. In the opposite direction, southwards, is another drive of greater length. This is to Pukon, where the giraffe-necked women live. These women are not Shans but Padaungs, one of the dozen or so distinct Mongolian tribes who live grouped among the Shans, generally on the mountains that rise from the plateau. These tribes speak separate languages and have their own customs, which in the case of the Padaungs include the eccentric one of elongating the necks of their women by enclosing them in a gorget of brass rings which are gradually increased in number till the neck is a foot long. It is important to understand that the Padaungs and other hilltop people are much behind the Shans in civilisation. The Shans are Buddhists, mild, well-mannered farmers, while the tribes settled on their hills worship spirits, and though now quite tame have not progressed far beyond the head-hunting stage. At Pukon one can stroll about the village and observe the Padaungs at close quarters. The women, in spite of their neck gear, are jolly creatures. It is a unique sight to see them going about their domestic duties with fifty pounds weight of metal between their collar-bones and their chins.

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RANGOON



Panoramic view of the Lanywa Oilfield showing oil well derricks on land reclaimed from the bed of the Irrawaddy River and filled in above flood level. The length of the wall projecting into the river is two miles. The scheme as a whole is a unique feat of oilfield Civil Engineering.

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These two excursions give the visitor an impression of the border States, and his next step should be to leave Kalaw and drive eastwards the forty miles to Taung-gyi, the official capital of the Federation, for recently the States have been federated into a union, with a Council empowered to make laws for the whole. This Council is presided over by a representative of the British Crown, who lives in Taung-gyi.

A Government rest house is available there for visitors, but bedding and food are not supplied. Most of the Sawbwas maintain a Haw or palace in the town, which they occupy during sittings of the Council or when they come on private visits, but the visitor who is anxious to see the Shans at home will not want to stay long. Before he continues down the main road, however, he should see the Inlé lake, which is situated close by in the State of Yawnghwé. This lake is one of the beauty spots of the country and is noted for the fishing villages which stand in it on piles and for the manner in which the women row boats with their legs.

PLEASURE WITH SECURITY

After leaving Taung-gyi the traveller becomes more dependent upon what he carries with him in his car. He will be able to buy vegetables, chickens, eggs, and rice in the bazaars, but very little else. Needless to say, if he has, or can get, introductions to the English officials who serve in the States as advisers to the Sawbwas, he will be able to see more than if he travels unannounced, but such introductions are not essential. There is no danger of robbery or violence, for the Shans are most law-abiding and he can wander where he likes in perfect security. He will be able to communicate with the people through his driver and cook, who should either be Burmese or able to speak that language, for it is current throughout the Shan towns.

From Taung-gyi the road passes through country with wide views over rolling grass downs to mountains 8,000 feet high. Loilem is reached after forty-five miles, and there the traveller is advised to fork left and take the north road to Hsipaw. The total journey is 215 miles. On the way, at Namlan, there are large plantations of tung trees, which give the oil which is now in such demand for paint. Hsipaw is the capital of the most up to date of the northern States. The Sawbwa has two palaces, one of them a house in the English country style and the other the best example in the States of the traditional palace. Its Hall of Audience and Throne Room, gorgeous in lacquer-red and gilt, bring to mind the semi-regal position of the Sawbwas under the Burmese régime. The traveller who calls on the British Assistant Superintendent (who lives now at Kyaukmé), or who obtains leave from the Private Secretary to the Sawbwa, will generally be allowed to enter this palace.

A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY

Hsipaw is a convenient centre for visiting certain places of interest. One of these is Namhsan, the valley of the Trembling Water, the capital of the State of Tawngpeng. It is a seven-hour drive, *via* Kyaukmé, over a difficult mountain road, which winds among a confusion of hills. The town lies at an elevation of 6,000 feet on a ridge in the midst of a great valley of tea trees. The approach to Namhsan over the last pass is considered the most striking view in the States. The women here wear costumes not to be seen elsewhere, for the inhabitants of the State are Palaungs, Lisaws, and other mountain tribes. There is a Government rest house at Namhsan, as there is also at Hsipaw. The traveller will find much to attract him in this beautiful valley, scenery, old pagodas, queer people, a pure cool air, and is advised to stay there at least two nights.

The next place to visit is the great silver mine of Namtu. This is visible from the heights of Namhsan, but cannot be reached, until a projected road is made, except by returning to Hsipaw, from which it is only a two and a half hours' drive. The mine is the property of the Burma Corporation, Ltd., and is the largest silver mine in the world. The town of Namtu is like a piece of the Black Country lodged in Paradise. There is an excellent rest house.



Shan House made of Bamboo.

TO THE CHINESE FRONTIER

The Chinese frontier is the next bourne. To reach it from Namtu it is necessary to take the road south to Lashio, a distance of thirty miles on a good surface, and from thence to turn north, and passing through Hsenwi, a pleasant old capital, to drive a total distance of 110 miles to Muse. This is the famous road over which munitions are now reaching China's back door. The rest house is very beautifully situated with a view across the Swéli river to the Chinese mountains. The charm of this frontier valley is very great and the traveller should not fail to visit the bazaar at Nam Khan nearby, where he will see, buying and selling in perfect amity, men and women of at least seven races, dressed in their various costumes and speaking their several languages. It is an astonishing sight.

Having seen the frontier, the traveller's inclination will be to return to Burma, and he can do this very easily by retracing his steps to Lashio and Hsipaw, and from thence driving the hundred miles which separate him from Mandalay. The road is, of course, better than the mountain roads, and on the way are a number of notable places, particularly the Goteik gorge and Maymyo, the official hill station of the Burma Government, which though on the high ground is outside the States. Plenty of accommodation is there available.

TO MANDALAY

After leaving Maymyo the road dips down the hill to Mandalay, 3,500 feet below. This completes the Shan States tour, and the visitor is then well placed to inspect the most interesting part of Upper Burma, from which he can drive back to Rangoon, *via* Thazi, the place from which he started for the States.

The Shan tour I have described will occupy from between a fortnight to a month, according to the length of time spent at halting-places. The best time for it is the months of December to February. Only recently has it become possible to make such a tour, as until a few years ago there were no roads. Including hire of car and driver, it will not cost more than a motor tour anywhere else.



A son of Po Sein: Modern Pose.



Po Sein and his ballet dancers in modern dances.

Burma: Old and New

by LLIANE MORTON

(Below we quote advance extracts from Mrs. Liane Morton's "Picture Logue of Travels"; world copyright reserved.)

RANGOON itself is a very cosmopolitan city, and hardly typical of the country except for the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda—all burnished gold against a sunset sky—which dominates it. Driving along the wide streets in your lacquered rickshaw, you catch glimpses of the picturesque lake. Lovely reflections of the Golden Pagoda variegate its waters. Green lawns and lovely orange cerise flowered hedges abound. The colourful and attractive people smile round you, carefree and cheerful. The men look gay in their rainbow hued headdresses and bright *lungys* of pink, blue, grey, scarlet, and yellow silk. The charming little Burmese women, with their trim short white muslin jackets, have their shining black hair wound in high towers on their heads, looking like the crowns of top hats without brims, with a spray of flowers hanging on one side. Then there are the *poongys* in their saffron robes, holding fans so as to hide their faces when any woman comes in sight. All this gives Rangoon an attraction of its own and a high place among the cities of the East.

I was only a month in Burma, but it was a wonderful experience. Mandalay, the true capital of old Burma, with its red-brick-walled town and its palace in the centre built on the old traditional plan of a Mongol palace, lies in the Irrawaddy Valley. It was the home of the last Burmese Kings. The old palace still breathes the glory of the departed monarchs. Within those walls what plots, tragedies, massacres, and intrigues were enacted! Worse than during the Middle Ages of Europe! Jewels and treasures beyond imagination were stored there barely three score years ago. When passing silently through the several throne rooms, you can almost imagine you hear the rustling silks and hushed whispers of the queens and their maids of honour, for the echoes seem hardly to have had time to die away.

The Lily Throne room was decorated in ivory, painted with lilies, especially for Queen Supayalat, the notorious consort of King Thebaw, the last of the Burmese Kings. This room was reserved for the exclusive use of all the Queens of Ava. The Bee Throne room, where the Kings showed themselves to their consorts in all their fine array, is wonderfully inlaid with iridescent green beetle wings. The Duck Throne room, painted with flights of beautiful wild ducks and swans, was used to receive the foreign Ambassadors. In the Deer Throne room, depicting stag and deer herds, the King and Queen once a month offered gifts of yellow robes to the Buddhist Monks. In the Peacock Throne room (honouring the much enamoured bird of Burma), the throne was backed with a beautiful jewelled peacock in carved lacquer and gold and precious stones, as depicted on the frontispiece of this volume. (This beautiful set piece, together with two tapestry panels and King Thebaw's royal umbrella, were gifts from the Palace and have been in the artist's family since the King's day.) It was here that the King sat to inspect his elephants and horses and review his troops. With flashing golden *dahs*, the occupant of the Lion Throne, which depicts two lions rampant, was always considered the Lord of Life, and Head and Heir of all Earthly Beings.

Beneath the Lion Throne, two women, far gone in pregnancy, were buried alive, so that their spirits, and those of the unborn children, should act as guardians over it. At the Main Gate of the Palace the same thing was done for the same reason. Here also took place, on King Thebaw's accession, massacres of the Princes and Princesses, with their Maids and Valets of Honour and all their children. They were dumped into pits and elephants were goaded to trample on their mutilated bodies, amid shrieks and trumpetings of resentment from the unwilling animals. The land literally groaned beneath the heel of the ruthless and tyrannical Thebaw. It is indeed well that the reign of the Burmese Kings, when so many dark and dreadful deeds were perpetrated within the walls of the Palace of Mandalay, has passed.

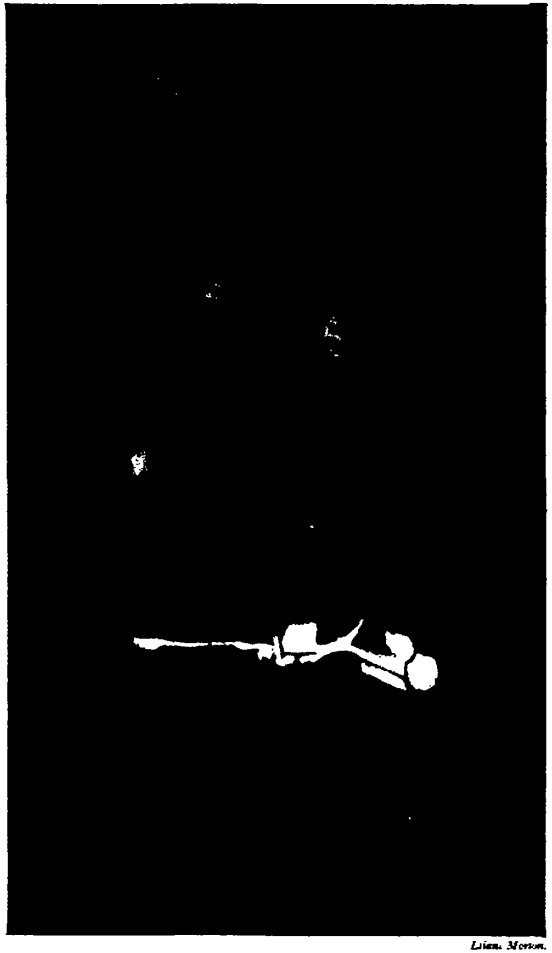
With the passing of the Kingdom, the last bit of medievalism went out of the world and we shall never see its like again. Yet there are sentimentalists who sorrow for it; regret the passing of the old-time beauty that lay in the Burmese Royal Family; the passing of the prestige of the House of Alompra. Unconsciously, the old Palace life had stood for an artless, barbaric beauty, amongst the feather-brained, cruel, gay, yet highly respected, gang of

BURMESE DANCERS:



Liane Morton.

NEW STYLE.



Liane Morton.

OLD STYLE.

Royalty just living for the moment. Of the House of Alompra, Nundoon, the last but one, was the only really good king, and the memory of him still lives in the land.

I was fortunate, when in Rangoon, to have the opportunity of witnessing a *pwi*, or all-night Burmese ballet, performed by the famous Po Sein, his son, and a troop of beautiful Burmese ballet girls. It was interesting to see the crowd arriving and taking possession of their allotted seats. These "seats" each consist of a piece of matting about four feet square, on which, once it has been paid for, the holder may squat as many of his family and friends as can be accommodated. The mother and father, in some cases, held the children on their laps, to allow more room for the others. And all were so cheery and good-humoured in their efforts at fitting in. Most of the dancing, each posture and swaying of the body and every different movement of the fingers, hands, and arms, has its special meaning. As it proceeds, it becomes more and more involved and difficult to follow, owing to the complicated mixture of drama, comic opera, and ballet, of which it consists. I remained watching this spectacle until 1 a.m. I had previously obtained permission to take the dancers' photographs, at the end of the entertainment, before they disrobed, and was told to return at 7 a.m., when, after their "supper" at 6 a.m., they would be awaiting me. I expected to find them looking bedraggled and worn-out, after an all-night show, but, to my surprise and wonder, they appeared as fresh as though it had not yet begun.

I also "snapped" the very amiable *Ma* of the troop, smoking an enormous Burma cheroot. They were all cheerful and smiling and very accommodating in helping me with my difficult task of grouping and posing—Po Sein is a famous dancer and much beloved by the Burmese people. In the accompanying illustrations in colour I have made two special reproductions of him and his leading ballerina in ancient dress and pose compared with the modern style.



The Sula Pagoda, Rangoon.

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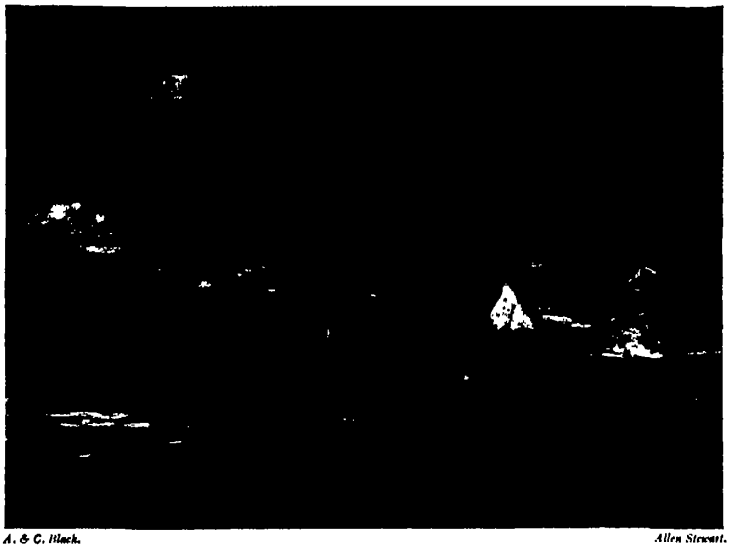
LOUNGE OF ROYAL YACHT CLUB, BOMBAY
Teak floor, ceiling, panelling, staircase, tables, flower tubs.
In the Dining-room, seen beyond, are visible the Teak floor, tables and chairs.

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CEYLON: A SAILING CANOE.



"Countries of the World." *W. F. Taylor.*

A CEYLON TEA PLANTATION.



Snake Birds. *Allen & Unwin.*

The Jungle of Ceylon

by LORD HOLDEN

Author of *Ceylon*: Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

THE Ceylonese jungle is as rich and varied as any in the East, with the additional advantage that the traveller who has neither time nor inclination to penetrate into the interior can, nevertheless, see any number of animals, reptiles, and birds from the comfort and security of a motor. This is particularly the case on the main road cutting the island west to east from Puttalam to Trincomalee and the less-frequented sections of the road in the south from Lirawila to Lellawaya and from the latter town to the eastern coast at Pottuvil.

MONKEYS AND OTHERS

Monkeys seem most attracted by the tarmac roads, perhaps owing to the lack of insects on them compared with the grass edges, and large families of these amiable creatures can often be seen squatting on the red-hot surface of the roads. The large grey "banderoo" is the more general variety, and it is always a pleasure to watch them swinging from bough to bough of the venerable banyan-trees or else, half-buried in foliage, engaged in animated discussions with their friends and enemies.

Squirrels and grey mongoose can often be seen on the road. The latter is a very wary and rather ugly animal whose flesh is much prized by the Singalese. The squirrel is a fascinating little creature who, with his yellow stripes stretching vertically down his grey woolly body and his delightful clock-work action when on the move, might well be more at home in the domestic nursery than in the perilous jungle.

THE WILD BUFFALO

Amongst the bigger animals to be seen from the road is the buffalo. I naturally do not refer to the tame variety tilling the fields and drawing carts, but the wild buffalo can often be seen in open spaces in the jungle, or else enjoying a mud bath in a tank adjacent to the road. The genial appearance of this handsome animal belies the latent ferocity he possesses for the reason that there is no invariable distinction between a wild and a tame buffalo. When a quantity of these animals are required for agricultural or domestic purposes, a *kraal* takes place to secure them, but when their work is finished, instead of keeping them until their labour is again necessary, they are returned into the bosom of the jungle. In consequence, although many buffaloes which the visitor may encounter will be entirely wild, none are completely domesticated. Having once, out snipe shooting, been pursued myself by a lady buffalo, who looked as kindly disposed as an English cow, I feel entitled to give the advice that any buffalo not under human control is a potential enemy.

JACKALS IN SEARCH OF PREY

The least agreeable, at any rate in habits, of the larger animals to be seen from the road is the jackal. They are usually about at dawn or sunset, moving singly or in pairs, in search of the carrion which is their staple form of diet. At that time they appear neither ferocious nor particularly alarmed by the approach of man, but at night their

behaviour is liable to cause the new and inexperienced traveller considerable trepidation. I well remember a certain night two years ago I spent at Kekirawa in a delightful and typical rest-house in the jungle. Just as I was settling down to a delicious rice and curry, on the wide verandah in front of my bedroom, the air was split by a sustained howl of truly devilish intensity. It was caused by a pack of some fifty jackals, visible from where I was sitting, crossing the jungle in search of prey. I was glad to be reassured by the kindly rest-house keeper that these animals ignore a healthy and active man, although they have the uncanny power of scenting the approach of death and often hover expectantly round the hut of a dying man. Jackals have another disagreeable characteristic in that they can emit an overpowering smell in self-protection when pursued by an enemy and, even after being killed, their bodies are still protected by a foul odour for some time.

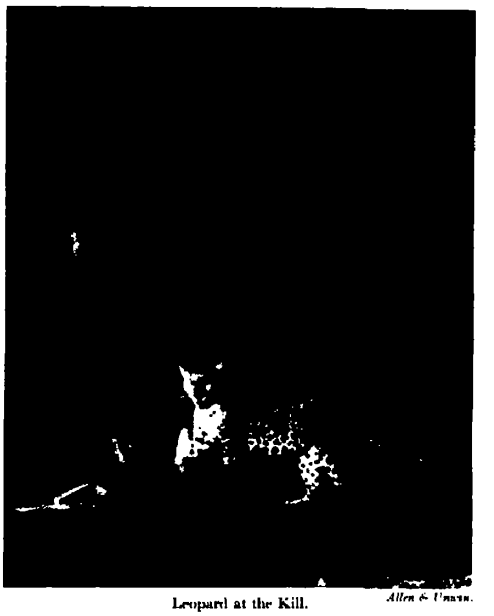
"ROGUE" ELEPHANTS

Besides the animals I have described as being normally visible from the road, that unwelcome customer the "rogue" elephant sometimes uses it, while I have seen a leopard standing by moonlight on a tarmac road only a mile from the rest-house at Sigiriya. The "rogue" elephant is usually an old bull expelled from the herd by a younger member of it and, in consequence, he vents his indignation for this treatment on man and his possessions. A few years ago two young British sailors had an alarming experience of this proclivity when returning through the jungle to their ship at Trincomalee, riding the same motor-bicycle. They suddenly saw they were being hotly pursued by a "rogue" and, owing to the uneven road-surface, they soon realised that the elephant was overtaking them. They therefore hastily abandoned their machine and took refuge in a culvert beneath the road. It was clearly impossible for the "rogue" to attack them in this narrow retreat, so he turned his attention to their motor-bicycle. Unluckily the latter was red-hot from the run and, in consequence, the elephant burnt the tip of his trunk while inspecting it. This mischance naturally enraged the irritable animal, and he proceeded to take his revenge on the wretched sailors by collecting stones and rubble in his trunk and blowing them violently down the culvert. As it was impossible for his victims to leave the culvert, without losing their lives, they were forced to endure this punishment with stoicism until fortunately, on the approach of a large motor omnibus, the "rogue" withdrew with dignified disappointment into the jungle.

ATTRACTIVE BIRDS

Besides a great variety of beasts, the sight of many interesting birds can be enjoyed from a road through the jungle. Perhaps the most common is the myna which, although it is a filthy feeder, is a charming bird with a dark brown plumage enlivened by the yellow wattles on his head. The myna can easily be tamed, and he possesses the power of a parrot in imitating human speech. The so-called "Seven-Sisters" birds, which derive their name from the unexplained and remarkable habit of living in groups of seven, are a ubiquitous feature of the roads in Ceylon. They are similar in colouring to the English thrush, and their diet would appear to consist exclusively of dung. More attractive in appearance are the golden oriole and the *koltoruwa* or green barbut. The latter is a small green parrot with a crested head and a call like a fog-horn which, together with the croak of the *ghekko*, or house-lizard, is the most general and insistent noise in Ceylon. The golden oriole, which can often be seen from the road, flying from tree to tree, is a magnificent bright yellow bird with a hoarse and querulous cry.

Other birds, which can sometimes but more rarely be observed from the road, number the orange-coloured kingcrow, connected in legend with the Philosopher's stone, the bluish-green Indian roller, with his chestnut mantle, who derives his name from his odd tumbling antics during the mating season, and the serpent-eagle. The latter, with his



Leopard at the Kill. *Allen & Unwin.*

bright orange-brown plumage, is a magnificent but ferocious bird. On the coast he will sweep down on to the sea to devour the foulest refuse, nor will he hesitate to pluck out the eyes of a dying man or beast. When out shooting snipe in the interior the serpent-eagle will often follow the sportsman on the chance of securing a free meal, and sometimes he will shade man's perspiring body from the sun with his wide black wings.

NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE

I will now presume that the reader is in a more adventurous mood, and that he is prepared to leave the road and accompany me into the heart of the jungle. We will go together to a water-hole on a lucky night when a great variety of beasts come there to drink. We will take one of the animal tracks which, hardly distinguishable at its beginning, will, as the hole is approached, harden into a well-beaten road leading to the water. The close vicinity of a water-hole stinks with the droppings of animals, and its edge is so polished by their feet that one is reminded of the steps leading to an ancient and revered shrine. The most popular water-holes are those in the natural depression of a rock, often shaped like a deep and pointed boat, where the water will linger during the long periods of drought. It is always interesting to speculate on what may lie hidden in the unplumbed depths of these dark fissures in the rocks where countless animals and human beings have for centuries assuaged their thirst; besides innumerable skulls and bones, no doubt there would be a medley of drinking vessels and female ornaments – precious relics of an earlier civilisation than that of the Sinhalese.

On arrival at the water-hole, our trackers will construct a so-called "fort" of loose stones, except where trees afford adequate cover, with the object of escaping notice rather than of providing protection, since naturally the party will contain some first-class marksmen. While the sun is setting we can enjoy the great trees surrounding the water-hole, which tower above the lower vegetation from which the animals should later emerge. The most prominent and typical of the jungle are the huge banyans, rising high above their sister-trees with rope-like arms of

fibrous growth which proved so useful, in the well-known story, to the active Tarzan and his friendly ape. Growing nearer to the water will probably stand a group of kumbaks with their pale-pink smooth bark. The kon or Ceylonese oak will probably grow in the vicinity with its bright tufts of red leaves, as also the jak, which is so easily recognisable by the wizened green fruit on its trunk. From its bright yellow wood is made the dye for the orange robes of the Buddhist priests.

As night falls a great stillness pervades the jungle, which is only broken by the quiet but eerie sounds of animal life around. It is a thrilling experience waiting by a water-hole at this moment, wondering perhaps whether an elephant, a leopard, or a bear will be the first to emerge for a drink. Very probably it will be a mouse-deer, one of the smallest and most timid animals in the jungle. He is little bigger than a rabbit with straight short legs, and his tracks resemble little holes made by a pencil. He may be followed by a group of spotted deer or a great brown sambur buck, weighing thirty stone and standing five feet high. The quiet of the jungle may then be violently disturbed by shrill barks and yells in the vicinity, which will send the deer hurtling back into the jungle. The noise will come from two bears mating, and perhaps a little later the enamoured couple will approach for a very necessary drink. Probably the male will wait courteously by the side of his wife until she has assuaged her thirst. A pair of wild pigs may be the next animals. These, in my opinion, are uninteresting animals except to eat, although they have the peculiarity of acute powers of smell in contrast with a remarkable deficiency in vision.

The leopard, which, unlike the pig, has superb eyesight but a poor nose, is the animal, par excellence, which the average traveller is most anxious to see. To accomplish this, however, with any degree of certainty, a "fort" by a water-hole is of little use compared with a "hide" in a tree above a leopard's "kill." This creature, in common with most denizens of the jungle, is reluctant to attack man unless the latter molests him. The most important exception to this rule is the leopard who, in old age, sometimes discovers that it is easier to catch a human being than an agile buck. As a result, he then becomes a "man-eater," relishing the taste of human flesh and the facility with which he can obtain it. Such a leopard is naturally a great menace to any village in the jungle, and steps are always taken to procure the services of a first-class shot in order to exterminate him. I was once invited to spend the night in a "hide" with a skilful European marksman who had been asked to kill an inveterate "man-eater." When, however, I discovered that the "kill" was the half-eaten body of a native whom the leopard had caught the evening before, I had not the courage to accept this rather sinister invitation.

Nevertheless, it is a great experience to watch a non-man-eating leopard at his usual kill of a sambur or spotted deer. Patience and complete silence are essential in the "hide," since the animal is timid and wary, and unless great care is taken not to arouse his suspicions, he will prefer to abandon the carcass and to make a new "kill." If, however, arrangements have been well made, there is every chance of the traveller enjoying the sight of a leopard cautiously emerging from the undergrowth with feline grace and hesitation. There is no sudden dash upon the half-eaten body of the deer; on the contrary, the leopard carefully reconnoitres his "terrain" before resuming his delicious repast. I was once so fortunate as to see a leopard at his "kill" after several hours of patient but uncomfortable waiting. Unluckily, however, the stench of the deer's decaying body, as the leopard tore it to pieces, upset my already sensitive nasal organ, and my resulting sneeze was so terrific that the startled animal bounded into the jungle as if pursued by the devil himself.



An Elephant "Drive." *Plate, Ltd.*

Cinnamon Breezes

by J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

As your steamer nears Ceylon you will find your nostrils eagerly drinking in a strange, intoxicating breeze. Its effect on you will be most unusual—languorous and vitalising at the same time. If you are no longer young, it will recall the days that you wish to recall. If you are young, it will be an intimation of experiences you have desired in dreams. This particular breeze capable of arousing these sensations is the breeze that will be wafted to you from the island of cinnamon and frangipanni.

Prepare yourself, then, as we in our island home would prepare for a visit to one of our numerous temples, to approach and experience this island in a spirit of exultation. And do you know how we prepare ourselves for that visit to the temple? To the temples of the Buddha? We bathe very early at a well in the open air or in a river—and except for a few town-dwellers a well or a river is handy to most of us—men and women, all together. We are not immodest; nor are we self-conscious. The water is drawn out of the well by someone else, and potful after potful, you pour it on your head, the glorious morning sun in the meanwhile tinting the cascade of water as it empties itself out of the pot on to your head.

After this leisurely open-air bath, we wear freshly laundered white clothes the women a tight bodice close-fitting to the contour of their breasts and cut low at the neck; from the waists downwards they drape round themselves a cloth which remains intact for any length of time though it is not held together by a belt or any other support. Our women, except for a few spoilt townsfolk, wear nothing on their feet (and what shapely feet they have!), but it is the unspoilt, graceful village women that you should, and would, see. The men wear a cloth, almost similarly draped from the waist downwards. Most of the men still wear their hair tied in a knot at the back of their heads. The women wear no head-dress, and why should they? Their jet-black hair is so rich and beautiful. Next to the eyes, the hair of the women is the favourite subject of our poets. The hair is usually parted in the middle, and elaborately combed back and tied in an elaborate chignon. Incidentally, in Ceylon, you tell a woman's caste by the way she ties her hair. Those with their buns rather low on their napes are of the higher farmer caste. Those with the buns higher up belong to the fisher caste.

These white-clad men and women, and children, of course no scene in the Orient is complete without children having finished their bathing, go back to their homes, collect the baskets of flowers they had arranged beforehand, and incense sticks and cocoanut oil for the temple lamps and usually some milk rice for the priests, and then wend their way to the temple. Arrived there—ah, but you must see those intriguing ceremonies for yourself when you come to Ceylon.

COLOUR—AND CIVILISATION

Prepare yourself then to land in Ceylon to see the Orient at its best. All the exoticism of the Orient without its harshness, all the sensuousness without the reeking vapours, all the care-free simplicity without any signs of decadence.

To most people the lure of the Orient turns out a disappointment when put to the test. With its resplendent colours you must also suffer its merciless sun. In the midst of your exultations over quaint customs and picturesque scenes, you are rudely reminded of primitive paganism. Well, that is the Orient. It is no use asking for it diluted.

However, in Ceylon you get all the glamour of the Orient softened by the amenities of civilisation. When your ship drops anchor in Colombo you can choose to be ferried over to the pier either in an up-to-date motor-boat or you trust yourself into the hands of a Moorish boatman and into his frail but well-behaved craft. In Colombo, the most modern hotels cater to the most exacting demands. And yet within half an hour's drive from one of those very modern hotels you come face to face with Ceylon's ancient glory in its ancient temple. And one of these is the Temple of Kelaniya.

MOUNT LAVINIA

And when you return from Kelaniya you will, like a wise traveller, engage one of those light jinrickshas drawn by fleet-footed, dark-skinned men, and have yourself taken to Mount Lavinia-by-the-Sea. The rickshaw-wallah will take you along the Galle Road. And as you move on those softly gliding wheels you will catch, on your right, glimpses of the sea latticed between gardens of cocoanut palms, and probably a train flashing past, for the railway from Colombo to Point de Galle skirts the coast-line. And whenever the road swerves away from the coast-line, you will pass markets and bazaars, and women vendors, dressed in bright Java cloths and white bodices, walking along with their shops on their heads! They carry their stock-in-trade in bamboo baskets, and what, you will ask, do they carry in those baskets? Almost everything. Vegetables. Long gourds, brinjals, ladies' fingers (okra), pumpkins, bitter gourds, lotus roots, red paprikas, drum-sticks (a prized vegetable so-called because of its lean, long shape), and a host of others for which there might be Latin names but not English. Fruits too. Mangoes, pineapples, a hundred different kinds of berries, a dozen kinds of bananas, and that glorious fruit, the aristocrat of all fruits, the mangosteen.

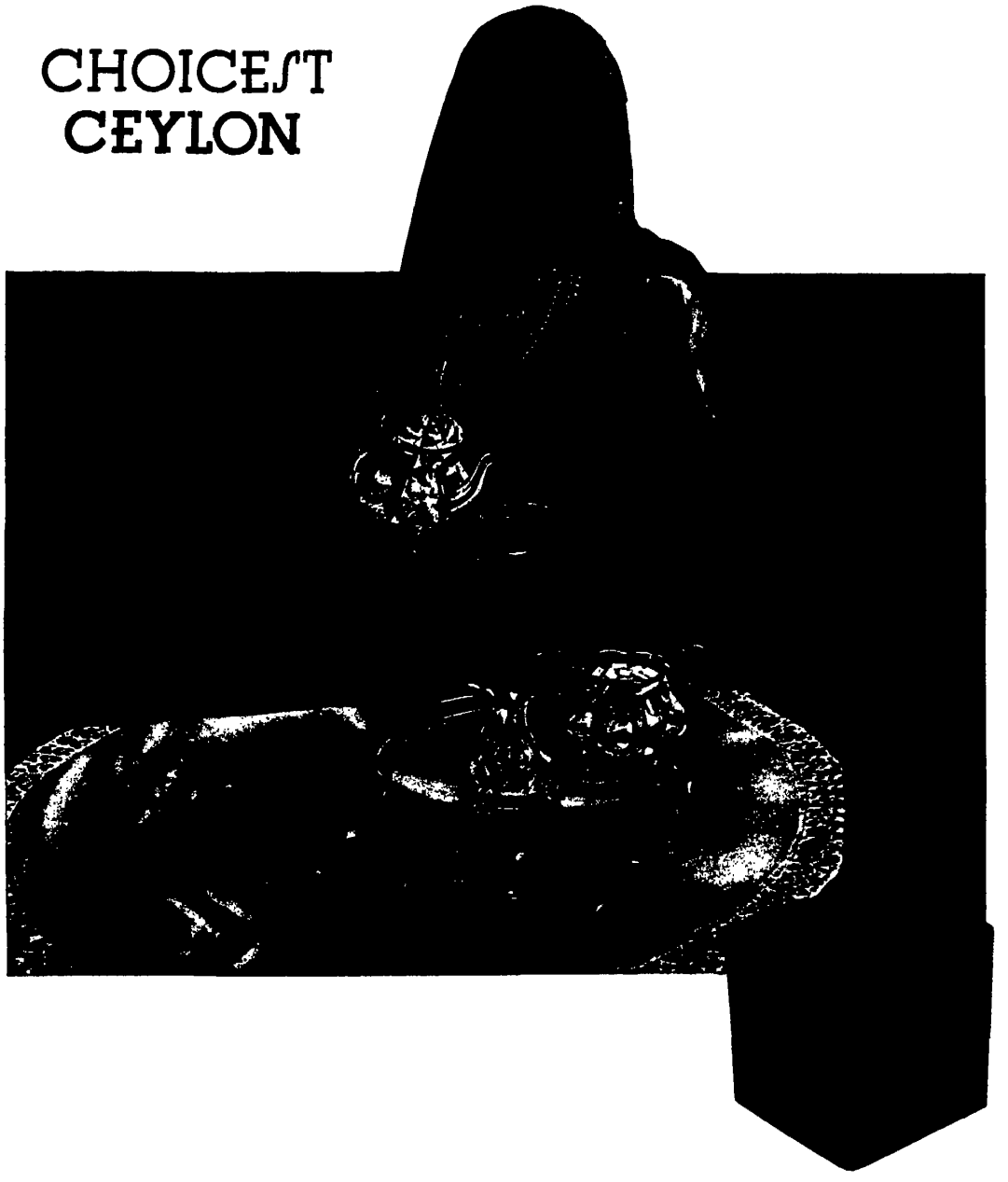
KANDY'S TERRACED HILLSIDES

But no visit to Ceylon will be complete unless it includes Kandy, the old hill capital of the Singhalese kings and still the show place of Ceylon. You can get there either by train or by car. Each choice has its compensations, but for those who delight in a gradient of one in fifty and care not what may be round those ten times fifty corners that make up the eighty miles to Kandy, the car is indicated. Past these bazaars, past Colombo itself your car will nose its way through village after village, along a white-sanded road. Frequently you will pass carts drawn by bullocks, carts with leisurely loads of cardamoms, cloves, unhusked green cocoanuts, rice and tea, and dried fish too.

How soon, you will remark as you proceed, the rather hot atmosphere of Colombo gives place to one as bracing as any pine-filled mountain resort. And the scenery! The terraced hillsides, turned into rice-fields by the ingenious and industrious peasants, is one of the perennial delights of the trip to Kandy. In Kandy itself, the lake nestling at the foot of half a dozen green-draped hills, the temple, where one of the teeth of the Buddha is kept as a relic, the picturesquely garbed Kandyans, especially the women, a thousand scenes will stand between you and the obligation to go on.

But wherever you go in Ceylon, whether it be to Kandy among the hills, or to Mount Lavinia-by-the-Sea, you will pass through one continuous oasis of cocoanut palms, serenely waving their branches in an atmosphere laden with the scent of cinnamon and frangipanni. Only in Ceylon are mirages not mirages.

CHOICEST
CEYLON





Gathering the "Snippets" of fine leaf from the top of the bush.

A Glimpse of Lipton's Tea Estates in Ceylon

TEA is so ancient a drink in China that its discovery was ascribed to a half-mythical emperor who lived in the 2,800th century B.C. Another tradition tells that it was introduced from India in the second century. However, it is known to have been in use in the fourth century A.D., and to have been cultivated in Japan towards the end of the sixth century where, as in China, it is still the national beverage.

The earliest mention of tea in Europe was in 1559 and the Dutch were the first to take tea to Europe at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The first importation of tea by the English East India Company was in 1669 and so began a trade with England which in time was to build fortunes and dot the seas with tea ships. It was at first extremely expensive and according to Thomas Garway, the founder of the well-known coffee-house of "Garraways," "only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments and presents made thereof to Princes and Grandees." By the end of the century, however, its price, which at first varied from £6 to £10 per lb., had dropped to an average of 16s. per lb., which included, too, a duty of 5s. per lb. and five per cent. *ad valorem*. The average import of tea into England was then 20,000 lb. a year.

Tea was introduced to the North American Colonies about the middle of the seventeenth century; in New Amsterdam (New York) tea drinking became as much a social custom in the Colony as it did in Europe and at about the same time. The Stamp Act of 1765 imposed a tax on tea, amongst other articles used by the Colonists, and aroused violent protests on the ground that the British Parliament had no right to tax the American Colonies without the consent of their assemblies. This Act was repealed, but the Tea Act was passed in 1773 imposing a tax of 3*d*. per lb. This met with such opposition on the part of the Colonists that it led to the revolution, and thus the great Republic of the United States of America was born.

All through the eighteenth century the consumption of tea always, of course, China tea increased rapidly in England till it reached an average of 2 lb. per head per annum. (Present English consumption is over 10 lb. per head per annum.) The business was a monopoly, and a highly profitable one, of the East India Company.

Difficulties with China soon began to suggest that it was advisable to find an independent source of supply, and in 1788 Sir Joseph Banks wrote a treatise on the cultivation of tea in India; but it was not till 1834, the same year in which the East India Company's monopoly was abolished, that a certain Captain Jenkins proved the wild tea plant to be a native of British territories in Upper Assam. In

1840 the Assam Tea Company was formed and took over the experimental garden of the East India Company.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century began the gradual superseding of China teas in the western markets by the more scientifically produced teas from India and Ceylon. Java had made an earlier start in 1826 but its progress was slow owing to the prevalence of Chinese influence and the use of China seed.

In Ceylon repeated attempts had been made to introduce tea culture but with no success till 1876, after the disaster of the coffee leaf disease, which in one season annihilated the chief product of the island.

It was soon after this that the late Sir Thomas Lipton (Mr. Thomas J. Lipton at that time), recognising all the conditions necessary for the cultivation of the finest tea, established his chain of estates which have made the names of Lipton and Ceylon famous in every part of the world.

There is something interesting about the first stages of most household commodities and the scenes in which raw materials are produced—the vineyards of France, the orchards of California, the estancias of the Argentine, but none of them appeals to the imagination more than the tea gardens in these hills high above the tropical and luxurious plains of Ceylon.

A mass of peaks and plateaus running up to 7,000 feet above the sea, once covered with gloomy forest and inhabited by elephant, has been civilised and cultivated into a small world of its own which for many years has produced, as is well known, the finest tea in the whole world.

It is on the cool slopes of these mountains that Lipton's famous estates are situated. From the port of Colombo it is a long drive by car towards the interior, before the coconut palms and ricefields of the plains begin to drop behind and the first wooded hills appear on the horizon. The approach to the mountains through this lush country is inconceivably magnificent, and as he ascends the foot-hills the traveller feels the air becoming cooler with every mile.

As the car climbs up the mountain road the landscape changes from the romantic wildness of the lower hills to the cultivation of the tea lands with their reddish soil and neat, ordered appearance; whole hillsides, often of incredible steepness, are covered with round bushes in regular lines interspersed with wider rows of graceful shade-trees. Sometimes a glade or a peak is left uncultivated—a tangle of flowering jungle, resounding with a mountain cascade. Then at a chosen point is perched the planter's lonely bungalow in its lawns and garden.

Some of the deepest valleys are terraced with the ricefields of the Sinhalese villages which have sprung up in the train of European cultivation.

The process of turning the green leaf into "tea" as used in the home is a fascinating one. First it is gathered by gangs of pluckers, who bring their full baskets on their backs to the doors of the factory, or, on estates whose steepness makes transport difficult, the leaf careers down an aerial ropeway to the factory below. The pluckers are all women and girls—a gay sight with their heavy gold ornaments and tightly wound cloths of crude warm colours. They pick over the leaf to remove all but the tenderest shoots, and then it is carried to the upper floors of the factory to be spread for "withering" on "tats," five inches apart, of tightly drawn hessian. This process, which lasts from twelve to twenty-four hours according to weather conditions, removes about forty-five per cent. of the moisture in the leaf and renders it soft and pliable.

It is then sent down to the lowest floor of the factory and put into heavy presses or rolling machines whose function is to break up the cells and set free the juices that give its distinctive flavour to the tea. The rolling room, shaded from the sun, is cooled by the constant spraying of water and filled with the fresh, sweetish smell of the half-made tea as it revolves, still green, on the rollers, or is shaken over the automatic machines before the next process, which is fermentation.

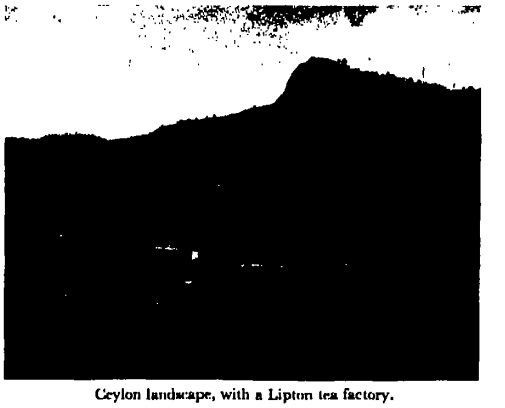
Fermentation is done by spreading the leaf on tables of glass in a cool dark room for periods varying from 1½ to 2½



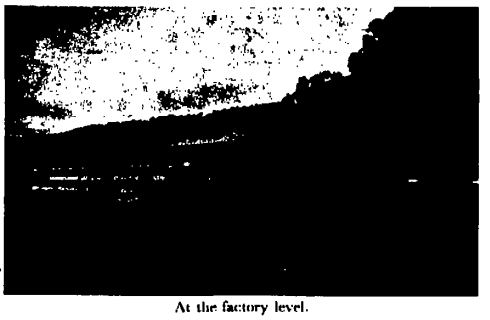
Checking over the freshly picked leaf on a Lipton estate.



Superintendent's bungalow on a Lipton estate.



Ceylon landscape, with a Lipton tea factory.



At the factory level.

hours, at the end of which the leaf, now changed from green to copper-colour, is ready for the last process firing or drying.

In the firing machine the leaf is subjected for about half an hour to a continuous current of dry air, heated by an adjoining furnace to a temperature of from 180 to 200 degrees Fahrenheit. It comes out " tea " of the familiar black appearance, but it is of uneven size and style and must be sifted and sorted into various grades, known to the tea trade as Broken Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Pekoe, Fannings, and Dust. It is then packed into lead-lined chests with an inner lining of paper to protect the tea from contact with the lead, and is then ready for despatch to the Colombo office of Lipton Ltd.

Up to a few years ago all transport from the estates to the railway stations was done by cart, and it was a picturesque sight to see the winding procession of bullock waggons slowly descending the estate roads to the clanging of bells and the whoops of the carters; in recent years motor lorries have superseded this leisurely method.

The estate labourers, who are almost all Tamils from southern India, form a sort of separate village in the middle of each estate. The conditions and wages of estate life offer great inducements to the South Indian peasant to leave his precarious little harvest and live in comfortable quarters in regular employment. He is housed free in buildings made to Government specification, is provided with rice, his staple food, at the lowest possible price, usually below cost, and his children are educated free by a resident schoolmaster. On every estate there is a dispenser qualified to treat ordinary illnesses, and on the larger properties there are well-equipped hospitals and crèches.

Every encouragement is given to the cultivation of vegetable gardens, land being provided free for this purpose, and a Government Ordinance fixes the minimum wage that a labourer may receive. A Ceylon estate labour force is probably a more contented body of workers than can be found in any industry in the world.

Many years have passed since the late Sir Thomas Lipton formulated the firm's principle of direct supply from the estate to the consumer, a principle which has necessitated one property being added to another till the whole represents a very considerable acreage of tea land. The principal estates are in the Haputale district in the province of Uva, whose cool and invigorating climate is exceptionally favourable to the production of teas of superlative quality. It is here that the famous Dambatenne Group of Estates consisting of Dambatenne, Maha Dambatenne, Bandara Eliya, Mousakellie, and Sunny Peak is situated. The teas from this group of estates are sold under the " Bandara Eliya " mark, which is synonymous in the tea markets of the world for the highest quality. Also very well known are the Lipton Monerakande and Pooprassie Groups and, above all, the famous Bunyan and Ovoca. All the estates are under the supervision of planters of experience, and both cultivation and factory equipment are of the most up-to-date, scientific standard.

Lipton's teas have made Ceylon famous. No other enterprise has brought more popularity to Ceylon tea or won it a higher reputation in the markets of the world.

In Canada and the United States of America, for instance, " Lipton " means good tea in innumerable homes. Many hundreds of chests are shipped weekly from the Colombo office to the depots of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., at New York, San Francisco, and Toronto; there the teas are tested and blended by experts to be packed and distributed all over that immense continent, from the Arctic trading posts of Alaska to the plains and cattle towns of Texas, and from the bustling cities of the east to the sun-bathed slopes of the Pacific Coast.

The Lipton organisation maintains its own distributing centres in India, Burma, Australia, Egypt, France, etc., and there is hardly a country in the world where this popular brand of tea cannot be bought.



Dambatenne Bungalow, with Banara Eliya in the distance.

The Fascination of Tibet

by SIR FREDERICK O'CONNOR

TIBET is a fascinating country from several points of view.

First, geographical. Imagine a vast plateau averaging some 15,000 feet in elevation and extending 1,500 miles from east to west and 1,000 miles from north to south, buttressed north and south by great mountain ranges reaching to elevations of over 20,000 feet, and including in the south such world-famed giants as Everest and Kangchenjunga. To the west the plateau extends into Ladak and so by gradations to the Vale of Kashmir and the lower reaches of the Indus. On the east a series of gigantic, almost precipitous, ravines separate it from China.

The more northerly part of the country, called by the Tibetans the "Chang Tang" or "Northern Plain," lies at over 16,000 feet, and is a bleak, barren, wind-swept expanse, dotted with numerous small lakes, and uninhabited except by nomad herdsmen. Here roam the wild yak, antelope, gazelle, and other animals.

The main geographical feature of Tibet, however, may be said to be the Tsang-po river, which, rising near the Mansarowar lake in western Tibet, flows through the heart of the country from west to east, and then turning south forces its way through a maze of forest-clad hills and emerges into India as the Brahmaputra. It is along the course of this river, and its tributaries, that the chief cities and a large proportion of the population are to be found. Owing to the great height above sea-level of the country generally and to the sparse rainfall, cultivation is only possible along or near the banks of the rivers where irrigation is possible. There we find Lhasa, Shigatse, Gyantse, and other towns and numerous villages, all situated on the great river or its side streams, and fertile areas wherever there are level spaces.

The climate is not as rigorous as might be expected in these lofty wastes. The Himalayas intercept the rain-bearing clouds from the south and the moisture is precipitated mostly on the southern slopes to flow into India, and consequently Tibet is a dry country with a very small rainfall, and, except on the southern passes, practically no snow. The summer climate is delightful blue skies and sunshine, never too hot, and cool at night. And even in winter the cold is not excessive, and as long as there is no wind blowing the sunny days are invigorating and pleasant. But cold winds arise most afternoons, and blow sometimes for days at a time, when the cold becomes penetrating and clouds of dust fill the air.

RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS

Then as to the people of the country. The population is necessarily small for so large an area, and is estimated at some five to six million. The Tibetans are mongoloid by race, showing the familiar Mongol characteristics, and they are Buddhists by religion. They are a cheerful, smiling, happy-go-lucky race. They love bright colours and plenty of food and drink especially drink! The upper classes dress very much in the Chinese style, silk robes with long sleeves, and so on. The poorer people have to content themselves with the home-spun woollens of the country, and very warm and suitable garments they make. The monks, of course, are a class apart, but of them more hereafter.

The Government of the country is a highly elaborate affair. At the head comes the Dalai Lama, or during his infancy a Regent. Below him are the four Cabinet Ministers (called "Sha-pes"), one of whom is always a monk. Below them again a carefully graded series of chamberlains, secretaries, generals, district officers ("Jongpens"), and minor officials, in the proportion, roughly, of one monk to one layman. The laymen wear a special headdress and other signs of rank. Besides this there are two Assemblies at Lhasa, one in permanent session consisting of officials above a certain grade, and the other a sort of "General Assembly" to which monks and laymen of rank and position are summoned from all over the country, and which meets generally only for matters of national importance.

EMBODIMENTS OF THE BUDDHA

It is, however, the religion of Tibet which constitutes its dominating feature, and which presents such strange and unique problems. As stated above, it is Buddhism, derived originally from India but nowadays overlaid by a growth of indigenous superstitions and legends. The head of the church is the Dalai Lama, believed, like other Incarnate Lamas, to be an earthly manifestation of the Deity, and he rules supreme (subject to certain constitutional checks) in both the civil and religious spheres. The other great Incarnate Lama (there are numerous lesser ones) is the Tashi Lama of Shigatse, who actually, after the strict dogmas of Buddhist metaphysics, ranks higher than the Dalai Lama in the mystical sense, but is of quite minor importance from the worldly point of view. Both these Lamas have died (or, as the Tibetans put it, "temporarily departed") during the last few years, and the latest reports state that a successor, in the shape of a young child, has recently been discovered for the Dalai Lama. The Tashi Lama's successor has not yet, as far as we know, been found.

The Tibetans firmly believe that these mystical beings are actual embodiments of the Buddha on earth and are therefore divine, and that on their death their spirit is transferred to some child born about that time, and they are revered and worshipped accordingly. Like the monks they are celibate.

A LAND OF MONASTERIES

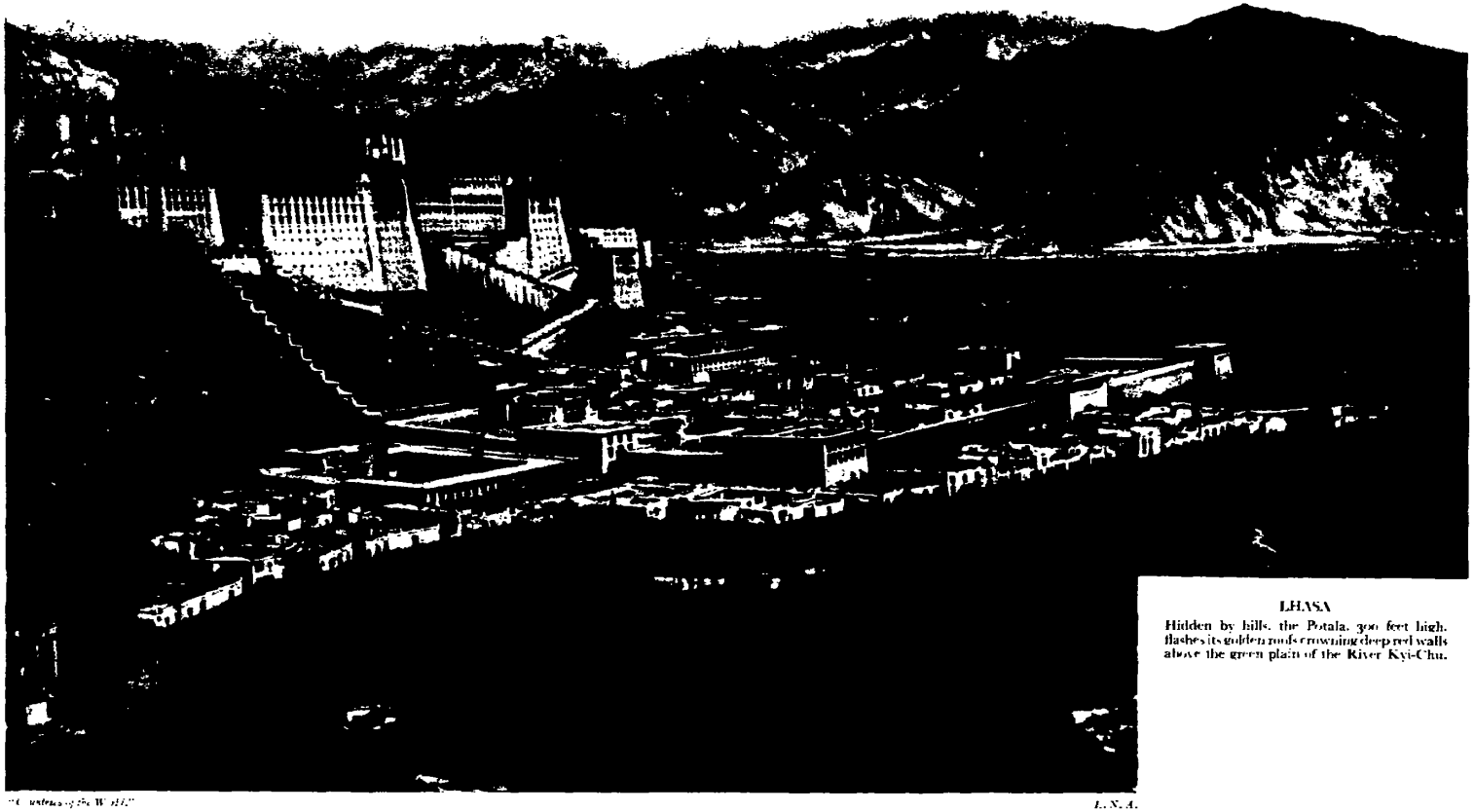
Then we have in Tibet the extraordinary spectacle of the numerous monasteries, great and small, which are to be found all over the country. Round Lhasa alone there are three which contain between them some 20,000 monks. The largest holds nominally 7,700, but the total is said to reach some 10,000. And there are hundreds of smaller monasteries scattered about everywhere.

These great establishments are ruled with a rod of iron by their Abbots and other officials, and are regulated by strict laws and customs. Children are admitted as novices at a very early age, and progress through the various grades in accordance with character and ability. They are taught to read the scriptures and to repeat by rote interminable passages and prayers. The monasteries are supported by estates sequestrated for the use of the church as in the Middle Ages in Europe, and by the gifts of the faithful.

Each monastery has its great hall, or temple of worship, with images of the Buddha and other divine conceptions, altars, lamps, frescoes, and silken hangings. Candles are burned and incense swung as in Anglican or Roman services, and there is chanting and music. The monks live in rather dingy bare barracks, and lead a simple and indolent life, except in so far as their religious duties are concerned. It is altogether an extraordinary state of affairs in a poor and barren country like Tibet.

EXTERNAL RELATIONS

The history of Tibet is involved mostly with her relations with China, who at one time claimed sovereign power there and who still claims a sort of shadowy suzerainty. She has come to Tibet's aid more than once when Tibet was at war with her neighbours, and Chinese influences are very manifest in Tibetan dress and in many of the manners and



LHASA

Hidden by hills, the Potala, 300 feet high, flashes its golden roofs crowning deep red walls above the green plain of the River Kyi-Chu.

customs. Thanks to her formidable frontiers, however, Tibet is fairly secure against outside aggression, and her little wars with Nepal are not likely to be repeated. With India the only serious clashes occurred in the latter years of the last century when there were frontier skirmishes in Sikkim, and in 1903 4 when the Younghusband Mission was obliged to force its way to Lhasa. There we concluded a treaty satisfactory to both parties which has worked very well ever since, and under its provisions we still retain a British Agent at the Trade Mart of Gyantse, half way between India and Lhasa.

China made desperate efforts to re-establish her influence in Tibet after our mission. She overran and conquered a number of the semi-independent districts in the wild mountainous marches lying between her western frontier and Central Tibet, and occupied Lhasa with an armed force. The Dalai Lama, who had fled to Peking before our advance in 1904 and had returned to his capital in 1909, again fled before the Chinese, but this time he went south hotly pursued by their troops. He succeeded, however, in reaching India, where he remained for over a year as a guest of the Indian Government. During this period the effects of the revolution in China spread to Lhasa and resulted in the disintegration of the Chinese force there, and the Lama was able to return to Lhasa, where he ruled peacefully till his demise some four years ago.

The only untoward event which occurred during these years was his disagreement with his brother Lama, the Tashi Lama of Shigatse. It was a most unfortunate episode, deeply regretted by all northern Buddhists, who revered both these sacred figures and were grieved to see them on bad terms. Matters eventually became so acute that the Tashi Lama, in his turn, left his monastery at Tashi Lhunpo, and with a few followers fled north into Mongolia and so later to China, where he lived until his death some two years ago.

But these internal events, regrettable as they were, had little effect on Tibet's foreign relations, and she continued to keep China at arms' length and on friendly terms with Great Britain. She realises that we have no designs on her independence, and of later years their Government have shown themselves increasingly friendly to our representatives, several of whom have visited Lhasa by invitation, and have made long and pleasant sojourns there, accompanied in some cases by their wives. They have been received with the utmost hospitality, and have been lavishly entertained both officially and by private persons.

CIVILISED BUT SECLUDED

The Tibetans are, in fact, a very pleasant people to deal with and live with. As Buddhists they are kindly and tolerant, and they are free from the caste prejudices and restrictions which make social relations between Europeans and Hindus so difficult in India. And, similarly, they have no system of seclusion of women as is the case among Muhammadans. All this tends to make social life easy. The ladies move about freely and take part (although perhaps a rather subordinate part) in social festivities, and it is possible to entertain and to be entertained by Tibetans on equal terms.

Their houses are well built, and, in the case of the wealthier classes tastefully decorated with carvings, paintings, silken hangings and banners, and many objects of art, some Chinese, some indigenous. They have an acute sense of humour, and love a good joke or a humorous story. And they are taking to some of our sports such as football and polo.

Their literature consists almost entirely of the Buddhist classics, translated mostly from the Sanscrit and overlaid with ponderous commentaries. These are studied especially by the monks, and only the better educated among the higher classes, even of the ecclesiastics, have much comprehension of what it is all about. There is a wealth of unwritten folklore passed from mouth to mouth- excellent stories, fables about animals, weird tales of witches, goblins, giants, and so on.

In spite of certain attempts at modernisation, such as a trained and drilled army, an electric light plant at Lhasa, and a telephone line, Tibet still retains her characteristics and is essentially a remnant of the Middle Ages existing in modern times. Foreign visitors are few and far between, and modern science and literature are unknown. As in the Middle Ages in Europe the monasteries are still the centres of art, learning, and culture, and their influence permeates every aspect of Tibetan life.

It is this which gives to Tibet its supreme interest in these restless times. We find there a highly civilised and well-organised community, but possessing a civilisation and an organisation quite remote from our own. They are content to live their own lives and to work out their own destiny in their own way. And in this we sympathise with them, and beyond keeping in friendly touch with them through the medium of our political officers we make no attempt to interfere with them, and are content to carry on the tradition of friendship and goodwill which has continued without interruption ever since our mission to Lhasa thirty-odd years ago.



Photo by *Maj. Gen. P. Neame.*

The Regent of Tibet.



Photo by *Maj.-Gen. P. Neame.*

Gold Idol and Gold Lamps.

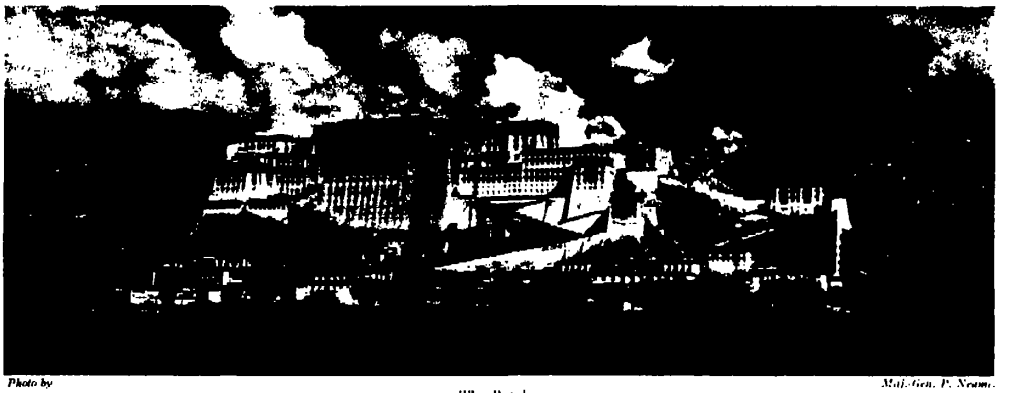


Photo by *Maj.-Gen. P. Neame.*

The Potala.

A Visit to Lhasa

by MAJOR-GENERAL P. NEAME, V.C., C.B., D.S.O.

TIBET is the most secluded and closely guarded country in the world, but occasionally a political mission from the Government of India has been invited by the Tibetan Government to visit Lhasa. The last one went there in 1936 under the Political Officer in Sikkim, Mr. B. J. Gould, and I was fortunate enough to be selected to join it as military adviser.

The mission had a most interesting three-and-a-half weeks' march from Sikkim to Lhasa via Gyantse with wonderful scenery en route. The day of our first entry into Lhasa, 24th August, 1936, was a most notable event, for Lhasa has been in the past and is still to a great extent one of the secrets of Tibet and of Central Asia. The most phlegmatic person could hardly avoid a thrill when, rounding a cliff on the banks of the Kyi Chu River, we had the first sight of the Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama, with its gilded roofs glittering in the bright sunshine of these high altitudes.

On our arrival in Lhasa we spent some days in interchange of ceremonial calls. The most magnificent sight was the arrival of three of the Cabinet Ministers (*Sha-pes*) of the Tibetan Cabinet (*Kashag*). They and the Prime Minister and the Regent are the only people in Tibet allowed to wear the Imperial Chinese yellow silk robes, with coloured brocade hats having red silk fringes and a jewelled knob on top. The three Ministers sat cross-legged on a divan in our reception room, and we all sat round drinking tea and liqueurs with them while Rai Bahadur Norbhu Dhondup, one of the officials of the Indian Foreign and Political Department and a Tibetan by birth, interpreted for us.

Our first visit to the Potala was to pay an official call on the Regent and the Prime Minister. The Potala is one of the most impressive buildings I have ever seen; in fact, I doubt if there is a building in the world more impressive in its architecture and more striking in its situation. The present building is some 300 years old and its design and architecture are purely Tibetan. It stands up on a hill dominating the city of Lhasa and the cultivated plain around. The sheer walls of the Potala rise up to the sky, and the skyline of the building is broken by marvellous gold turrets which cover the burial shrines of the Dalai Lamas. The inside of the Potala is rather dark and dirty with low doorways and passages except for the golden shrines (*chortens*) in which the Dalai Lamas are buried. These are magnificent, but the most magnificent shrine is that of the last, the 13th Dalai Lama, who died some five years ago. It comprises a *chorten*, or shrine, some forty feet high, the whole of it covered not with the usual gold leaf but with sheets of thin beaten gold in which are embedded all manner of precious stones, turquoise predominating. In front of it there were rows of gold butter lamps, Chinese vases, and one vessel entirely covered with pearls.

The Norbhu Ling Ka, the summer palace, is a large enclosed park perhaps half a mile square with several hundred acres planted with trees and laid out with flower beds and small lakes and pavilions. There are three separate small palaces, one very ancient and two more recent. There is also an exquisite little water garden containing a summerhouse with lacquer-decorated walls in which the late Dalai Lama used to sit and meditate on an island surrounded by water.

The Tsuk Lha Kang, which means the Head House of God, is the chief cathedral of Lhasa. There are innumerable small temples opening off the Tsuk Lha Kang in which are many gold idols set with jewels and surrounded by solid gold butter lamps. There is, in fact, an incredible treasure shut up in the Tsuk Lha Kang, and most of the temples have chain mail curtains which can be locked across their open doorways to secure the treasure within.

I will describe a visit to the biggest of the great monasteries of Lhasa. Drepung Gompa is the biggest Buddhist monastery in the world, and is really more like a university than a monastery, for it contains 7,000 Lamas organised in six colleges each under an Abbot (*Khempo*). The administration and discipline of the whole Gompa is in the hands of two *Shen-ngos*. The *Shen-ngos* conducted us all round the Gompa, and they were invariably preceded by two mace-bearers, like Roman lictors, carrying great metal staves with the *Shen-ngos*' yellow hats of ceremony perched on top of the staves. There are some very large and impressive halls of prayer.

I must mention one more most impressive building, the Nechung Temple where the State oracle of Tibet, known as the Ta Lama or Great Lama, resides. This is a very beautiful and striking building with the inevitable gold-leaf turreted roofs and many gold idols. The Ta Lama is often required to give advice to the Tibetan Government on current matters of policy by means of prophecies delivered when he is in a trance.



Katmandu. *M. Milward.*



The Valley of Nepal. *M. Milward.*

The Hidden Land of Nepal

by MARGUERITE MILWARD

THE little-known and almost forbidden Kingdom of Nepal offers many inducements to the traveller.

To the archæologist it holds a new field of discovery of early Buddhist remains. At Rummindei in the primeval forest of Nepal, an Asoka pillar was found by the merest accident by Dr. Fuhrer in 1895. On this pillar are clearly inscribed the words: "The Buddha Sakyamuni was born here." This is proved by ancient Buddhist records which state that the Buddha was born at the Lumbini Garden (close to Rummindei) and also that a great stone pillar was set up near a *stupa* by an Asokan Raja 2,175 years ago.

To the explorer there are many unknown peaks above the snow-line, for much of Nepal remains to be discovered. Mount Everest, Queen of the Himalayas, still untrodden and unconquered, lies within the borders of Nepal. The ascent is from Tibetan territory, but the recent Air Expedition could only take place with the consent and assistance of the Maharaja.

To the big game hunter, the Terai, a malarious belt of jungle that encircles Nepal, offers the best shooting in the world. Here tiger and rhinoceros are to be found in swarms, and elephant, leopard, and sloth bear abound. Hunting is the favourite pastime of the Maharaja; in one expedition alone he bagged fifty-nine tigers, besides other game.

My reasons for visiting Nepal, however, were none of these. Apart from my interest in the art of this unknown country, I went there to study the primitive tribes of the valley and to add some heads in sculpture to my collection.

HISTORY

Nepal, called the Land of the Gurkhas, extends 520 miles along the southern slope of the Himalayas. It varies in breadth from 90 to 100 miles, a long and narrow strip of country. On the north lies Tibet and the eternal snows considered impassable. On the east, Sikkim and the Darjeeling District. On the south, Bengal and the United Provinces. Three sides are bordered by British territory. The population is about six million.

There have been from time immemorial many small States in the hill country. Gurkha was just such as these. It only rose to power and importance as a State when according to tradition a Prince of pure Rajput blood fled from Chittor to seek fortune in the hills, and became King of the Gurkhas. Ambitious and warlike, he and his descendants gradually conquered the country round, until in 1769 under Prithwi Natayan, the ninth King, they laid siege to the Valley of Nepal. At that time the Kingdom of Nepal was divided up by the Malla Kings into three jealous Principalities with capitals in Katmandu, Patan, and Bhatgaon. This led to the weakening of their position and final disruption.

Not satisfied with these gains, the Gurkhas turned covetous eyes to Tibet and China and at one time possessed Sikkim. Later came war with the British and years of struggle until finally a Treaty was made between us in 1816 and a firm friendship established.

The main language of the country is Nepali, but there are a score of dialects spoken, and one village cannot communicate with the next. The Newars claim to be the original inhabitants of the valley and possess an ancient civilisation and literature. They are responsible for the wonderful arts and crafts of Nepal. Though everyone is called a Gurkha there are many mixed races, principally of Mongolian origin.

THE JOURNEY

The road to Nepal might strike terror into the hearts of many. There are two ways to enter: the best is from Roxaul, a terminus of the British line in this territory. From there the Nepalese light railway and a motor-bus takes the traveller to the foot of the mountains over fifty miles from the frontier. All this region is known as the *terai*, a dense jungle fatal to linger in during six months of the year because of the devastating fever called *awal* from which only the Tharus tribe are immune.

In order to cross over the hills which surround the Nepal Valley, the weak are obliged to take a carrying chair; the brave and strong walk or ride! The first ascent

of the eighteen-mile journey is easy, and a night can be spent on the heights of Sisagarhi, in the shadow of an old fortress that guards the passage to India. The next day across the passes of Chisapani and Chandragiri to the Valley of Nepal is hard travelling. The highroad to the Kingdom is only a narrow rocky track, with rough and steep gradients. Along this all heavy goods are carried miraculously by hundreds of sturdy little coolies, the only other means of transport being a light ropeway which goes direct across the mountains.

Descending from Chisapani we passed through dense forests of virgin jungle, rich tropical undergrowth, ferns, and rhododendrons. In the valley are three suspension bridges across a turbulent rushing river. The cultivation is intense in the valleys, for Nepal has little land, the country being divided between the *terai* and the mountains.

The first great view of the Himalayas is from the top of the Pass of Chandragiri: Daulagiri Massif, 26,826 feet and a range of glorious peaks, but alas I travelled out of season and the monsoon clouds hid it from me.

The descent to the valley is the most formidable part of the journey, a zigzag path down a precipice, with towering trees and thick jungle on the one side, and fairy-like peeps of the valley below with its gleaming white palaces and golden temple tops.

THE VALLEY

The Valley of Nepal was probably once a lake. The sacred Baghmati River which runs through it passes out by the only cleft in the ring of mountains, said to have been cut miraculously by the Saint Manjusri, legendary founder of Nepal. Oval in shape, it only measures twenty miles by twelve and is of equable climate 4,700 feet above sea-level. An insufficient rainfall makes for the poverty of the people.

The disastrous earthquake of 1934 took terrible toll of the valley. When the Maharaja saw the ruin that was wrought he thought it would take fifty years to rebuild. *In a short time, however, he has brought about a miracle* of reconstruction. Wherever possible old material has been utilised the tiny red bricks so distinctive of Nepal architecture, the precious pieces of sculpture. I saw many workshops full of men and boys copying the antique designs with great skill, and making frames and panels to replace the old.

The three cities, ancient capitals under the Malla Kings, are museums of art in themselves. Katmandu, seat of Government, offers vivid contrasts. On the one hand it is a perfect picture of the Middle Ages, untouched and unspoilt; on the other are modern improvements, immense palaces, a new marble Darbar, a wide street with shops, and equestrian statues unexpectedly decorating the squares.

Patan, a still more ancient city honoured by Asoka, the foundations of which were laid in 225 B.C., almost touches Katmandu. Bhatgaon, a rival capital and strongly fortified city since A.D. 865, is eight miles away across the valley.

The old and narrow streets of the cities are a joy to behold. The beauty and variety of art on the *sculptured* and carved houses baffles all description. Particularly strange is the richness of the ancient dwellings, one time palaces, and the poorness of the inhabitants. The typical house has a verandah with single or double row of pillars carved effectively one-third of the way down. The ground floor is usually occupied as a shop. On the first story big and little windows alternate, the long sills and lintels all decorated with perforated centre panels opening from inside upwards. The next story is entirely of wood and overhangs in a bay. The brackets between the windows are richly carved with figures and birds. The projecting roofs or eaves have a dozen props to hold them, making decorative lines. The narrow streets open out into huge squares filled with magnificent temples, most of them pagoda-shaped with superimposed roofs, a style perfected in Nepal much earlier, it is believed, than in China or Japan. The struts or brackets holding up the roofs are carved with many-armed gods. Pairs of elephants or symbolic lions guard the entrances.

The ancient Darbar Halls and Palaces are many stories high, all decorated with deep woodcarving of figures, peacocks, and floral designs, sometimes picked out in white or coloured paint most effectively. Great bells are in the centre of each town, five feet in diameter. Tall stone pillars capped with strangely beautiful figures in shining brass of wondrous workmanship. Brass and bronze casting is the supreme art of the Newars. There is unimaginable richness and colour everywhere.

NYAT-POLA

Visitors are rarely, if ever, invited to the valley; a record is kept of all of them. Wherever I went I was almost mobbed and followed about by a crowd of men and children, the little women hiding and peeping behind the upper windows. It was difficult to photograph or even think.

The only time I really evaded the crowds was when I suddenly climbed to the top of the Nyat-pola, Bhatgaon's greatest temple with five superimposed roofs, said to re-resemble Horinje in Japan. Five pairs of stone animals and gods guard the entrance; though more than life-size, I braved them all! Legendary giants of Nepal strike terror at the bottom, behind them each animal or figure is said to be ten times stronger. Elephants come first, then lions much more formidable, dragons of fabulous strength behind these, and lastly I faced the wrath of the gods of Baghini and Sinhini, many-armed and greater than all.

Once on the top of the fifth platform I surveyed the details of marvellous sculpture on the brackets above my head in great peace. The town of Bhatgaon with its quaint roofs and little watch towers jutting out, the rich and surprising variety of decoration on the temples below me, the purple hills and angry monsoon clouds behind made a picture. My guides and the crowd remained open-mouthed and stupified at the bottom of the square.

MACHENDRAJATRA

I was lucky enough to be present at the great festival of Machendra, more impressive than usual this year, for it commenced with the State opening of the new temple erected by the Maharaja on the ruins of the old. Originally a Buddhist festival, it has now become Hindu and the popularity of the god increases. Hinduism now attracts the people more than Buddhism because of the Hindu Rulers, but the Nepalese as a race are not really religious; they are a pleasure-loving people and a festival appeals to them because of its holiday and merry-making, and the opportunity to indulge in gambling, a favourite ancient pastime.

The whole population of the valley attended the ceremony of the opening of the temple at Patan by H.H. the Maharaja, who scattered rice and coins among the people. His full title is Sir Joodha Shum Shere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.C.I., G.C.I.E., Prime Minister and Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He came into power in 1932, and his nearest male relative succeeds him. The army of Nepal is its great pride, it numbers over 44,000. Each of the sons and nephews of the Maharaja are Generals. Not a complimentary title but a fact, for none miss the daily drilling in the Maidan. It is a most up-to-date army; high explosives are at the moment a special study of the State. Though we recruit many regiments of Gurkhas from the valley according to our Treaty, the tallest of them are all kept for the army of Nepal.

The Machendrajatra lasted many days and one of the most important ceremonies, called "The Showing of the Shirt," was attended by the King of Nepal as well as H.H. the Maharaja. Ever since the great Jung Nahadur, power has all been vested in the Prime Minister, and the King, although State documents are issued under his seal, does not really rule his kingdom. He lives apart, an incarnation of the god Vishnu, and is rarely seen.

BUDDHIST STUPAS

In 225 B.C., the Emperor Asoka came to the valley and erected six Buddhist *stupas*; four of them mark the points of the compass outside the city of Patan. One is the centre much gilded and changed, and the other is in the city of Kirtipur. Asoka's Kingdom at this time stretched from the sacred Narbada River to Kashmir, and it is probable that Nepal was under his sway.

Two great *stupas* or *chaityas* that make landmarks for miles are Bodhnath and Swayambhunath, great places of pilgrimage. They are under the control of Lhasa, and an old Tibetan Lama takes care of Bodhnath and its Vihara. Both have the elaborate and gilded finials of Nepalese workmanship with strange painted eyes on the base.

The main entrance to Swayambhunath is up a flight of 600 steps guarded by three colossal Buddhas; on the top of the steps is a gilt Vajra or thunderbolt of Indra to be hurled at the enemies of Buddhism. A centre shrine, very Nepalese in character, gleams with brass roof and ornament, a flame burns here for all time, and Buddhist priests guard it night and day. Hundreds of grey-haired monkeys are fed in the courtyard and seem more at home than the worshippers themselves.

The ancient white mound is unaltered, but bronze and brass statuary shine everywhere, a beautiful figure of Tara, a poised peacock on the top of a pillar. The shrines round the *stupa* to the seven Dyana Buddhas have ornamental frames with figures at each side and rare flexible chin windows.

From the parapet Chandrafiri Pass is all draped in clouds, the sacred river sparkles in the valley, the view is one of surpassing loveliness. There is a strange mixture of old carved wooden houses on this side. On one is printed a notice, "Have pity on the poor and helpless monkeys." At the centre shrine with the brass pagoda roof a pilgrim with a bell and many simple offerings was making a loud and noisy *puja*. He read aloud out of a parchment book with his finger pointing to the place. A monkey sat in the window of one of the shrines and put his long fingers through the chain-work to steal bits of offerings. In fact, they were all having a grand feast.

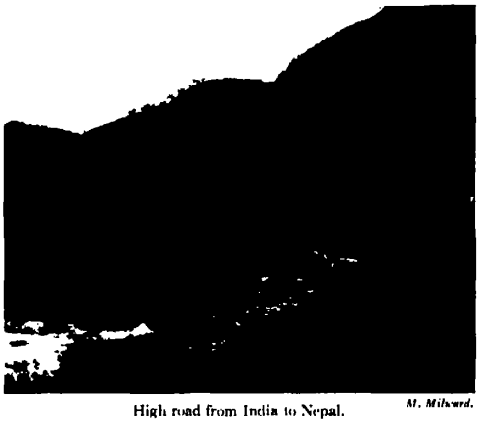
"THE LAND THAT LEADS TO PARADISE"

The vision of Nepal in all its glory was only vouchsafed to me once lest it should become a common thing. The morning of my departure I lifted up my eyes to the hills, hoping and longing to see the snows, and there at last the whole giant range of the Himalayas was revealed. The Daulagiri Massif, Nanda Devi, the great block which contains Mount Everest and all the snow peaks between, with the monsoon clouds rolled away for a brief space. The near hills which had looked so important and satisfying before became insignificant, for behind them towered the snow-caps of the greatest range in the world. Dark icy blue covered with the palest blue snow, the early morning sunlight just touching their tips. We left the houses and climbed higher and yet higher to the foot of the pass, and the whole wonder of it came into view behind the sacred river, trees, and valley. The mighty Himalayas made one vast line of snowclad peaks and the valley and the foothills sank away. With a feeling of great peace I left Katmandu. My bearers carried me all too quickly into the mist and clouds on the top of Chandragiri, but my last glimpse of the Valley of Nepal was one blaze of glory.



M. Miliward.

H.H. the Maharaja of Nepal at opening ceremony of Mahendra Temple.



M. Miliward.

High road from India to Nepal.

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WEAR THEM TO PROVE THEM

Aspects of British Malaya

by RICHARD SIDNEY, F.R.G.S.

MALAYA is a very small country, hardly 600 miles long, and fewer than 200 miles at its broadest. You can fly from Penang to Singapore in three hours, you can travel by motor-car along excellent roads and take what time you like touring the Peninsula, and you can accomplish the journey by train or ship in well under a day. This should give the reader some appreciation of its physical size, but it must not be considered that because the country can be traversed so quickly it is not full of interest for those with an appreciative intelligence.

It is not easy for one who has lived in this country for many years to know exactly what those features are which will most strongly strike the traveller who is here for a few weeks, or possibly only a few days. I have been fortunate of late, however, to have been in touch with several travellers who have given me some of their first-hand impressions about Malaya as they have reacted to it. Some of the features which they noted are here set down.

Probably the thing about Malaya that strikes the traveller most is the essential greenness of the country throughout its entire length and breadth. Probably only in the tin-mining areas is there any exception to this rule. Most travellers affirm, also, that they had expected to find Malaya much hotter than they have actually found it. (This does not comfort very much those of us who live here because we know that the enervating damp heat is what saps our energy and makes us long for a cooler climate. All the same, Malaya never suffers the intense heat of many tropical lands.) Then there are excellent main roads which now penetrate all over the country. These are mostly smooth and dustless, and do not carry very much traffic except near the big towns. Malaya, therefore, may be said to be a Paradise for motorists: though during the heat of the day it is better not to be on the roads, and there is no necessity for this because the country provides accommodation, by means of its excellent system of rest houses, for travellers who would sample the smaller towns and villages as well as the principal cities. In addition, there are comfortable trains and steamers, so that the tourist is well catered for in every department. The internal flying services, also, are making progress each month, and their record for comfort and safety is unexcelled. Add to this, that the traveller will meet in the country districts charming and hospitable Malays, and in the towns Chinese and Indians and others who will be glad to welcome him, and it may be readily appreciated that British Malaya offers a wonderful touring ground for those who have a few weeks to spare during the course of a world tour.

CHANGES DURING THE PAST TWENTY YEARS

The writer has carefully studied this country during the past twenty years, and he has noted how very much Malaya has come into the modern world stream of late. Not so long ago few people had heard of Singapore, and fewer still knew where it was. Even to-day letters are addressed Singapore, India; Singapore, China; and to other destinations—but the Naval Base, and recent Imperial commitments, have put Singapore and British Malaya firmly on the world map. Rubber and tin helped to do this, but the present strategic importance of this small country has probably done more to make Britishers conscious of where Malaya is, and what it stands for, than any other single factor.

We still live in a country in which there are too few domiciled Europeans, but the number of these is growing yearly. With the development of two big hill stations at Fraser's Hill and at Cameron Highlands—we have suitable places to which Europeans feel that they can retire, and where at present are many schools in which European children, at any rate in their early years, can be educated. In addition to this, as a result of the recent depressions, many formerly prosperous men have had to return to Malaya to continue to work, and the tendency is showing itself for more and more Europeans to consider the question of settling down and making Malaya their permanent home. This is going to mean a great deal for the country in future, and will probably help very much in all social legislation and in matters of that sort.

Singapore itself, of course, has become the headquarters of a garrison, but the Military and Naval and Air Force authorities have so arranged matters that the presence of large bodies of troops is not very noticeable unless you know where to find their camps. In the city itself little change has taken place as a result of the great Naval Base, and we only know that Fort Canning (which has always been military headquarters) has more buildings in it than ever before. Otherwise, it is necessary to travel miles out of the city in order to find large encampments of troops, and to become aware of many Air Force landing grounds whose presence the public possibly does not suspect. This is not surprising when we consider that the Singapore Civil Airport is within the Municipal area.

British Malaya has probably been in the world news fairly frequently of late, not only because of the Singapore Base, but because of the generosity of its taxpayers. Only a short time before these words were written the Straits Settlements Government had given to the British taxpayers in England a trifle of one million sterling in order to help defray the cost of Imperial defences.

MALAYA GRADUALLY GROWING UP

While it is true that this country has had many ups and downs, booms and slumps, it is also fairly certain that few countries have been so rich or so richly endowed. Public revenues have been very great, and this has enabled the Government to spend money freely. Up to a few years ago, therefore, there was little need for special legislation as we know it in other countries because, though poverty and want existed in places, few people were known to be starving, and if some were unable to afford a bowl of rice they could always rely on their friends to supply them.

To-day, and for some years past, the effect of depression has been quite severely felt in this country. The result has been a number of strikes, many of which have undoubtedly pointed the way to what is bound to happen in the near future unless conditions are remedied a serious clash between the people who have not with those who have.

Offhand, the writer can remember a strike of tailors, a strike of bakers, numerous transport strikes (causing tremendous inconvenience to the workers in Singapore), a rickshaw strike, and even strikes on the part of Municipal and Government employees. On a large tin mine a strike held up operations for some time. These are examples of what has been happening of late, and with the workers getting organised this will go on happening until equable social legislation is brought into force in this country. (A mirror of the life we are living may be seen in the correspondence columns of our newspapers; and yet this is a comparatively new phenomenon, and something almost unknown ten years ago.)

Another subject which has given our authorities considerable trouble, and has set many of our best brains thinking, is that dealing with traffic. New rules and regulations have been issued for practically every big town in Malaya, and Singapore has even gone so far as to abolish



Malayan Information Agency.

Singapore: View from Clifford Pier

hooting during the day-time in its main business areas, and all hooting throughout the Municipal area at night.

One ought also to mention that A.R.P. has reared its ugly head even in this beautiful and peaceful land, and in Singapore at any rate the possibilities of a future war have been very closely studied. Not long ago a test black-out was held, and the fact that there would be a thousand dollar fine for anyone who contravened the special regulations ensured that no lights in unauthorised places were visible.

My advice to any traveller who can spare a few weeks would be to try to see this country by road, by rail, by sea, and from the air. From the air, he will be surprised at Malaya's colouring. Even if the paddy fields are not emerald green the traveller may well be surprised at the intricacy of the field patterns and the varying shades (from chocolate to a bright yellow) of the earth beneath him. He will feel as he flies over the jungles that Malaya is a great green quilt, with the evidences of man only sparsely realisable. Here, for example, is a thin line representing a railway; here are some blue tin-mining pools showing whence Malaya draws much of its wealth; here are serried ranks of rubber trees which give an entirely different pattern from the wild profusion and disorder of the jungle; and here and there little townships looking so clean and so beautiful from above.

In a short article it is difficult to give more than a hurried glimpse of what the writer considers to be one of the world's finest countries, but I would urge strongly that all who can should come here and see the place for themselves. They will be well repaid and they will leave Malaya feeling that they want to come back and look at the waving coconut palms or the casuarina trees which fringe its shores. The traveller will be delighted at the friendly reception of the people, and it will be surprising if his visit to Malaya does not prove the high-water mark of any world tour he may undertake.

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GENERAL MANAGER: H. O. WASER

Shanghai

by O. M. GREEN

LESS than a century ago the wealthiest, most important city in Asia was a tract of swampy ground adjoining a second-rate Chinese town. The first British merchants who went to Shanghai on its being opened for trade in 1843 lived in that town. In the flimsy Chinese houses they froze in winter and stewed in the moist heat of summer; the Chinese officials disliked having them there; and Captain Balfour, the first British Consul, had no difficulty in obtaining a stretch of ground by the river, northwards of the Chinese town, on which foreigners were allowed to buy land and manage their affairs according to their own laws, under their respective consuls.

Such were the beginnings of Shanghai; and from this germ of self-government has developed a city of forty-two different nationalities and over a million inhabitants, with another 3,000,000 Chinese in the area around the Foreign Settlements, adorned with splendid buildings, great blocks of flats, gay gardens, and spacious parks, hospitals and schools, a police force of 5,000, and an admirable volunteer force of 2,000, mills and factories, docks and warehouses, the centre of China's trade, finance, and industry.

At the outset Shanghai consisted of three Concessions: French, British, and American, governed jointly by their respective consuls. But by 1854 the city had already grown so fast that the administration was entrusted to a Municipal Council, elected by the ratepayers, with powers to collect taxes and maintain a police force—which, it has been observed, are the two indispensable attributes of an independent State. Another change took place in 1863, when the French decided to run their part as a separate Concession, and the British and American Concessions were merged in what has ever since been called the International Settlement.

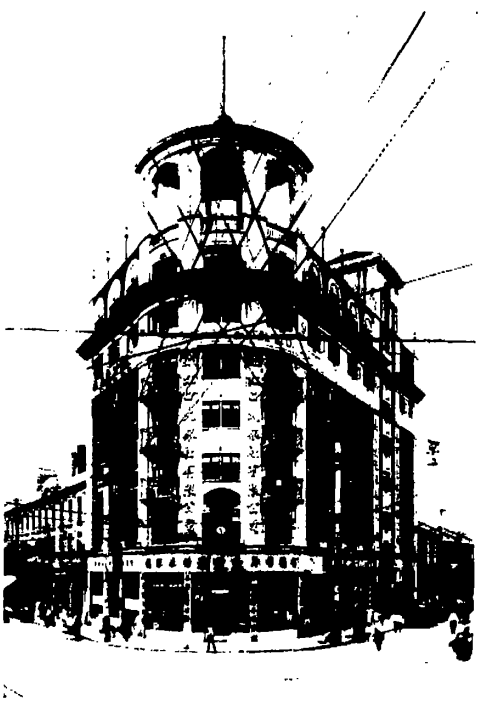
There is no place in the world so curiously constituted. In other parts of China, such as Tientsin, Hankow, and Canton, there are Concessions belonging to different Powers who hold them on perpetual leasehold from China. But the International Settlement of Shanghai belongs only to the people who own the land in it and its administration is entirely in their hands. Throughout the troubled times of the nineteenth century when the last dynasty of Emperors was declining to its collapse, and particularly after their disappearance, hundreds of thousands of Chinese have flocked into the Settlement for protection, and for some thirteen years now there have been five Chinese on the Municipal Council to represent the Chinese community. But the real power, though courteously veiled, remains with the nine foreign members.

Shanghai is under the protection of the fourteen Powers who have treaties with China, but it does not belong to them. The Municipal Council has to have its by-laws approved by the diplomatic body representing the Powers; but neither the diplomats nor the foreign consuls who live in Shanghai can give an order to the Council. Chinese officials have no rights in the Settlement, cannot collect taxes, or post proclamations; and any Chinese wanted by them for crime must have the charge against him established in open court in the Settlement before he can be handed over.

Such a state of affairs could never have come about if China herself had been differently governed. As said above, the Manchu dynasty was plainly moving to extinction all through the nineteenth century; rebellions were frequent, disorder rife; and the Municipal Council, responsible for law and order over so huge and mixed a population, was obliged to assert powers which should never have been necessary. In one crisis of the civil wars seventeen years ago, it actually arrested a Chinese army of about 3,000 men, left leaderless on the Settlement boundary, and interned them until they could be handed over to their rightful leaders. Service on the Council has always been an honour, attracting the best men, though it means hard work and no emoluments, and the Council may fairly claim to have discharged its immense duties impartially and well.

Of the charms of life in Shanghai one might write unendingly. First and foremost credit must be given to the host of deft and supple Chinese servants who lap one continually in cushioned comfort. Accurately informed of "master's" income—for nothing is secret in China—they exact a corresponding "squeeze" on the household bills according to the ancient custom of the East. But in return you will get such service as nowhere else in the world. There is no servant problem in China.

But though freed from the minor cares of life, Shanghai is anything but indolent. The swirling traffic of motors, buses, trams, lorries, wheelbarrows, and rickshaws ceaselessly jostling each other in the crowded streets is symptomatic of the vitality of the place. There are clubs for every kind of sport or social pursuit; the flat surrounding plains are ideal for riding; the wide network of creeks and lakes around the Yangtze delta offer most delightful week-end expeditions by houseboat or sailing-boat; and the many different nationalities mingle together in great amity and combine with energetic appreciation of the common interest in every project for the welfare of Shanghai.

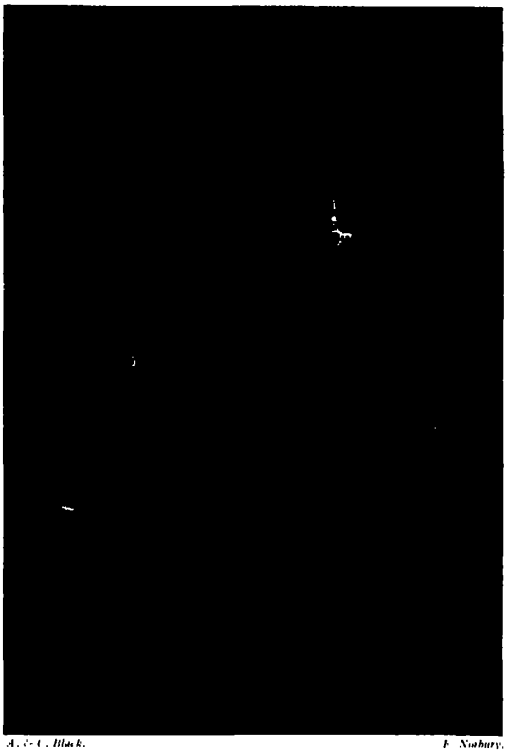


A Modern Chinese Hotel.



A. & C. Black. *Edwin L. Norbury, R.C.A.*

SIAM: TEMPLE OF WAT POH.



A. & C. Black. *E. Norbury.*

SIAM: CANAL SCENE.



A. & C. Black. *J. Hodgson Liddell, R.B.A.*

ON THE CANTON RIVER, CHINA.

The Home and Habits of the Giant Panda

by ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

(*Director: Shanghai Museum*)

THE home of the giant panda (*Ailuropoda melanoleuca* David) is in one of the wildest and most inaccessible mountainous areas on the face of the earth. It lies along the Chinese-Tibetan borders, where rugged mountains of from 15,000 to well over 20,000 feet in altitude are covered below the upper limits of the timber line with dense bamboo jungle and rhododendron thickets, interspersed with stands of coniferous trees. These mountain fastnesses can only be reached by hazardous footpaths winding through deep defiles or along precipitous slopes. Roaring torrents have to be crossed by means of slender tree trunks or crude rope suspension bridges thrown across them. Camp equipment and provisions have to be packed in by porters, while heavy rains often make it almost impossible for even these nimble-footed mountaineers to travel in this inhospitable though wondrously beautiful country.

The inaccessibility of the regions where the giant panda is to be found has been put forward recently as a sure protection against this rare animal's possible extermination, but this is not the case, for the reason that this whole area is inhabited by mountain tribesmen who are all expert hunters and to whom the present high market value of giant pandas, especially live specimens, offers sufficient inducement to make them engage in a ruthless hunting of this animal. It has been reliably reported that these hunters go out in large bands accompanied by packs of dogs and scour the whole country where pandas are known to be, driving them from cover and killing every animal encountered in the hopes of securing females with cubs, the latter alive. Already, it is stated, two large valleys in what is known as the Wassu country, which lies several days journey north-west of Chengtu, the capital of Szechuan Province, have been completely cleared of giant pandas. This is the country where most of the live pandas already shipped out of China to Europe and America, as well as most of the dead specimens for museums abroad, have been taken.

The range of the giant panda, however, extends a considerable distance both north and south of the Wassu country, but nowhere can this animal be said to be plentiful. Its rarity may be gathered from the fact that, although many big game hunters and zoological collectors from Europe and America had repeatedly tried themselves to secure specimens, living or dead, and to encounter and study the panda in its natural haunts, some fifty years elapsed between the time this animal was first discovered in 1867 by the famous missionary-naturalist l'Abbe Armand David in the little Principality of Moupin, and its first capture alive by natives for a German expedition under Herr Walter Stoetzner and Dr. Hugo Weigold in the Wassu country in 1916. This specimen, however, died before it could be brought out of the country. Four other dead specimens also were secured by this expedition for the Dresden Museum, these being the first giant pandas seen in the flesh by Western explorers since David discovered the species.

Even so the members of this expedition did not themselves encounter the giant panda alive in its natural haunts, nor did any other explorer actually set eyes on one in the wilds till in 1928 the brothers Kermit and Theodore Roosevelt, after a strenuous search extending over several weeks, came upon and shot the first giant panda ever to have been seen by a white man in its native habitat.



A young Giant Panda, presented to the Shanghai Museum (R.A.S.) by Mrs. Ruth Harkness and Mr. Quentin Young, who secured the first live specimen to leave China.

Since then four other Westerners have shot specimens of this rare animal, namely, Ernst Schaefer while on the Brooke Dolan Expedition, Dean Sage, Jr., and W. G. Sheldon, who together killed a fine specimen in the Wassu country, and Captain H. C. Brocklehurst, one time Game Warden of the Sudan.

In the autumn of 1936 Mrs. Ruth Harkness, widow of the late Mr. William H. Harkness, made her sensational capture of a live baby giant panda, which she successfully transported to America: repeating this remarkable exploit the following year when she took a second baby giant panda to America, where it was lodged with the first in the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago.

Since then a third live giant panda has been successfully shipped to America for the Bronx Zoo in New York, while Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Smith have more recently taken five living specimens to England, where three were purchased for the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park and Whipsnade. Quite recently one more live giant panda has been shipped out of China on its way to San Francisco, making, with a female which Mr. Smith tried to take to London in 1936, but which died *en route*, a total of ten living specimens of this rarest of China's large mammals to have been exported from this country. In the meanwhile it has been reliably reported that many specimens taken alive by native hunters to Chengtu have died there in captivity, while a great many more have been killed in the course of the intensive persecution to which the species is being subjected. Only a few of these have been secured and preserved for museum collections either in China or abroad.

Previous to the present demand in foreign countries for specimens of the giant panda this animal was not much hunted, because its pelt was not sufficiently valuable to make it worth while for native hunters to waste their time and energy upon it.

A few years ago little was known of the habits of the giant panda, but now it has been well established that it is a lonely creature, living in dense cover, where it feeds almost exclusively on the dwarf bamboo that clothes the mountain sides. The female gives birth to one cub at a time, usually in the late spring or summer. Full grown male giant pandas reach a weight of about 400 lb., being about as big as a medium-sized brown bear.

In outward appearance the giant panda is very like a bear, but its skull and other anatomical features show it to be more nearly related to the members of the raccoon

family, to which belongs its cousin the little panda (*Ailurus fulgens styani* Thomas). The latter is fairly plentiful in the same country as that occupied by the giant panda, another member of the same genus, *Ailurus fulgens fulgens*, being found as far west as the Eastern Himalaya. The giant panda has been placed in a family by itself called the *Ailuropodidæ*. It is known to the Chinese as *Pei Shung*, which means White Bear. Its colour and markings are most remarkable, the body and head being white with a black band extending over the shoulders. Its legs and ears also are black, while a black patch surrounds each eye. The fur is thick, rather stiff and distinctly woolly, the soles of the feet being almost completely covered with hair.

For a considerable part of the year the country in which the panda lives is covered with snow, but, so far as is at present known, it does not hibernate as bears do.

In the same region many other interesting animals occur, including the so-called Himalayan black bear, a species of grizzly bear, closely similar to, if not identical with, the Tibetan blue bear, the strange goat-like animal known as the takin (*Budorcas*), the bhurel or blue sheep, the white-maned serow, the goral, several forms of deer, and the golden-haired snub-nosed monkey (*Rhinopithecus roxellanæ*). There are also a great many different kinds of rare pheasants to be found in this wild and inaccessible country, such as the eared pheasants, the blood pheasants, the monal or Impeyan pheasant, the tragopan, Lady Amherst's pheasant, Elliot's pheasant, the silver pheasant, the pheasant grouse, the snow partridge, and the like.

This region is also the home of numerous strange forms of moles, shrews, and other insectivores not met with elsewhere in the world.

In the more barren uplands farther to the west the wild yak, the big-horned sheep, the wild ass, the Tibetan antelope, two species of gazelle, the wolf, the steppe fox, the snow leopard or ounce, and the lynx occur, while everywhere the wild boar is common. Thus this whole region is a big game hunter's paradise such as is hardly to be equalled anywhere in the world to-day. It is also the home of the wild dog (*Cuon*), which hunts in packs, as well as of a great many other species of smaller carnivores, bats, and rodents. It is here that the handsome Derby's parakeet is found, the most northerly range in the world of any member of the parrot family, while two forms of macaques occur, the common rhesus monkey and the Tibetan short-tailed macaque. The sambur deer also reaches its most northerly limit in the deep valleys of the Yangtze, Mekong, Salween, and Irrawaddy Rivers, which here run parallel to each other, but a few miles apart for some distance. In these valleys semi-tropical conditions prevail in strange contrast to frigid conditions high up in adjacent mountain ridges.

The flora of this region is also extremely rich and varied, forming a rare collecting ground for botanical explorers. It has supplied the gardens of Europe and America with some of their choicest blooms.

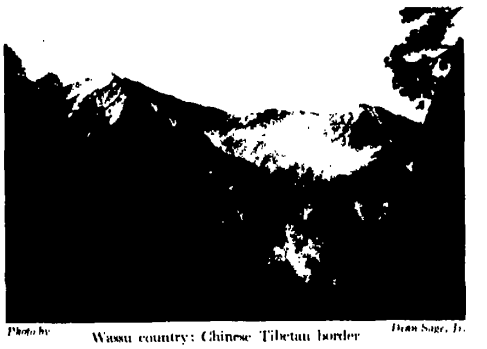


Photo by Wassu country: Chinese Tibetan border home of Giant Panda. *Dean Sage, Jr.*



Photo by Camp of Dean Sage expedition in Wassu country. *Dean Sage, Jr.*



A panoramic view of Hongkong City and Harbour.

Hongkong

by O. M. GREEN

IS there a lovelier place in the world than Hongkong, the last outpost of Empire on the south-east coast of Asia; or, it may well be added, a better example of the British genius for colonisation? Its mountains, rising for the most part sheer from the bluest of seas, are clothed in verdure nearly to their tops: from among them peep large white mansions surrounded by gardens of glowing colour. Along a narrow shelf of foreshore on the western side lies the city of Victoria, great business offices, Government House, the Cathedral, and at the lower end a picturesque medley of old white houses that seem to have come down from an almost forgotten antiquity, swarming with Chinese and Portuguese. The harbour is alive with great ships from all the world, men-of-war, flat-bottomed river steamers sitting on the water like muffins, busy little launches, junks, sampans. Along the water-front of Kowloon, the mainland section of the colony, dockyards and factories cluster thickly; but inland is the most exquisite country, wooded hills, Chinese villages lying snugly in the valleys, and here and there a long arm of placid sea thrust into the land like a Norwegian fjord. If it had nothing else to recommend it, Hongkong should be honoured for its skill in combining the busiest industrial and commercial life with respect for its lovely surroundings.

Within the past two years the Canton-Hankow railway has been linked with the one to Kowloon by a loop round Canton, and this seems destined in years to come to bring still greater business to Hongkong. It has also had another very interesting result. But for the war it would now be possible to travel by rail from Hongkong, up through China and Manchuria, across Siberia, Russia, Poland, Germany, and Belgium, by train ferry across the Channel, and so to London. Half across the world by train: how the old pioneers in China of 1840 would have laughed at the idea. For them the journey home meant three months' sailing round the Cape.

Hongkong's climate cannot be called ideal. In summer as one looks down from the Peak, the highest point in the island, all the town below is hidden for weeks on end in thick white fog, and from time to time typhoons roar up from the region of the Philippines, the fury of which is unimaginable by those who have not known them. All the houses are equipped with typhoon shutters, and on the Kowloon side of the harbour large breakwaters have been built behind which small craft shelter when a typhoon is signalled. Even so the destruction that these mighty storms can do is great. But life in Hongkong, as in all the Far East, is singularly enjoyable. Every kind of sport lies ready to hand: within half an hour of leaving one's desk one may be playing any game one pleases, the swimming and sailing are unsurpassed, in the evening there is dancing at Repulse Bay and all the lavish hospitalities of China. So men work hard and play hard and get a great deal more out of life than their fellows in England.

One institution in Hongkong which deserves special mention is the university for Chinese, founded by Lord Lugard when he was Governor of the colony some thirty years ago. Here the students live very much as they would at Oxford or Cambridge, and the degrees they take are the same as those of London University. For young Chinese who need a Western training and cannot afford to come to England, the Hongkong University is a great boon.

More than this, the university is an emblem of that cultural relationship between Great Britain and China, which, imperceptibly developing through the centuries, has made Hongkong's importance to the Empire even perhaps more than her trade. In no other foreign settlement in the Far East is the sense of history so strong as in Hongkong. Nowhere in China is British influence so deeply rooted as in the south. It was there in the seventeenth century that the British traders first came in contact with the Chinese and quickly transcended the much earlier pioneers, the Portuguese. For over two centuries the jealousy of the Chinese mandarins confined them to the narrow reservations known as the factories of Canton; and two wars had to be fought before relationships were put on a proper footing. Even within the past quarter of a century there have been violent quarrels between Hongkong and Canton. Yet, on the whole, relations between them have been good; they respect each other, and Hongkong is not only a channel for trade, but an avenue for the transmission of the richer if impalpable associations between East and West by which both sides must benefit far more than by the exchange of material goods.

For the moment Hongkong is cut off from Canton and the interior by the war, and, like Shanghai, is suffering severely. Yet, like Shanghai, its vitality cannot be crushed. Already it begins to recover. Sooner or later it must resume its function as the island of Fragrant Streams for Great Britain and China both.



Hongkong Harbour from the Peak.

Japan: Ancient and Modern

by A. MORGAN YOUNG

JAPAN has many names, some of them of enormous length, the least monstrous of the native names being O-mi-kuni, "Great August Country," but the one preferred by the Japanese themselves is a Chinese name, Nippon, from which "Japan" is derived in a roundabout fashion. A few years ago it was officially announced that the correct name was Nippon, and this now appears on postmarks, trademarks, etc. It means "Sun-origin," or the place the sun comes from more familiarly and more poetically, The Land of the Rising Sun. And hence too the flag—the red disc on a white ground, with great red rays added for the naval ensign.

SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS

The first thing that strikes the traveller, at whichever port the liner brings him to, is the mountainous character of the country. If one arrives first at Yokohama, it is true, one is landing on the edge of the greatest plain in Japan, yet the great snow-capped cone of Fuji, the highest mountain in all Japan, is clearly in sight. But it is this plain, with its immense harvest of rice, which accounted for the location of the old capital of Kamakura (now little more than a village, with the famous bronze Buddha) and later Yedo (now Tokyo).

The great modern port of Yokohama, like that of Kobe, was founded because of the deep-water anchorage, which was not necessary for the ancient ports that the new ones serve.

The cluster of islands forming Japan are twice the area of the British Isles, but they are so mountainous that the amount of arable land is about the same. But there is a great difference, though in both countries, more than in most lands, the farming adds to the picturesqueness of the countryside. In Japan this picturesqueness is not that of hedgerows: it is that of fields carefully levelled and bounded by grassy banks for the retention of irrigation water. As the valleys become steeper and narrower in the ascent, these fields become smaller and smaller, and the difference in level greater, until it seems as if the stone retaining-wall has an area nearly as large as the plot of land that it supports. This gives a special character to the scenery throughout Japan. Thatched farm-houses, high narrow stacks of rice-straw, and all around mountains, generally well wooded, and seldom lacking a shrine or two, making a bright spot of red amidst the deep green, combine with the levelled fields to make the peculiar charm of the prospect. Trees are of many varieties but mostly evergreen conifers, of which the pine called *matsu* (familiar in Japanese pictures) is by far the commonest. Its rather sombre evergreen on the hillsides is relieved in spring by the brilliant green of clumps of bamboo, which the Japanese put to an infinite number of uses. The *matsu* is a slow-growing tree and its timber is not particularly good, but it has the great virtue that it will grow on hillsides too steep and barren to support any other vegetation, and it forms a valuable retainer of moisture. Without it the abundant but fitful rainfall would destroy rather than water the farms. Even as it is, there are few perennial rivers in Japan, the majority showing for more than half the days in the year a wide expanse of stony bed, sometimes with a small

CHINA'S AGONY—

Extract from a report on a war district bordering the Yangtse River sent to the Central Executive Committee of the British Fund at Shanghai by a Member of the Chinese Medical Relief Committee:



"Wide World" Photo.

"I passed through one endless line of human suffering . . . difficult to describe living conditions of refugees . . . no words in any language adequate. Undernourished beyond power of words to depict.

"There is no Temple without masses of refugees sleeping on the stone floors, or on boards, benches, tables or altars wherever there is an inch of space.

"Everywhere sick men, women and children lying in bundles of rags. . . . To my unutterable misery mothers with diseased babies in their arms fell on their knees before me crying, and asking for medical care . . ." And there are at least thirty million refugees! Won't you help? £5 will keep 20 for a month.

BRITISH FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN CHINA

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stream meandering down its course, and not infrequently completely dry.

MODERN CITIES

The traveller, however, is sure to get his first impressions from the cities. If he lands at Yokohama, he will see a city in which nothing is more than fifteen years old—for it is only sixteen years since port and harbour were utterly destroyed by the most terrible earthquake which ever struck so populous an area; and naturally concrete and brick are more in evidence than wood and thatch, and the styles are as little Japanese as the materials. Even the swarming jinrickshas of a few years ago have almost entirely given place to motor-cars, and the Japanese dress for both sexes is in a rapid decline—it is less economical and it hampers movement. Like the buildings, the "foreign" dress is less picturesque to the Western eye: but the fate of Japanese dress is only that which, during the past sixty years, has overtaken every characteristic native costume in Europe.

The traveller has a choice of trams, electric trains, and motor-cars for transport to the capital, some twenty miles distant, and finds himself in a huge city, also new and western, with many dignified buildings and broad thoroughfares for though Tokyo was far less damaged by the earthquake than Yokohama, two-thirds of it was burnt down by the fires which followed. But little more than a stone's-throw from the extensive high-level station there is a vast cyclopean wall, frequently overtopped by grotesque pines, and surrounded by a wide moat. Enclosing nearly a square mile right in the middle of this modern city, this wall and moat enclose the Imperial Palace, a comparatively modest and unmistakably Japanese building, but this is not easily visible, though one may drive through a part of the grounds.

Tokyo, like London, spreads over a vast area, and, like Paris, it is the cultural centre of the whole country. It houses numerous universities, has almost a monopoly of the art shows, leads in every kind of Westernisation, and is the hub of all officialdom. Only in traditional arts and the native theatre is it excelled by Kyoto and Osaka. For the traveller the most inevitable place in the capital is the Imperial Hotel, which was constructed no great time before the earthquake by Wright, the distinguished American architect. It passed through that cataclysm almost unscathed, and, in a city that had to be rebuilt, the infinite ingenuity which its architect bestowed on its ornamentation gave so many ideas to a people who above all others have an eye for that sort of thing that it has left its marks far and wide. Another notable and much newer building which attracts the eye is that which houses the Imperial Diet. This is an entirely Japanese effort mainly in a mixture of foreign styles, among which is a suggestion of the Mexican. There is also the Akasaka Palace, a small-scale imitation of Versailles, some distance from the Imperial Palace proper, which also came through the earthquake undamaged, and in the grounds of which the Prince Regent (the present Emperor) inaugurated a new Cabinet when the city was still trembling from the great quake and parts of it were still in flames about them.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Every kind of traveller can find an almost inexhaustible variety of interest in Japan. For the foreigner who, let us say, finds a pedagogic post which keeps him in a provincial city, there is a never-failing interest in Japanese arts and crafts, in picturesque shrines and temples, and the Japanese ways of life. For the tourist, who wants a few memorable eyefuls, there is pre-eminently Nikko, some ninety miles north of Tokyo. Here are the incredibly ornate mausolea of the Tokugawa Shoguns, the most magnificent being that of Ieyasu, the first of his line, who took care that he should receive deification after his death. The ancillary buildings and gateways are in keeping with the central building, and the whole is just saved by some artistic instinct on the part of the makers from being a vulgar and gaudy display. Not far off is the "sacred bridge" of red lacquer spanning a river amidst solemn trees of dark-green evergreen, and the approach to all this is by a four-mile avenue of magnificent cryptomerias.

The tourist who arrives at Yokohama generally leaves from Shimonoseki (or vice versa), so on the way down he sees the old capital of Kyoto, most picturesquely set between two great temple-crowned mountains, and itself a show city. There are two principal palaces—the Imperial Palace, where the Emperors are still enthroned with elaborate ceremony, the Shogun's palace, and a dozen beautiful temples. Kyoto and the country round, including Lake Biwa, Japan's one large lake, are far richer in historical associations than the northern places, and though the tourist scampers round them in a very few days, the Japanophil could spend months on their investigation. Some twenty miles from Kyoto is the still more ancient capital of Nara, with its great semi-natural park and fine temples.

Osaka and Kobe are the southern counterparts of Tokyo and Yokohama, and though Osaka lacks the cosmopolitan air of Tokyo, it is an extremely active city and manufactures nearly everything. It has been called the "Manchester of Japan," and its multiplicity of canals have also earned it the appellation of "a sort of dirty Venice." To this region also, including Kobe, a modern port with a numerous foreign colony, applies what has been said about Kyoto regarding the wealth of historical associations.

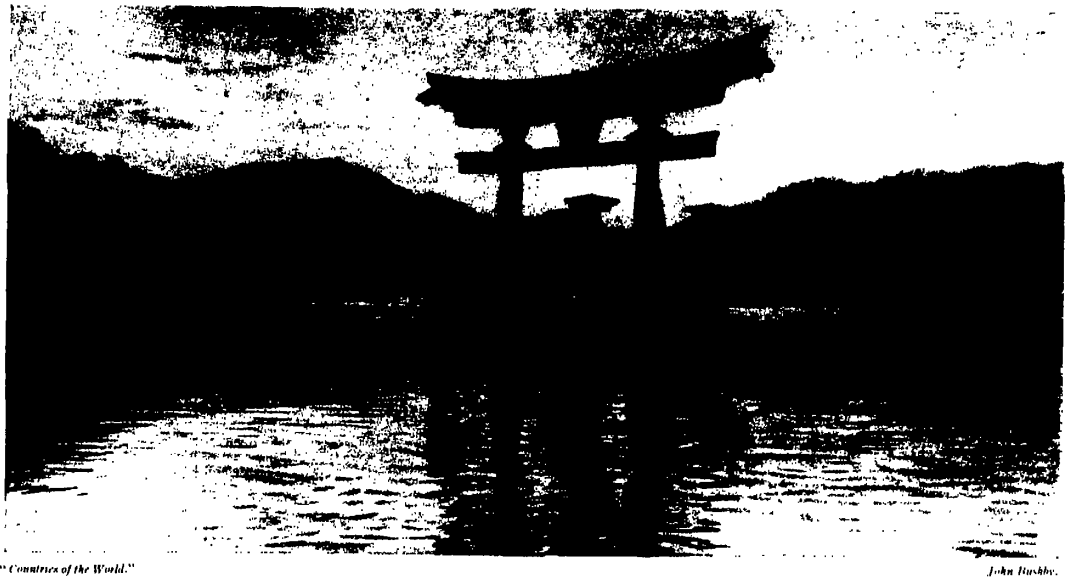
SHINTO SHRINES

The railways in this mountainous country hug the coast as much as possible, but whether one makes the voyage from Kobe through the Inland Sea or goes by railway time will usually be taken to see Miyajima, a "sacred" island, historically one of the larger centres of Shinto, and memorable to the casual visitor for the great red *torii* (the sort of gateless gateway that stands before Shinto shrines) which stands in the sea, shown up by the greenness behind it.

Miyajima is one of the "Three Scenes" (following a Chinese method of classification, the Japanese are fond of making numerical groups), and travellers with more leisure are well repaid by visiting the other two Amanohashidate, the Floating Bridge of Heaven on the coast of the Japan Sea, and Matsushima, or Pine Islands, off the coast of Sendai, far to the north. And there are those two great (and picturesque) centres of Shinto, Ise and Kidzuki, where the plain wooden shrines are large enough to be impressive and are set in the midst of great natural (though rather *soigné*) beauty.

Time would fail to tell of other places which ought to be seen, or to tell adequately of those thus hurriedly mentioned. Twenty years ago it was quite an adventure to go on a motor trip, but now it is much easier; new roads have been made over many of the passes, but tarred roads are still rare. However, a motor tour is very delightful; but as there are hotels only in those places where foreign tourists are frequent, one must be prepared to forgo such luxuries. If one can do with a Japanese inn and digest Japanese food, there is no more pleasant country for a tour, whether on foot, by bicycle, or motor-car. Of course, a certain minimum of the language is necessary, and one must be prepared for the common bath, and for washing and shaving in company, but there is no hardship about that, and even the smallest inn is always sufficiently clean. And there are plenty of inns, as the Japanese are themselves very fond of travel.

There is a great variety of climate in Japan, and the rainfall varies much in different places. Summer is hot and humid, and there are many mosquitoes but happily no malaria. Winter may be very cold, but always, as has been said, "has a touch of summer in it," for it is, on the whole, dry, and blessed with plenty of bright sunshine. Altogether it is a delightful country, and owes much of its picturesqueness and habitability to the work of its industrious inhabitants.



"Countries of the World." *John Bushby.*

JAPAN.

When the flood-tide comes lapping about the temple at Miyajima, the *torii*, sacred gateway of the Shinto faith, is left a carven silhouette against the sky.



"Countries of the World."

A JAPANESE GARDEN

At Kyoto are gardens where pilgrims may contemplate.

Touring the Netherlands East Indies

From Stone-Age Conditions to Princely Courts

by JOHN DE LA VALETTE

IT is very much of an open question whether the present-day facility and rapidity of intercourse across the globe are producing any better understanding between nations and peoples. The fact is, people travel too easily nowadays; it makes them thoughtless. Ask those widely travelled cruising friends of yours about their latest ports of call in the Mediterranean, and shudder, as I recently shuddered, at the number of eating places and the items of bazaar junk that clutter their memories to the exclusion of more valuable impressions.

A HUMAN LABORATORY

It would be a thousand pities if the remarkable facilities for travel by land, sea, and air that are rapidly opening up the remoter corners of the Netherlands East Indies, even to hurried travellers, should end by leaving the visitor to this great wonder world with no more inspiring memories than those of a gargantuan *rijsttafel* at the Hotel des Indes, the inadequacy of some golf course, and the vague impression that Bali is the Indonesian version of a strip-tease act. For it is a most wonderful world, this island empire that stretches across some three thousand miles, from somewhere south of Rangoon to somewhere north of Thursday Island. Of all the civilisations that at some time or other flourished in Southern Asia and in Australia there are specimens found alive and thriving somewhere in this strange laboratory of the human race. It is in no way an exaggeration to say that from the most primitive Stone-age conditions, to the elaborate organisation of the princely Javanese courts, and the latest applications of Western scientific conceptions, every variety of living conditions can be witnessed in operation somewhere in Insulinde.

Of the high culture of India, both in its Hindu and its Buddhistic forms, the living force is still shaping the daily life of millions of Malays in Java, Bali, and other of the islands. The great philosophy of life which Mohammed started in the Arabian desert has moulded and still guides the existence of the majority of the native peoples – although the rigidly monotheistic Prophet would be sorely perturbed to witness how comfortably the easy-going people of these blessed islands mingle his stern precepts with an unfaltering faith in their early animistic worship, and with a sprinkling of gods and demons selected from the Hindu pantheon just to prove their cheerful eclecticism.

European influences too, many good, some perhaps less so, have left their living mark on these parts, the mark of Portuguese, English, and Dutch, especially of the latter,



By courtesy *Commander-in-Chief, N. Indies Army.*

Batavia-Centrum, showing the palace of the Governor-General in the centre.

whose paternal government, shaped in close and understanding collaboration with the intelligentsia of the indigenous races, is moulding some sixty million people into a new Indonesian entity. To complete this complex picture of the tolerant existence side by side of every kind of social and religious community, there are the Chinese and Arabs, and more recently large Indian and Ceylonese groups that display their own type of life and culture in the midst of this happy variety.

HOUSES: SIMPLE AND ELABORATE

You do not need to be a scholar to enjoy something of this human panorama which the Netherlands Indian islands spread out before the visitor, and of which the rapid means of travel enable him to get a bird's-eye view, even during a relatively short trip. All you have to do is to use to the full the facilities for getting quickly from one spot to another—but in between to look around you at some leisure, and, if possible, with some slight idea of things to look for and at.

Take houses, for instance; these will at once give you a key to the type of people and culture you find yourself amongst. Of the most primitive type, that still in use among the Kubus, an aboriginal jungle people hidden away in the rain forests of Sumatra, you may perhaps never see an actual specimen. But should you go trailing big game in the jungle, it is ten to one that some night your camp bed will be sheltered against a shower by a rapidly constructed roof of deftly plaited leaves, slanting between the soil and a couple of trees. Little more substantial are the shelters beneath which the Kubus spend most of their nights. Again, perhaps the roofed platforms, perched high up in some tree or on a few tall poles, on which certain New Guinea aborigines dwell whose life is to this day that of the Stone Age, may not be actually seen by you. But if you glance at the frail structure towering over a Javanese ricefield towards harvest time, and watch the little boys on guard in them to scare away the red-beaked paddy birds, you know pretty much how the more primitive tribes house themselves, even nowadays.

But it is when you look with some care at the many kinds of elaborate dwellings with curved, overhanging roofs that you can read a whole history of the tribes and races that have for centuries migrated in wave after wave, right up to the beginning of our era, from the mainland of south-eastern Asia into the chain of islands that extend as far as Australia, and is continued by other islands beyond it, far into the Pacific. One feature most of them have in common, a feature which, once realised, you will notice again and again. They all trace their ancestry back to the occupants of the original village canoe in which their earliest ancestors came to the present land where they live. So strong is this folk memory of their original arrival from a land overseas, that many customs of the communal life of tribes which for many generations have never been anywhere near the sea, still retain elements based on the conception of a community that once emigrated in its own canoe. And when these people die nothing will content their spirits but to return overseas to their original homeland. So in burial customs and mounds the ancient canoe appears again and again.

Even in some of the fishing craft of to-day, those attractive vessels with fantastic sails that add gaiety and grace to the little harbours and estuaries all over the Archipelago, we find the remains of early animistic worship in the hornbill heads and the bodies of the sacred snake, or *naga*, that survive in the ornaments or shapes of many present-day native *prahus*, and in many fabrics produced in the islands.

RACES: PRIMITIVE AND DIGNIFIED

The interesting thing about these aspects of native life, is that one comes across them among such highly cultured people as the Minangkabau Malays of southern Sumatra, a most dignified and artistic race, and among the most primitive tribes in the interior of Celebes, such as the

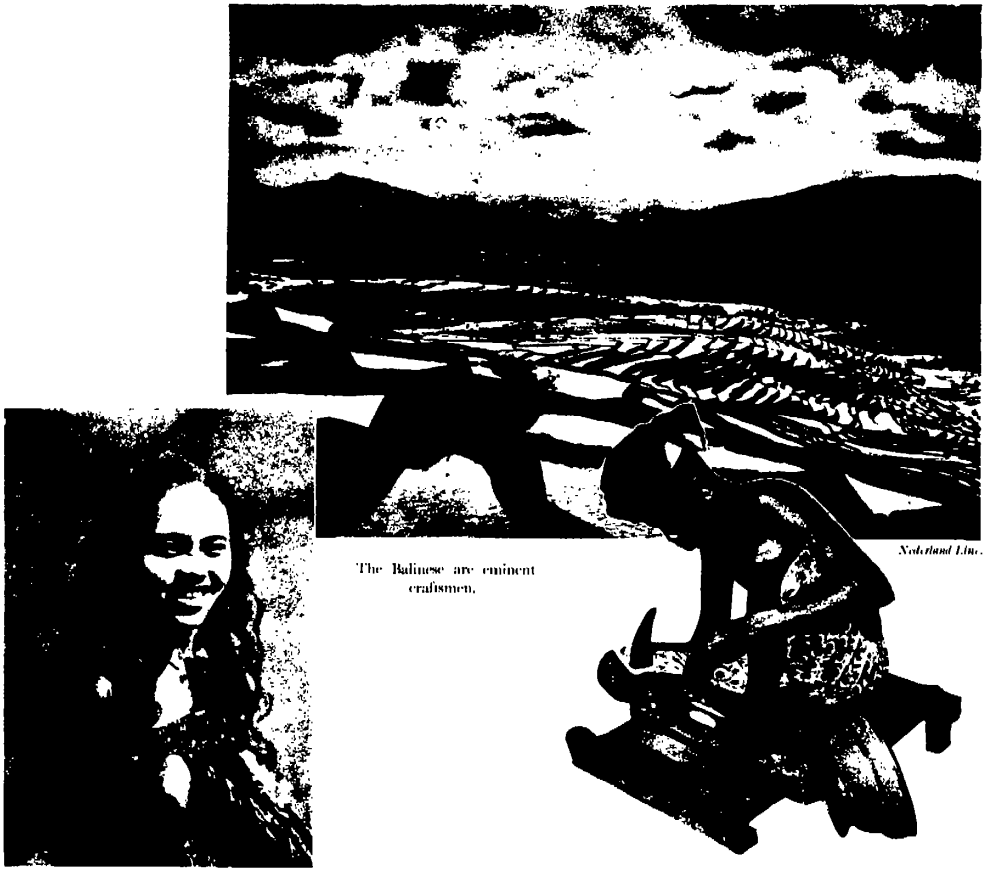


The summit of cremation tower. *Nederland Line.*

Toraja, or the Apo-Kayan Dayak of Dutch North Borneo. Another race of a somewhat primitive kind, but most attractive in many of its customs at any rate since it has, somewhat reluctantly, abandoned head-hunting as a normal and gentlemanly occupation- are the Nias people, a very sporting race among whom high jumping is held in great honour as a means of developing bodily fitness and martial aptitudes.

GREAT WORKS OF ART

From very early times Java has been well populated, highly cultured, and rich. The geographers of the Roman Empire knew it as the land that produced abundant rice and gold. Chinese sages travelling in the distant days which were for Europe the Dark Ages, spoke of its highly civilised Hindu kingdoms, its scholars, and magnificent temples. Of the latter many stupendous ruins survive,



Nederland Line.

The Balinese are eminent craftsmen.

ruins which the painstaking and scholarly care of the Dutch East Indian Archæological Service has in recent years restored in such a way that their original character is clearly visible even to the untrained beholder. Outstanding among the great works of art anywhere in the world is the great shrine of Borobudur in Central Java. It is a "sermon in stone" that needs little verbal addition to disclose the essence of its story and its moral to any visitor who takes the trouble to go around its four vast sides slowly and attentively, rising from one terrace to the next, in the intended direction, that is with the right shoulder to the centre. Even if one does not know every detail of the eventful stories of human life and suffering that fill the relief panels of the lower terraces, nor the many birth stories and the life history of the Buddha Gautama that follow higher up, no intent visitor can fail to be impressed by the gradual growth in the serenity of the atmosphere that emanates from this enormous succession of pictures in stone, until on the highest rungs of the colossal edifice nothing earthly remains, and only the repeated unadorned figure of the Buddha, in attitudes of varying significance, stresses the ultimate links between man's transient world and the Inexpressible Absolute beyond.

But it is not only in the many masterpieces of ancient architecture and sculpture that we may discover something of the underlying life of the people of Java over forty millions by now. It is in the colourful market places, in the graceful villages hidden peacefully among rustling coconut trees and gently swaying bamboo groves, in the life that moves on merrily along the roadways that link rice-fields and plantations with the neighbouring town, that we can observe and learn to like the charming people of this gloriously beautiful island.

AN UNSPOILT PARADISE

Here too we may see up-to-date Dutch colonial administration at its best and most active. Whether in the attempts to prepare this vast people of different races and stages of cultural development for growing self-rule, or in its systematic attempts to solve the social, economic, and technical problems of a great colonial empire, the machinery and effects of Dutch colonial administration are well worth more than a hasty glimpse, especially by those who in their own parts of the British Empire, or in the colonies of the United States of America, may have to face problems of administration and development, not unlike in kind to those which the Dutch have so firmly faced in the Indies.

In the other great islands, Sumatra, Borneo, and Celebes, the same processes may be seen at work under less advanced conditions, and native life in all its gradation be observed from many a varying angle. In the less well-known smaller islands, that stretch out in two arches between Java and Australia and between Celebes and



"Peoples of all Nations." *G. P. Lewis.*

DUTCH INDIES.
A theatrical dancer in Bali.

New Guinea, the variety of scenery, the differences between the respective inhabitants, and the magnificence of the arts and crafts of many of these peoples are so many added sources of enjoyment. As for Bali, little need be said of it at a time when every tourist agency vaunts its charms as the "last Paradise on earth," except to hope that its enchanting people may long remain as unspoilt as they still are, the touristic avalanche notwithstanding.

Of the varied scenery, too, the pictures published by shipping companies and tourist agencies are spreading a better understanding among the travelling public. But to me the greatest charm of travelling in the Indies under present-day conditions is the fact that one can gain so swift and fascinating a bird's-eye view of its many peoples, almost all of them engaging, whether they belong to the highly sophisticated upper classes of Java, the dignified and cultured Malays of Sumatra, or the hardly-weaned head-hunters on the more primitive islands.

To those who would wish, at little extra trouble and expense, to prepare themselves to enjoy their Java trip doubly, I would recommend a preliminary visit to the colonial or ethnographic museums of Amsterdam, Leiden, and Rotterdam. Here, under the most pleasant conditions and in a very short space of time, they will be able to acquire a general outline of the history and the peoples of the whole Archipelago that will enable them all the more readily to grasp the many interesting things they will come across in the emerald islands of Insulinde.

The physical side of travelling has nowadays been made almost too smooth. Is it too much to hope that in return we might take a little trouble about our mental equipment? Our recompense will lie in the lasting memories which we shall bring home, those memories which are probably the final justification of all travelling outside one's study!



A master soars over the summit. *Nederland Line.*



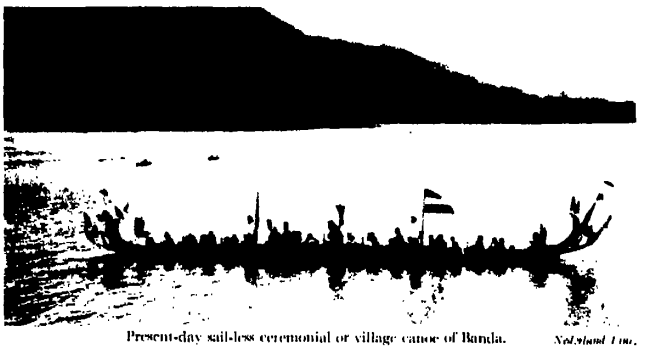
A scene on the East Coast of Java.

Batavia

by

C. M. MORRELL

F.R.G.S.



Present-day sail-less ceremonial or village canoe of Banda. *Netherland Line.*

BATAVIA in West Java—is the capital of the Netherlands East Indies. It was founded in the seventeenth century on the site of the native town of Jacatra by the great Jan Pieterzoon Coen, one of the most famous Governors-General of the Netherlands East Indies.

Narrow streets intersected by numerous canals originally characterised Old Batavia as typically Dutch. By the middle of the eighteenth century Batavia had grown considerably and well-to-do people had commenced to build residences a considerable distance away from the town, in districts known as Rijswijk, Noordwijk, and Weltevreden, where Government offices were also built. At a later date, Batavia spread out towards these districts, with the result that additional residential quarters were founded still farther afield, in Menteng, Gondangdia, Meester Cornelis, etc., until finally all were united in the Greater Batavia of to-day a magnificent modern garden city with a population of no less than 500,000, of which nearly 40,000 are European, the remainder being natives, Chinese, and other Orientals.

Old Batavia still retains practically all its old-world charm in spite of the modern office buildings, railway station, and factories which, intermingled with old Chinese and Dutch buildings and historical relics, lend to the whole an altogether pleasing, if somewhat incongruous, blending of old and new, East and West.

Modern Batavia possesses practically all the amenities of a thoroughly up-to-date European city—first-class hotels, restaurants, cafés, shops, cinemas, municipal theatre, and clubs, beautifully laid out *pleins* (i.e. squares), and residential buildings of all shapes and sizes ranging from old and new marble-floored mansions to delightful red-tiled villas all set in shady avenues or squares. Batavia is essentially well-planned and the splendid asphalt roads, both in Old and New Batavia, would surprise those who remember the terribly dusty roads of not so very many years ago and the sickly smell of sugar offal with which they were "watered." Although Old Batavia is the commercial centre of the City, commercial establishments have in recent years shown a definite tendency to carry on their activities in Batavia Centrum in which the Governor-General's palace and many Government offices are also situated.

The development of trade in the nineteenth century rendered inadequate the old harbour of Batavia; a new harbour was therefore constructed at Tandjong Priok some five miles to the East and came into use in 1886. Ever-growing trade demanded continual extensions and to-day Tandjong Priok is one of the greatest and most modern seaports in the Far East. It is reached from Batavia by fast electric trains, an excellent motor-road, and a canal, and has in fact become a suburb of Batavia, possessing its own residential quarter. Other features of Tandjong Priok are a motor-car assembling plant and a splendidly equipped yacht club.

The old harbour still exists and is mainly used by native fishing and other boats. The fish market and really beautiful aquarium are well worth visits, likewise the museums, churches, old buildings, and historical relics of various kinds, including the sacred cannon and Pieter Erberveld's skull. A list of Batavia's amenities would not be complete without reference to sport. Yachting has already been mentioned, and first-class facilities exist for all kinds of games such as tennis, football, golf, rowing and swimming the last-named in splendidly equipped open-air fresh-water pools.

Although rivalled by Sourabaya in East Java, Batavia is the most important commercial centre in the Netherlands East Indies, as most of the head offices of the great banking, shipping, and mercantile firms are established there in addition to foreign consulates-general. It is probably for these reasons that Batavia is sometimes called the Gateway to the Netherlands East Indies, especially for those who arrive from Europe and other parts of the Far East.



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Sightseeing in Siam

by SIR ROBERT E. HOLLAND

SIAM is a wonderful country for the tourist who has leisure and a desire to do a little gentle exploration off the beaten track. It is off the beaten track because the main passenger shipping lines do not call at Bangkok, and as regards rail connection with the outside world, it is a cul-de-sac; but by air it is very accessible for those who can afford to travel in this way, as the air-port, Don Muang, is quite an important junction-halt for British, French, and Dutch planes. When a big "cruising" liner comes up the Gulf of Siam and lies off the bar of the muddy Menam, about twenty-five miles from Bangkok, crowds of weary-looking people can be seen for a few hours hurrying through the shopping centres and being conveyed by guides round the colourful palaces and temples. By nightfall they have all retreated to the ship except a few who make the overland journey by rail and road to Angkor Wat, and from there go on several hundred miles by road to rejoin their party at Saigon.

But that is emphatically not the way to sightsee in Siam. A very pleasant side-trip may be made in comfortable little steamers from Singapore, or by rail in the well-appointed "International Express" which runs twice a week to Bangkok (from Penang in twenty-seven hours and from Singapore in about forty hours), and there are comfortable hotels in Bangkok, the spacious "Oriental" beside the broad river, and others embowered in trees among the canals, where a stay may be made for a few days to explore the celebrated "pawnshops" of the city, to see the fantastically beautiful Grand Palace, the shrine of the world-famed "Emerald Buddha," and the many exquisite *wats* or temples in the neighbourhood, and to plan excursions either by rail or river or canal (there are no roads from Bangkok into the hinterland). Travellers who have introductions (as most people have) will be entertained lavishly at the Legations or in charming private homes by Europeans and Siamese alike, and will have the freedom of the fine Sports Club where people of many nationalities throng the big swimming-pool in the evening after golf or tennis or polo. The visitor will find many subjects of fascinating interest in Bangkok to delay his wanderings afield, and he will be able, if he wishes, to seek enlightenment from expert members of the Siam Society. He may study the origin and history of the Emerald Buddha which is supposed to have been made (not of a single emerald, but from some rare translucent stone) more than 2,200 years ago in India, and of other small figures treasured in temples, to which great sanctity, if not magic powers, are attributed. He may hear about Siam's strange birds and beasts and fish, the beach-skipping gobies of Paknam which live in holes on mucky beaches and are in the very act of becoming land animals, being able to outstrip a man in their jumping progress over mud flats; the climbing perch which often make long journeys overland and which you may find up trees; a species of fish of which the male takes charge of the eggs, fanning them with its tail and acting as watchdog until the hatching when it shelters the young fish in a kind of skirted pouch which it possesses for the purpose; an odd little sea worm, called the *toa ongkrant*, which is like a centipede with a viper's head and body iridescent of red, yellow, and blue. This creature falls to pieces if touched, and seems to become dissolved in the water, for no trace of its body can be found. Siamese assert that if sandy mud is added to the bowl of water in which the worm was caught, the disintegrated particles join up, and the worm reappears!

Then there are lizards like small alligators, which leap from trees into water, the foot-long house lizard (tokay) with its unexpectedly loud voice and sociable ways; birds of exquisite colouring and tuneful song; of snakes a considerable variety, but mostly non-poisonous, perhaps because the Siamese regard the cobra as a table delicacy. A Chinaman, who was the fortunate finder of a white cobra, refused a handsome offer from a restaurant proprietor for it. A sizable python may sometimes be seen to flow across your lawn in the direction of the nearest henroost, and a game of golf is often interrupted by a snake hunt.

The more serious-minded will find plenty of things to arouse their interest and curiosity, such as the National Museum which is very well organised and contains a valuable art collection, the fine hospital, the stately temples, the Siamese drama including the ancient "shadow pictures" (perhaps precursors of cinema art), the Royal Corps of Ballet Dancers, the political development of the country which has secured for the people the benefits of a liberal constitution and an up-to-date army and navy and air force, the relations of Siam with Western Powers, the Government's reaction to Japanese overtures and commercial penetration, the problem of Chinese immigration, ethnographical mysteries concerning the peoples of Siam, and many other things.

But the experienced traveller will avoid becoming entangled in the life of Bangkok and will begin at once to plan expeditions. There are plenty of alternatives to choose from: week-end trips by coasting steamer whose skipper is always ready to anchor off a sandy cove for a bathe; a run of five hours by rail to the seaside resort of Hua Hin where there is a peaceful hotel right on the shore and the bathing is delicious except during a jellyfish invasion; wanderings by dug-out canoe propelled by a Siamese boat-woman, by back-waters and canals under tunnels of foliage and one-way bridges made of a single log; a day excursion, either by rail or (preferably) by river, to Ayudhya, the medieval capital of Siam which was sacked and burnt by Burmese armies in 1760, and is now famous for its imposing ruined temples and for a gigantic bronze statue of the Buddha; a pilgrimage to the Prabaht mountain shrine beyond Ayudhya, which encloses one of the five Footprints of the Buddha known to the world; a journey farther afield to the teak forests of the north and the romantic mountainous country of the Lao tribes towards the frontier between Siam and the Shan States of Burma; and lastly, organised excursions to some of the more important archæological sites within reach of Bangkok.

There are innumerable ruins of temples and of ancient fortified places hidden in the jungles of Siam, and although some few of the more important have been cleared and excavated, there are very many sites still to be investigated.

The Siamese are very fond of arranging holiday excursions and pilgrimages by river or rail to places of interest, and as they are amiable and discreet travelling companions, it is a privilege to join their parties. The writer has a pleasant recollection of one such excursion, under the auspices of the Siam Society, to the ruined city of Phimai on the western plateau, which is known as "the little Angkor" and is one of the finest examples of Khmer architecture in Siam.

No one seems to know exactly who the Khmers were or whence they came, but they showed a surprising aptitude for absorbing the arts and civilisation of earlier Hindu invaders whom they displaced, and Phimai is known to have been a fortified outpost and provincial capital under the mighty Khmer kingdom of Angkor. A paved road, of which traces still remain, connected the two places.

We left Bangkok by train and after leaving the interminable rice plains of central Siam, climbed circuitously through dense jungle and rocky ravines towards the towering rampart of the Dangrek mountains. This line, which



"Peoples of all Nations."

THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM ON HIS THRONE OF GOLD.

was one of the first to be built in Siam, was very costly in human lives owing to the poisonous kind of fever prevalent in the *terai* jungle. In five years about 5,000 coolies and thirty-six Europeans perished from it.

Next morning we reached a wayside station called Chakraraj, about thirty kilometres by jungle track from Phimai. We embarked there in a so-called bus which consisted of an open home-made body, with a bench down each side and an awning, mounted on an ancient Chevrolet chassis. Many odd fitments, such as oil pipes, electric cables, horn, etc., which had come adrift from their original fastenings, were tied on with wire.

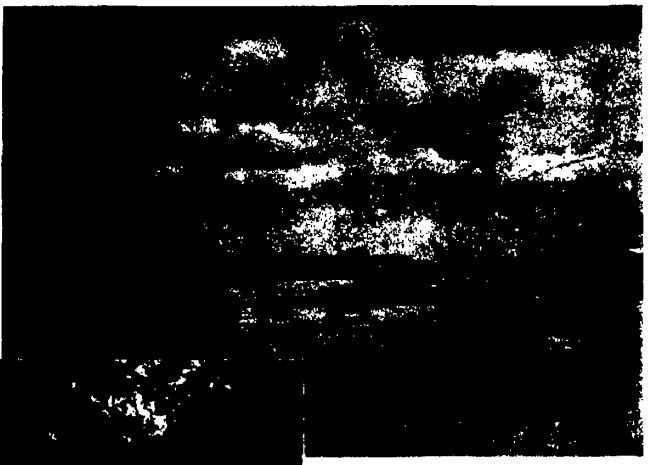
So it came about after various mishaps—that we approached Phimai with proper reverence and respect, on foot as a pilgrim should.

At last the ramparts and the southern gate of Phimai appeared, very dilapidated but still showing something of majesty, and on entering we found ourselves in a long street, lined on both sides with huts and shops, leading to a terrace on which stands the southern Gopura of the great temple.

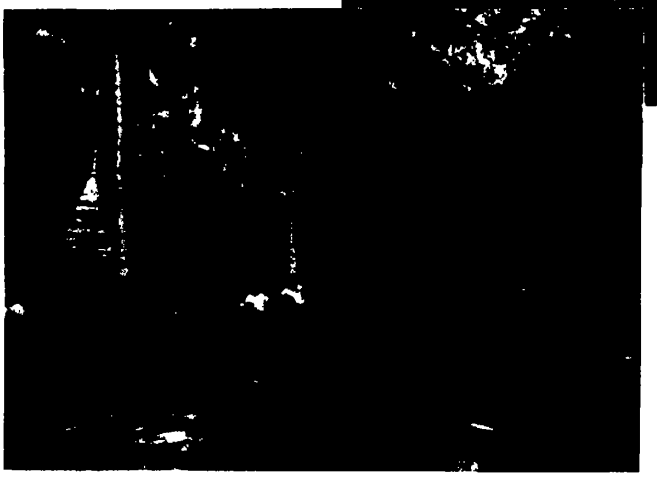
At the centre of the ruins stands an exceedingly beautiful *prang* or tower, built of finely cut red and yellow sandstone, now about forty feet high. The elaborately carved superstructure, which is now truncated, must have originally risen, in pyramidal form, for another fifteen feet or so to its lotus-flower summit. In the four porch-ways or entrances of the *prang* there are exquisitely carved lintels and pillars of which archæologists supply interpretations, but the figure of Buddha which doubtless occupied the central chamber has now disappeared.

The *prang* stands in a cloister in the form of a square, each side being about 200 feet in length and pierced in the centre by a porch-way originally surmounted by a gopura. The gopuras have crumbled away and a great part of the roofing of the cloister gallery has fallen in, but enough remains to show the massive, arch-less construction.

Surrounding the cloister, at a distance of about 250 feet from it, there is an outer wall, now from nine to fifteen feet high. Gateways in the centre of each of the four sides of this outer wall were surmounted by cruciform gopuras which are now badly ruined. The southern gopura, by which the temple is normally entered, is alone sufficiently preserved to afford some idea of the elaborate nature of the structure with its mighty pillars and cellar-like chambers. In one of the chambers is a female statue said to have been removed by the monks from a jungle shrine, because while there it attracted the village youths from miles around and drove them mad with love of its beauty. Legend has it that the temple courts were for many years kept free from undergrowth by a pious elephant which frequented the spot.



The Menam River, which flows through Bangkok.



One of the many canals around Bangkok.

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